TERRY NATION'S

DALEK

ANNUAL 1978

Authorised edition
as seen on BBC tv

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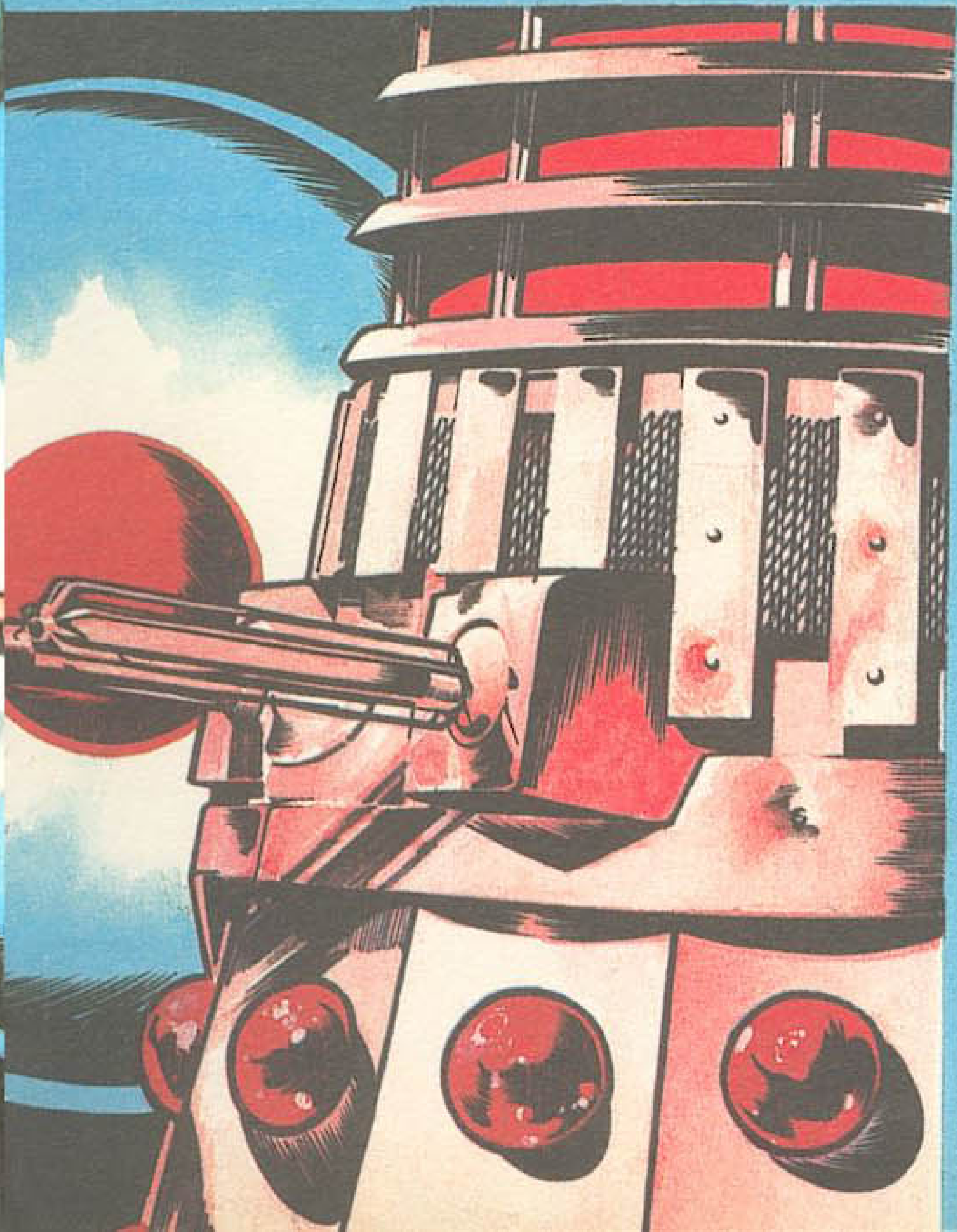

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Published in Great Britain by
World Distributors (Manchester) Limited,
A Member of the Pentos Group,
P.O. Box 111, 12 Lever Street, Manchester M60 1TS
By arrangement with the
British Broadcasting Corporation.

Printed in Italy.

SBN 7235 0421 0

£ 1·35

THE CASTAWAY

Ral Shannon had been marooned on the planet Knosson for three years. Out of the wilderness that covers the surface of that planet he had carved himself a home. It wasn't much of a home, and Shannon was the first to admit it. Just a single rough room built high in the fork of a great tree. He had made the roof from metal plates salvaged from the wreck of his pursuit rocket. The walls were of dried straw woven between boughs of wood, and the floor was of solid lengths of timber lashed together with vines.

Shannon had cultivated a small patch of ground where he grew vegetables that he had originally found in the wild. There was an abundance of small animals to provide him with fresh meat, and he had become very adept at trapping them. There was a spring of good pure water near his tree house, and sweet fruit that grew on bushes all the year around.

While the planet provided all he needed to survive, it also held danger. There were animals. Big animals for which he knew no names. Animals that seemed eager to attack on sight. Then there were the volcanoes. At least, that is what Shannon called them. They were, in fact, small holes in the ground that every once in a while would, without warning, spout jets of molten lava more than a mile into the sky. There were the acid lakes. The liquid in these would take the flesh from the bone in thirty seconds. There were other perils too, but so far Shannon had been able to avoid them.

Shannon had crashed on Knosson after an unexpected run-in with a Dalek ship. The Dalek deep space cruiser had seemingly come out of nowhere. It raked him with fire before he could even think. His tiny single-seater had no chance against the big Dalek ship, and after the second attack all his controls were virtually useless and the ship was on fire from stem to stern. The Dalek ship wheeled away, satisfied that the little pursuit ship was finished.

They hadn't reckoned on Shannon's will to live. He fought the blaze by hand, using anything he could to smother the flames. When the fire was out he rigged a system of controls to the one undamaged rocket, and then sat and waited until the gravitational pull of Knosson drew him close to the surface. Then his speed picked up as he thundered towards what seemed an inevitable crash. But he picked precisely the right moment to fire his rocket and slow the ship down to make a hard but safe landing.

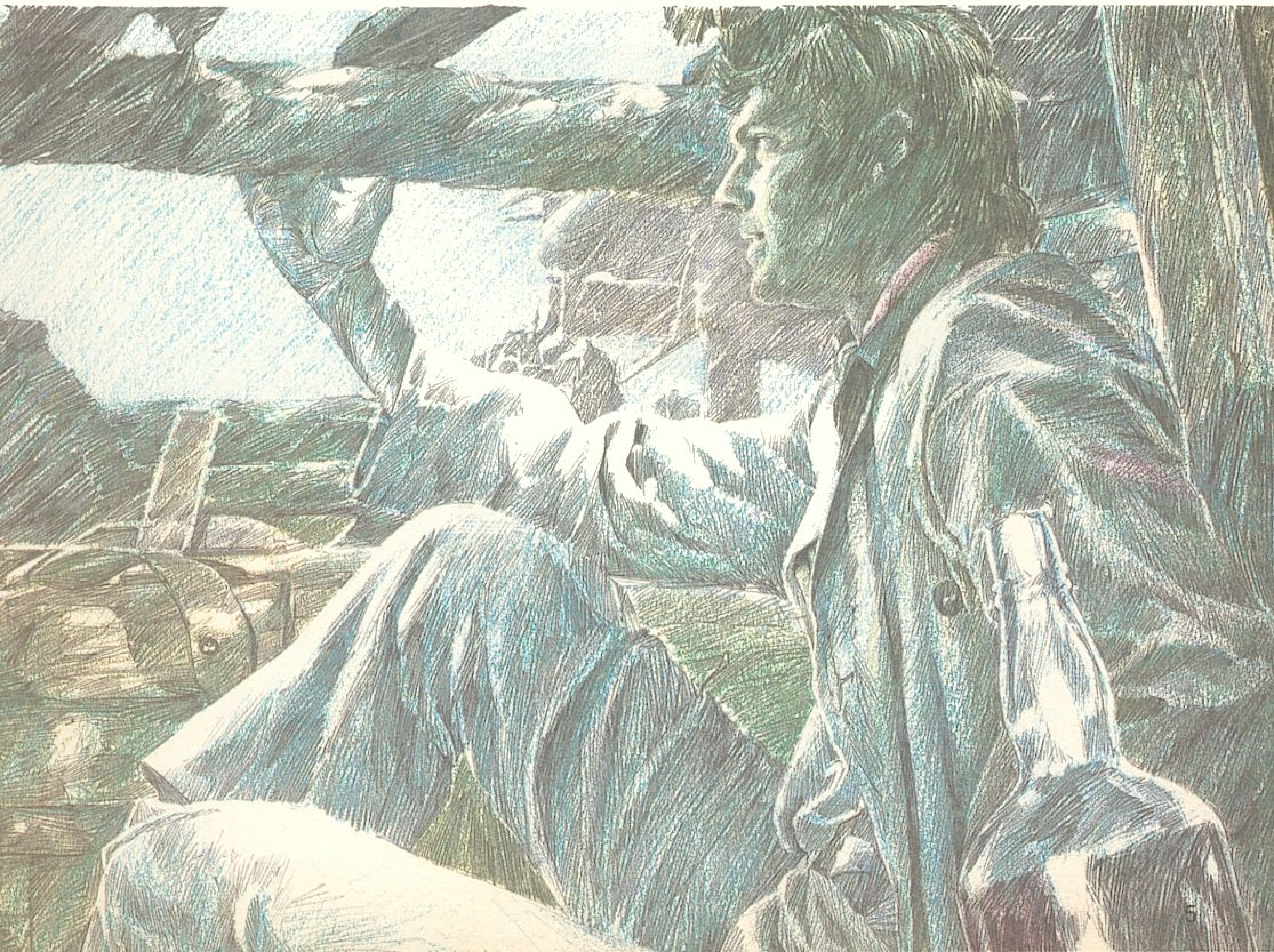
In the early months of his stay on the uninhabited planet he worked endlessly trying to repair his communications equipment. But for all his skill and ingenuity he could not make the transmitter work.

Shannon lived through those early months, desperately hoping that a search party would find him. He knew that the ADF rescue division would keep on looking until all hope was gone. Finally, after six months of watching the skies, he gave up. By now he would have been officially listed as "Missing in Action".

So Shannon turned all his energy into making a new life for himself. He knew that loneliness is one of the greatest dangers that a castaway has to face, and so he busied himself from first light until dark: building his home, tending his garden, hunting his game. He was proud of what he had made, and excited by what he hoped to do in the future. For all his misfortune, Shannon counted himself a lucky man. And a happy man. He knew more contentment here than he had ever known before.

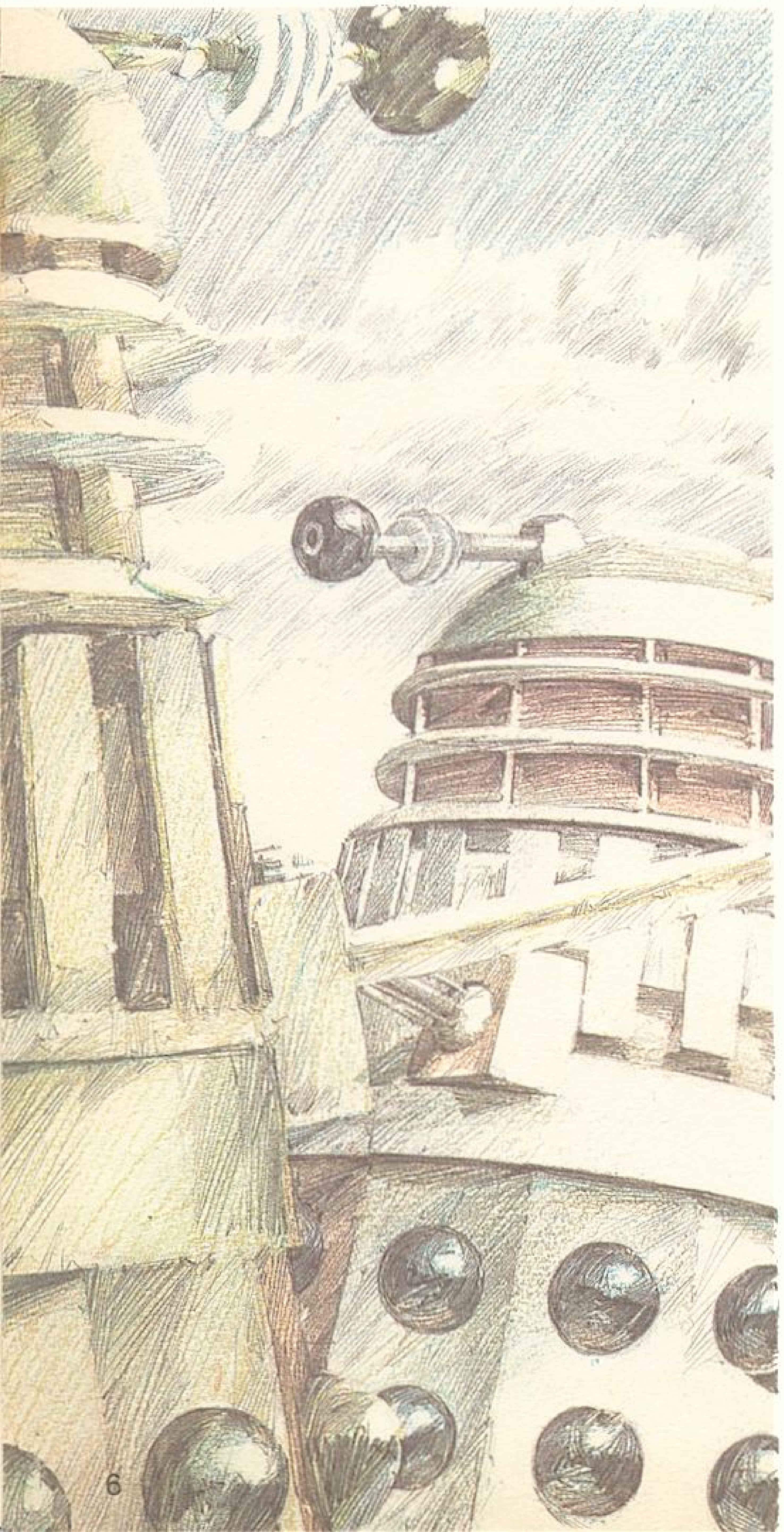
Still, there was always at the back of his mind the idea that one day, no matter how far off, one day a ship would land and rescue him.

It was still dark when Shannon heard the roar of retro rockets as a spacecraft prepared to land. He leapt from his rough bed and stared from the window of his tree house. He saw the glow of the rockets sinking down behind the trees about three miles to the north.



Shannon was dressed in a flash and swinging down the rope to the ground. He started to run and then remembered he had not brought his gun with him. He thought of going back, and then decided against it. Only one shot remained in the weapon anyway. He turned and ran on.

The three suns of Knosson had just risen when Shannon drew close to the landing site. He was as excited as a child on Christmas morning. After three years of solitude he would have people to talk to again; proper food to eat; all the things that civilisation meant. This was what he had dreamed of: rescue, after three long years.



Shannon pushed the bushes aside and was about to step out into the clearing when he halted and dropped down out of sight. The ship that sat less than a hundred yards from him was a Dalek craft, a survey ship. Moving around beside the ship were three of the merciless space creatures, their metallic bodies glinting in the morning light.

Shannon stayed in hiding, his mind racing. He considered what the Daleks wanted here, on what he now considered *his* planet. He wondered how far they would explore. Would they find his house? And, if they did, would they then come looking for him?

It was then that the first glimmer of an idea came into Shannon's mind. He stared at the smooth elegant lines of the Dalek ship. It was fast, efficient, powerful. It certainly had enough range to reach almost anywhere in the galaxy.

Shannon spoke the words aloud: "What if I could capture that!" Then, answering himself, "It couldn't be done. It's three to one, and I don't even have a weapon."

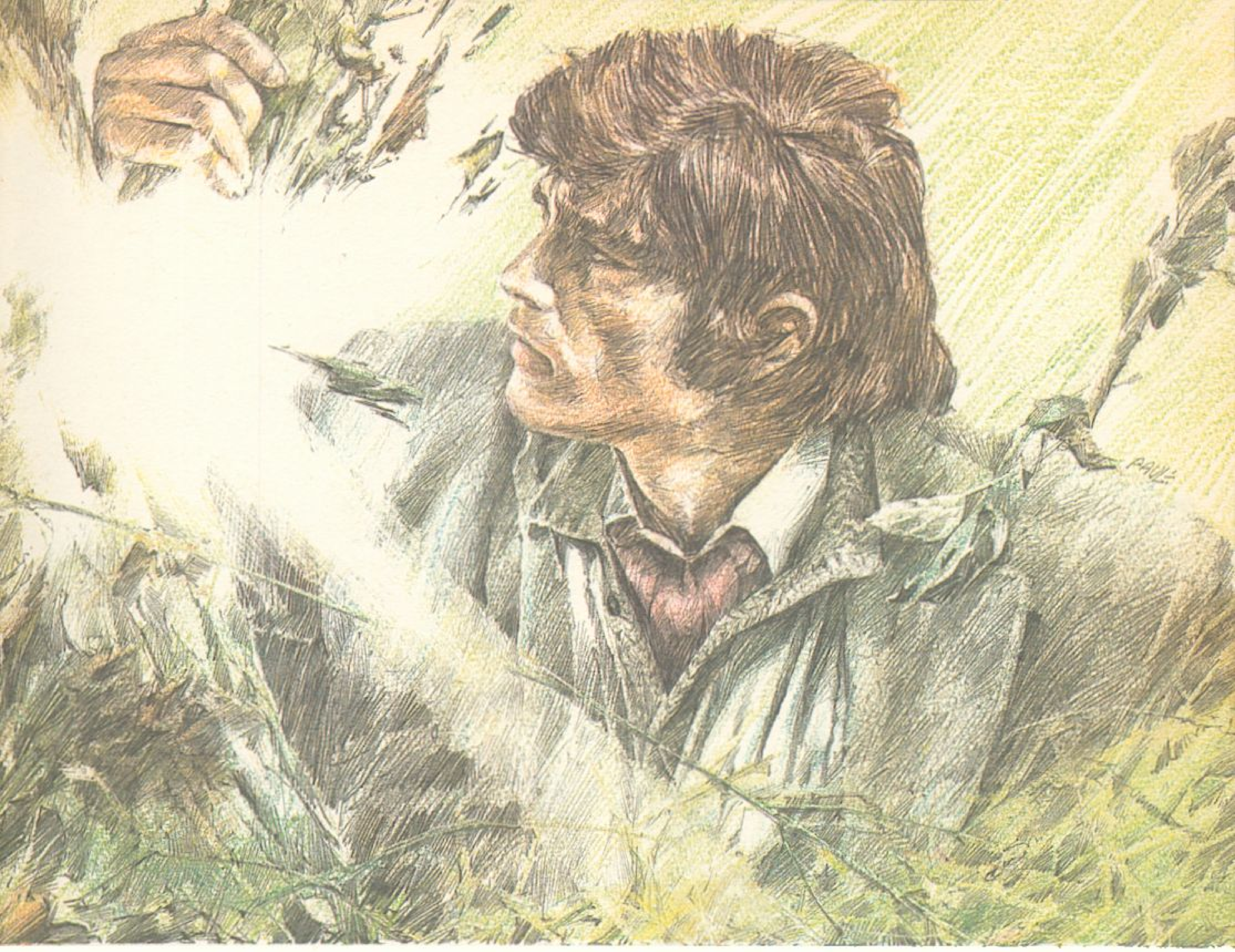
But Shannon was not the sort of man to give up that easily. If he could take the Dalek ship he could fly it back to Earth base. What a surprise that would be for everybody! He allowed himself a moment of fantasy, thinking of the looks on his friends' faces as he stepped out of a Dalek ship . . . back from the dead.

He shook his head and concentrated on the problems. One against three. He tried to remember all he had been taught about the Daleks. "One Dalek will always stay beside the spacecraft. It is a standing order." He could almost hear the training officer's voice drilling facts into him. Shannon grinned. If he could get them to come after him he could start by shortening the odds to two against one. He'd deal with the guard Dalek later.

There was a slight burbling sound nearby. Shannon turned to look. One of the volcano boreholes lay just a few yards off to his left. He saw the wisp of steam rising from it that presaged an eruption.

Shannon edged away, not wanting to be caught in the blast of molten stone.

Though he moved with the careful skill of a hunter, the Daleks detected the slight disturbance in the undergrowth. As one, they turned and looked in Shannon's direction. He stayed totally motionless, hardly daring to breathe. Two of the Daleks advanced a few yards. Then, with typical Dalek ruthlessness, one of them fired a blast at the bushes where Shannon was



hiding. The charge hit the base of a tree just inches away from Shannon's head. It ripped a great gaping hole in the tree and set it smouldering.

"It's now or never," Shannon thought grimly.

He braced himself and then stepped out into clear view. He allowed the Daleks to see him for only a micro-second, then darted back into cover. In an almost reflex action, both the Daleks fired together. Shannon felt the heat of the charges blaze past on either side of him. A quick backward glance showed the Daleks were coming after him. And, to his great satisfaction, he saw that the third Dalek remained stationary beside the ship.

Shannon had one great advantage. He knew the paths and trails through the jungle like the inside of his hand. He dodged and turned and twisted so effectively that, once, the Daleks lost sight of him and he had to show himself again to make them continue the pursuit.

"Whoever said the Daleks were slow, lumbering creatures, must have been out of his mind," Shannon thought. The two monsters moved with astonishing speed and agility.

The hunted man dived into the shelter of a jumble of rocks and hid. The Daleks came up behind, halted and looked cautiously around.

From his hiding place, Shannon carefully measured their positions. Then, quite calmly, he stood up, raised his hands and walked into the open.

The Daleks trained their weapons on him. Shannon halted.

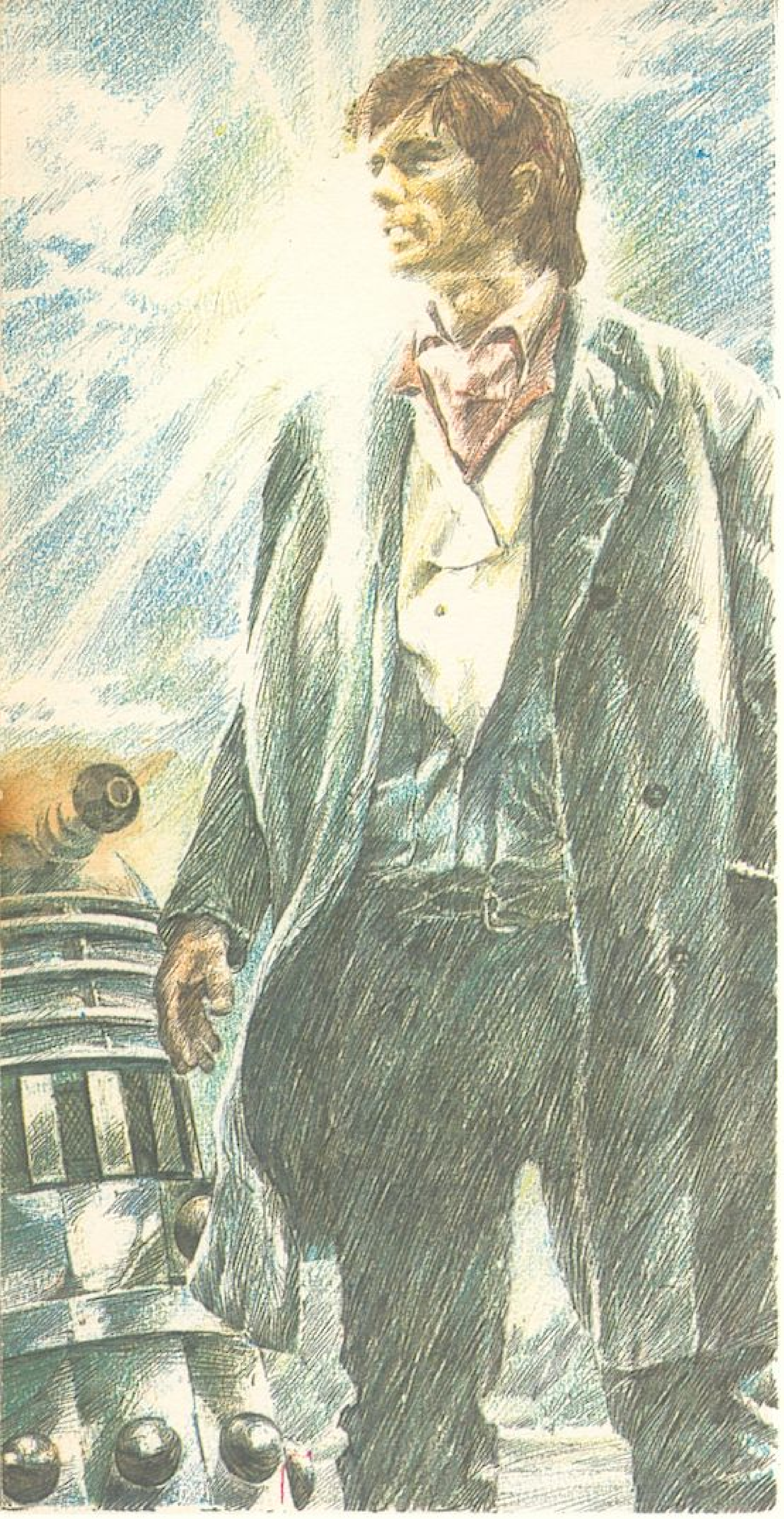
"You-will-not-move. Stay-exactly-where-you-are." The leading Dalek grated out the order.

Shannon did as he was told.

One Dalek remained stationary, covering Shannon. The other advanced warily.

Shannon shuffled a little to the right, making the movement seem as innocent as possible. The Dalek veered slightly in its course. Shannon judged his moment carefully, then spoke. His voice brought the Dalek to a halt.

Shannon said, "I'm a member of the Anti-Dalek-Force. I've been sent here to establish



a re-fuelling base."

The words were stupid and meaningless. All that mattered was that he kept the Dalek's attention.

Again Shannon shifted his position, trying to put the leading Dalek between himself and the covering Dalek.

He gabbled some more words. "We've set up camp over there." He waved vaguely. "There are about twenty men altogether. Engineers, mostly."

Shannon knew that the Dalek would not fire if it thought he had information to offer. He went on talking quickly, but his mind wasn't on the words. He was praying that it would happen soon.

"Come on," he pleaded silently. "Come on."

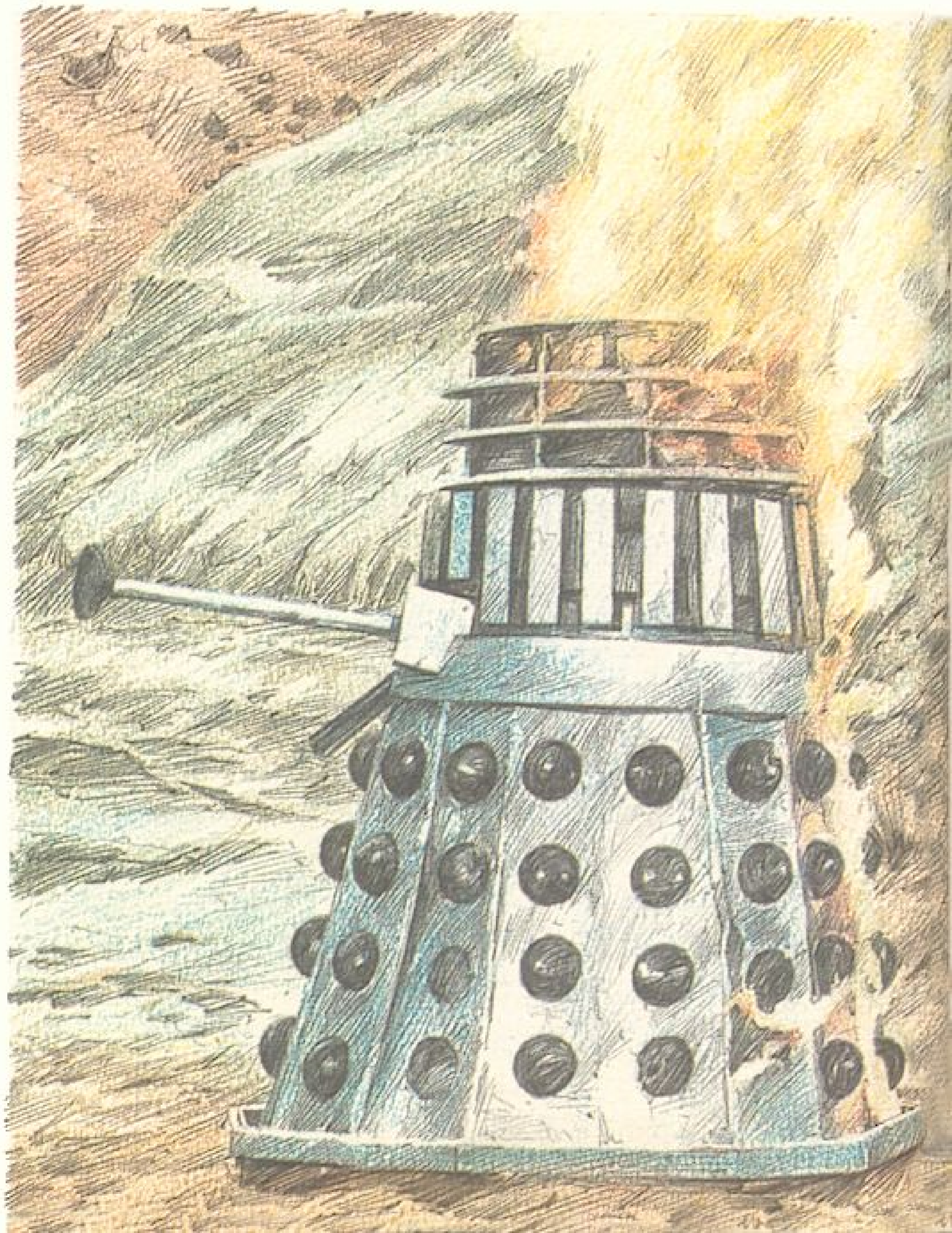
It seemed like an eternity, and Shannon was certain that the Dalek would notice the steadily growing streamer of smoke that was issuing from the hole beside its base. Then, as if in answer to his prayer, Shannon heard the gurgle and roar of the eruption as it surged up the bore hole from the fiery depths of the planet's molten core.

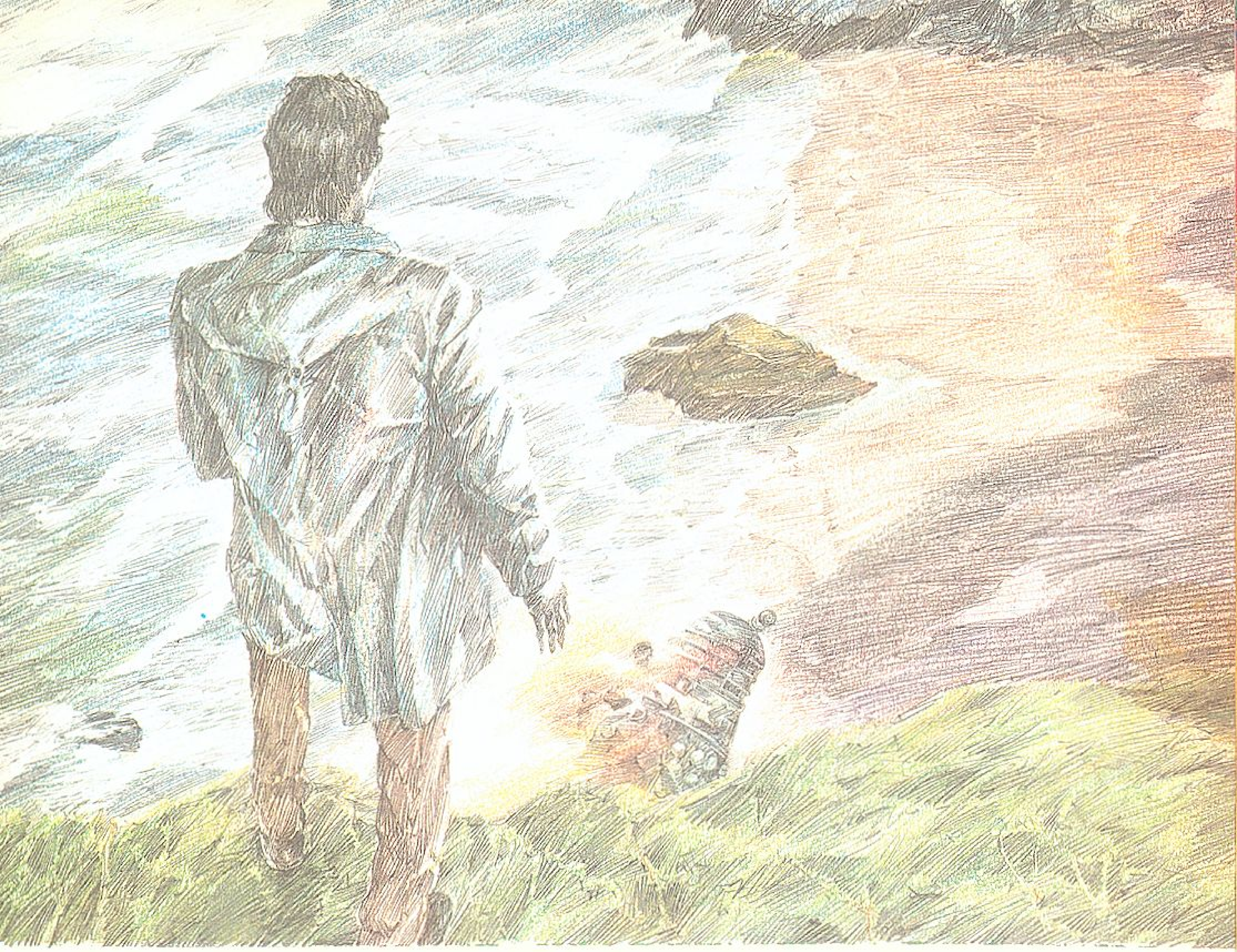
Shannon had tricked the Dalek into a perfect position. The great gush of super-heated lava engulfed the Dalek before it even understood what was happening. The Dalek started to topple, falling directly on to the burning fountain. The enormous power of the jet carried the Dalek high into the sky, burning and melting it into a cinder.

But Shannon didn't wait to see. He had already taken to his heels and was running with all his strength.

The second Dalek followed, its cold emotionless brain untouched by the fate of its companion.

Shannon knew that he could not hope to pull the same trick twice. Now, if the Dalek could get near him, he would be shot on sight. As if in confirmation, he heard the crackle of the Dalek's gun firing, and felt a sudden spasm of pain as the charge seared a wound on his leg.





The wound turned running into an agony, and Shannon knew that he could not keep going for much longer. Already his pace had slowed and the Dalek was gaining on him.

The Dalek caught a glimpse of Shannon as he vanished between two high boulders. Knowing his quarry was unarmed, the Dalek had no hesitation in charging through to follow. As it moved between the two boulders it came to an abrupt halt, its path totally blocked by a broad lake.

Of Shannon there was no sign.

The Dalek scanned around carefully. On the sandy soil there were footmarks, that led right to the edge of the lake.

The Dalek's logic circuits considered the problem. It was perfectly aware that humans were able to swim, and this seemed to be the most sensible solution to the enigma. The Dalek also knew that humans were unable to breathe under water, and that if Shannon had taken to the water he would have to surface very soon. The Dalek levelled its gun on the still surface and waited.

With shocking suddenness, Shannon leaped down from the high boulder onto the Dalek's back. The mechanical monster swung around violently, but Shannon hung on firmly. Using all its mighty strength the Dalek hurtled backwards, trying to crush Shannon between itself and the boulder.

But Shannon was ready for it. At the moment of impact he stepped clear; then, as the Dalek moved forward again, he clambered onto its back once more. Shannon knew he was safe only if he could stay behind the monster. He knew too that he would have to win this battle quickly, as his strength was flagging rapidly.

The man and machine struggled grimly on the very edge of the lake. Then, judging his moment again, Shannon used every ounce of his remaining strength in one last attempt at victory. He put his shoulder against the Dalek's back and shoved.

The monster slithered forward, its base more than half over the ledge of rock that lined the lake. It teetered for a second, and Shannon found the strength to give it one more push.

The Dalek toppled forward and plunged into the acid lake.

The vicious burning fluid engulfed it instantly. The Dalek's tough metal casing began to disintegrate instantly. There was a bubbling and hissing, and in less than a minute there was nothing to mark the Dalek save a dark stain on the surface.

Shannon stared then, pulling himself together, muttered aloud, "Two down, one to go." He turned and moved away.

The Dalek beside the spacecraft was very alert and guarded. It had received no communication from its companions for over an hour, and it was very evident that something was wrong. It was quite unaware that, less than a hundred yards away, a man was snaking his way through the long grass. The man was Shannon, and in his hands was his space rifle with its one remaining shot in the firing position.

Shannon had fetched the gun after the battle at the acid lake. It had taken him a long time to crawl forward to get within range of the remaining Dalek. He had moved at a speed of only an inch every several minutes, remaining motionless any time the Dalek had looked in his direction.

He had stalked his prey like a wild beast . . . and now he was ready to make the kill.

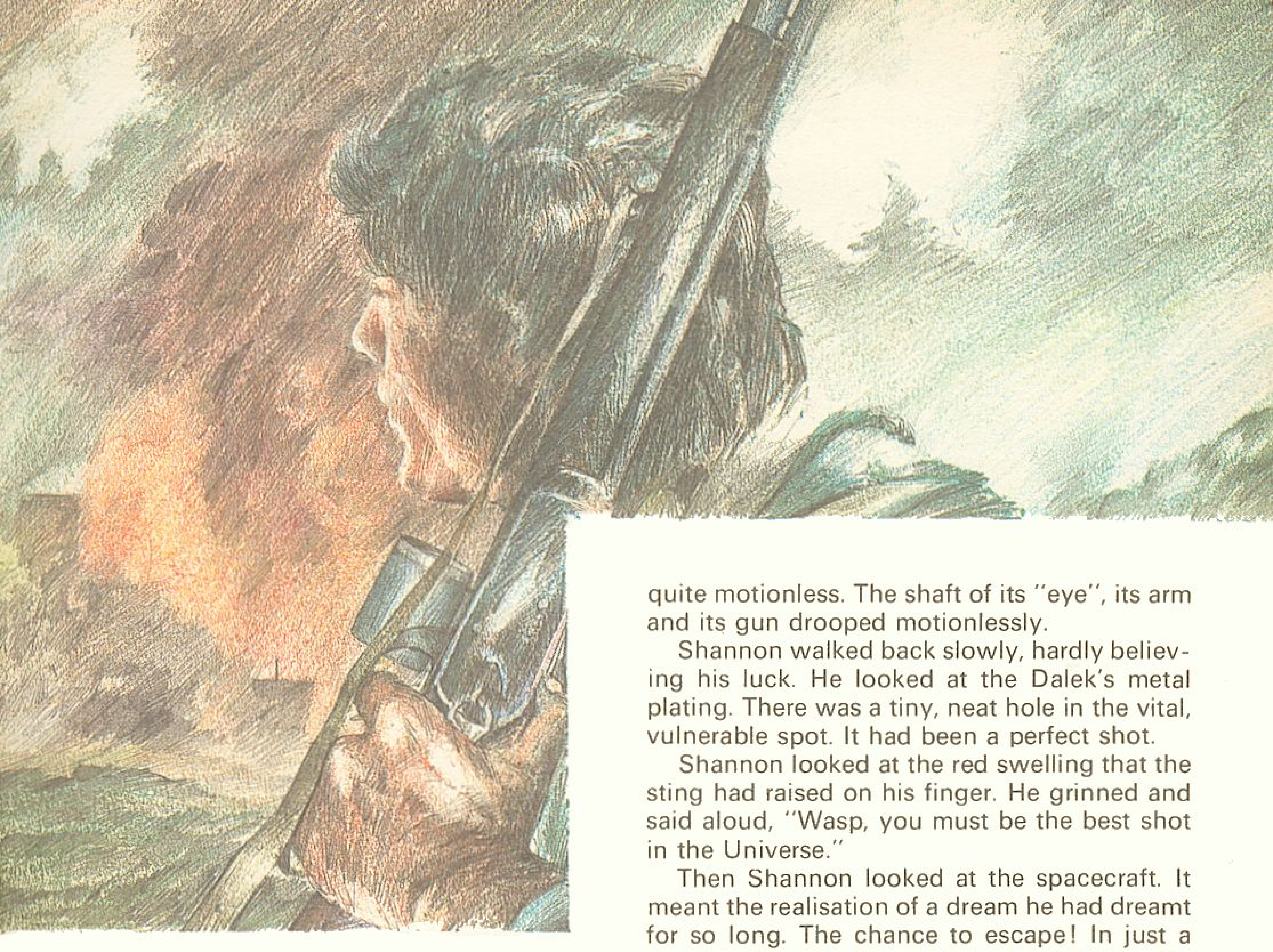
He put the gun to his shoulder. One shot: that was all he had; all that was between him and certain death.

Shannon had never been a very good target shot in training, and his marks had always been just below average. Now he was risking his life on his below-average skill. He remembered from his training that there was one vital spot that could destroy a Dalek. The spot was no bigger than a small coin, but if it could be hit, it destroyed all the Dalek's operational systems and, in effect, "killed" it.

Carefully Shannon raised the weapon and sighted it. One shot. "If I miss . . ." he thought.

But he knew what would happen if he missed. His hands were moist. A trickle of sweat ran off his forehead into his eye. He stared through the sight.

The Dalek turned towards him. The gunsight seemed to be swaying, and Shannon forced his hands to steady themselves. His finger closed on the trigger. Then the Dalek turned



and moved away again. Shannon cursed silently.

A tiny flying insect, something like a wasp, landed on his wrist and started to walk about. The insect had a nasty sting, but Shannon dared not move to brush it away. He felt the creature crawl among the hair on the back of his hand.

The Dalek turned again and faced Shannon. He levelled the gun, his finger tense. The sight moved up to the vital spot.

In that instant the creature stung Shannon's trigger finger. The sudden jab of pain made his finger twitch. The gun went off with a violent roar.

"That's done it!" thought Shannon. He leapt to his feet and started to race away. The back of his neck was tense as he waited for the blast of the Dalek gun to hit him.

But the blast didn't come. Shannon had reached the edge of the jungle and still the Dalek hadn't fired.

He halted and turned. The Dalek stood quite motionless. The shaft of its "eye", its arm and its gun drooped motionlessly.

Shannon walked back slowly, hardly believing his luck. He looked at the Dalek's metal plating. There was a tiny, neat hole in the vital, vulnerable spot. It had been a perfect shot.

Shannon looked at the red swelling that the sting had raised on his finger. He grinned and said aloud, "Wasp, you must be the best shot in the Universe."

Then Shannon looked at the spacecraft. It meant the realisation of a dream he had dreamt for so long. The chance to escape! In just a couple of weeks he could be back home. He had earned his chance by destroying three Daleks. When he arrived back he'd be a hero.

Shannon sat on the grass and rested. He thought about "his" planet. He'd enjoyed it here . . . the freedom . . . the excitement . . . the danger. He liked his house and his garden, the climate: everything about the place.

Shannon thought for a long time. Then, with a sigh, he got to his feet and walked across and climbed into the Dalek ship.

A minute later he emerged, as though for a last look around.

There was something in his hand.

He took a few paces from the ship, turned and pulled the pin on the pace grenade and tossed it into the open doorway.

Shannon threw himself to the ground as the ship blew up in a violent explosion. Pieces of metal rained around him.

He got to his feet and started to walk back to his house. He thought, "It's been a long, hot day. The garden will need watering."

Shannon smiled. He was a contented man.

the enigma of the missing planet

The millions of stars in the night sky seem to be a haphazard jumble. It is almost impossible to discern any order or pattern. However, after centuries of painstaking observations, astronomers have been able to calculate a 'shape' to the galaxies. We have learned that most events in the heavens tend to repeat themselves in a quite orderly fashion.

This apparent 'orderliness' became a matter of concern for astronomers who were investigating our own Solar system. In the year 1781 the planet Uranus was discovered by Sir William Herschel. In the years that followed the planet was tracked and recorded.

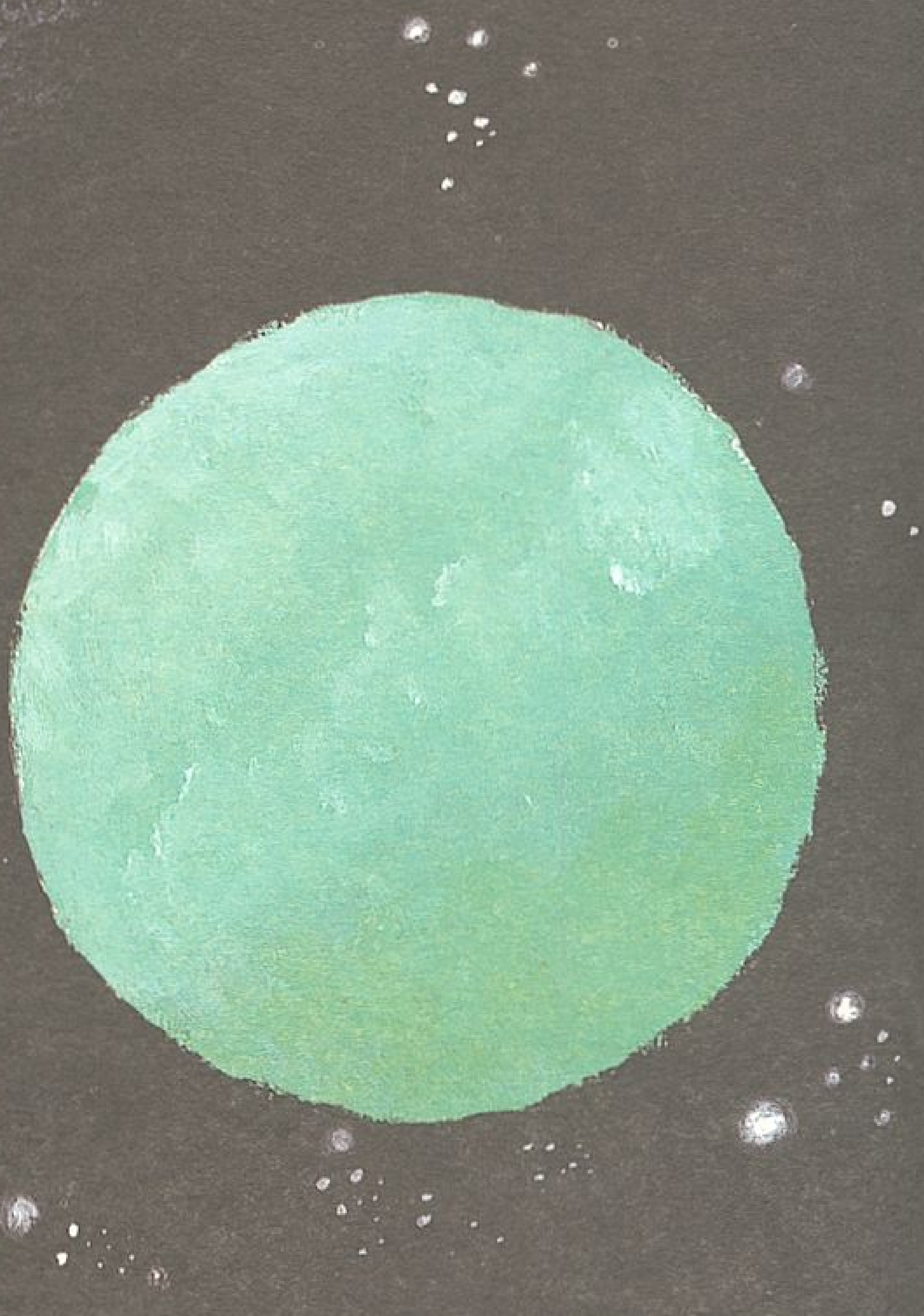
But there was something wrong. Uranus did not behave in the pattern it should. This led astronomers to suspect that another, as yet unknown, planet was affecting its course. Careful calculations suggested where the mystery planet should be in the natural order and in 1846 Neptune was discovered exactly in the position predicted.

The final planet of the Solar system was located in much the same way. Percival Lowell concluded that there ought to be another planet. He code named it 'Planet X' and the great search began. It was not discovered until 1916 and Lowell's theory was proved. Fourteen years after his death the furthermost planet was located and named Pluto.

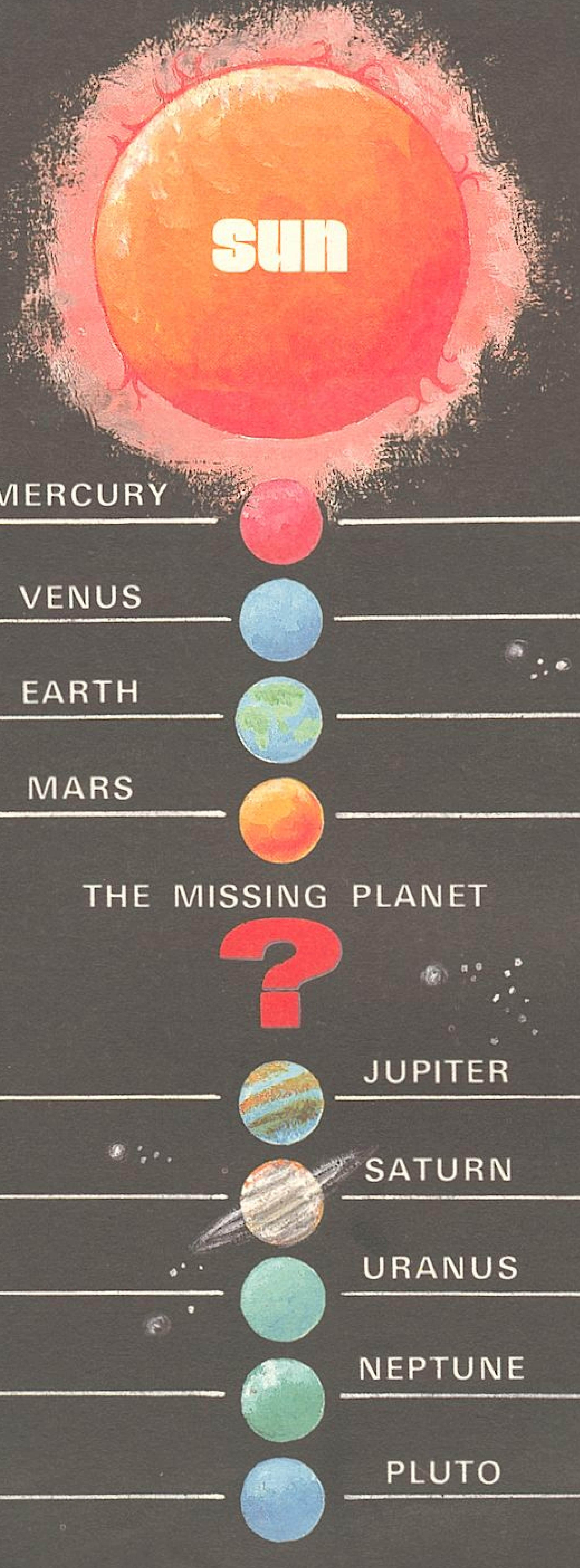
Still one great mystery remains in our planetary system. The great gap in space between Mars and Jupiter. A void of some 342,500,000 miles. The orderly pattern is broken by this great gulf. The solar system would be neater and more logical if there was a planet in this position. Instead, there is a massive belt of space matter. A broad band of whirling swirling rocks. They are called Asteroids, or by some people Planetoids. Countless thousands of tiny atmosphereless worlds. The Asteroid belt varies in width and density, and could provide a very dangerous hazard to future space travellers. Spacecraft would have to plot a very careful course to weave through the rocks.

There are many theories about the missing planet. One suggests that the planet did exist in the distant past and that a great explosion shattered it into millions of fragments that now form the asteroid belt. An opposing theory is that the rock fragments are gradually drawing closer and closer together and will eventually fuse into a solid that will become the tenth planet.

Or, could some super intelligent life form have found a way to motivate the planet out of its orbit? Might it have been destroyed in one of the great Dalek wars? For the moment, however, the missing tenth planet remains one of the great mysteries of space.



THE ENIGMA OF THE MISSING PLANET



DISTANCE FROM THE SUN (in miles)		DIAMETER (in miles)
36,000,000	MERCURY	3,100
67,000,000	VENUS	7,700
93,000,000	EARTH	7,926
141,500,000	MARS	4,200
	THE MISSING PLANET	
483,000,000	JUPITER	88,700
886,000,000	SATURN	75,100
1,783,000,000	URANUS	29,600
2,793,000,000	NEPTUNE	31,200
3,666,000,000	PLUTO	3,600(?)

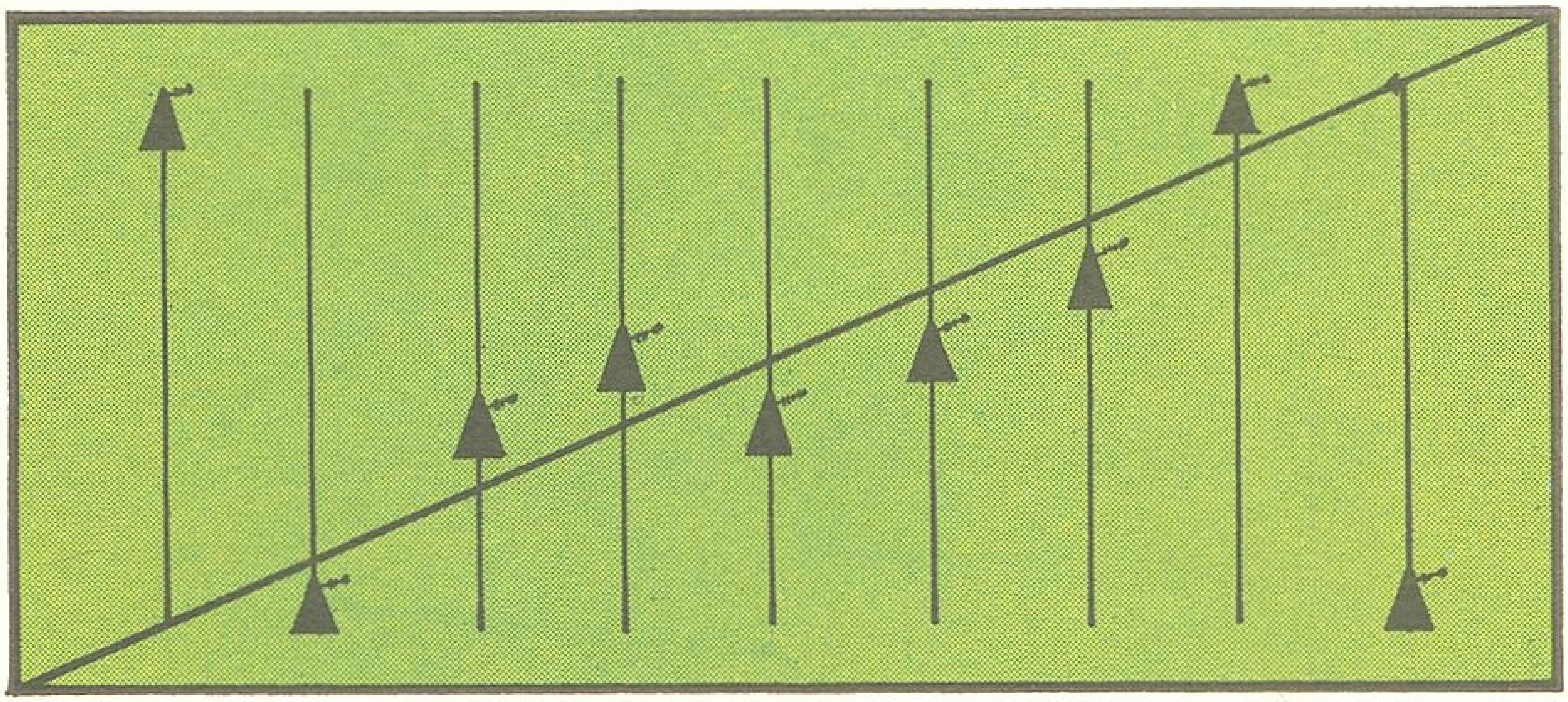
THE ENIGMA FACTOR

There is an area of DALEK science that has baffled ADF Intelligence for many years. They have given the problem the code name 'Enigma Factor'. It is not certain if the sciences involved are invisibility or Space/Time transference or Relative Space. It might even be a combination of all three. Here we give you two examples of the phenomena. We cannot give you explanations.

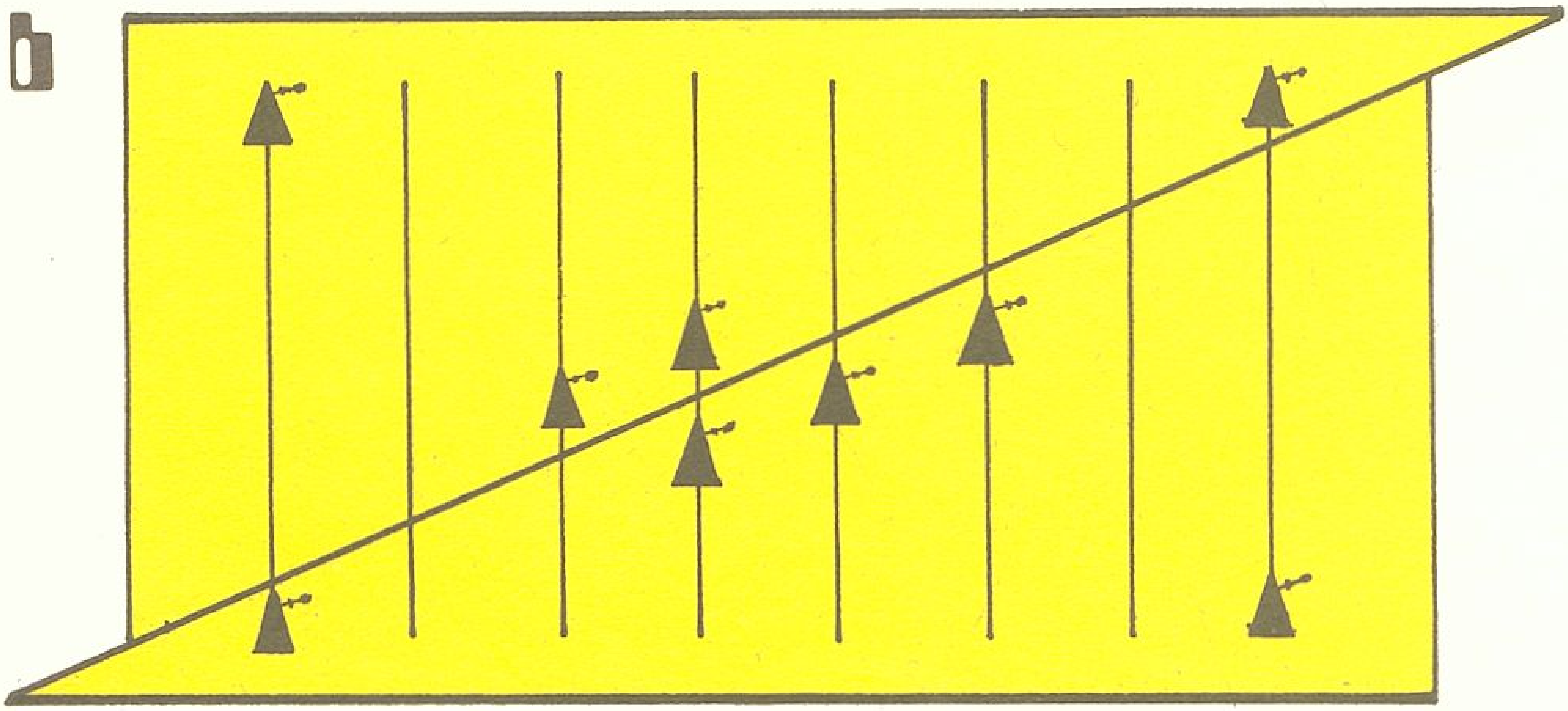
In illustration 'A' you will see Dalek forces taking up a defensive position along nine fortified lines. There are nine DALEKS, one on each line. It is their strategy always to mount a DALEK at each corner of their defence zone and a stronger force in a more central position. You will see in illustration 'B' that by making a tiny shift in position the DALEKS can achieve this. But the baffling feature is that they have reduced the defensive lines from nine to only EIGHT. Where is the ninth line? This is the Enigma Factor.

BATTLE LINES

a



b

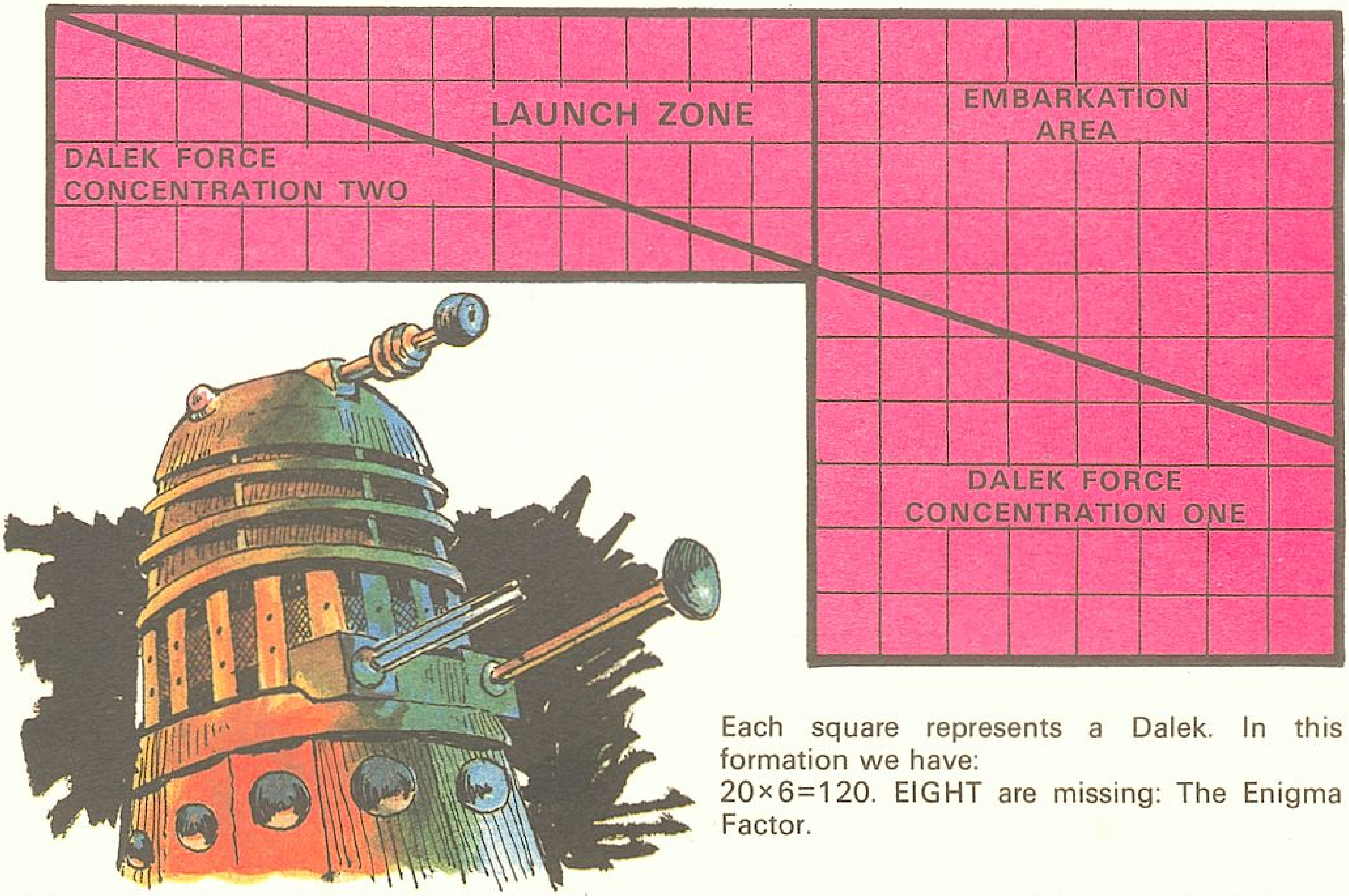


The second demonstration of the Enigma Factor shows in illustration 'A' a typical Dalek Attack Point. Each of the squares represents one Dalek unit. An Attack Point of this kind always has eight senior Daleks in command.

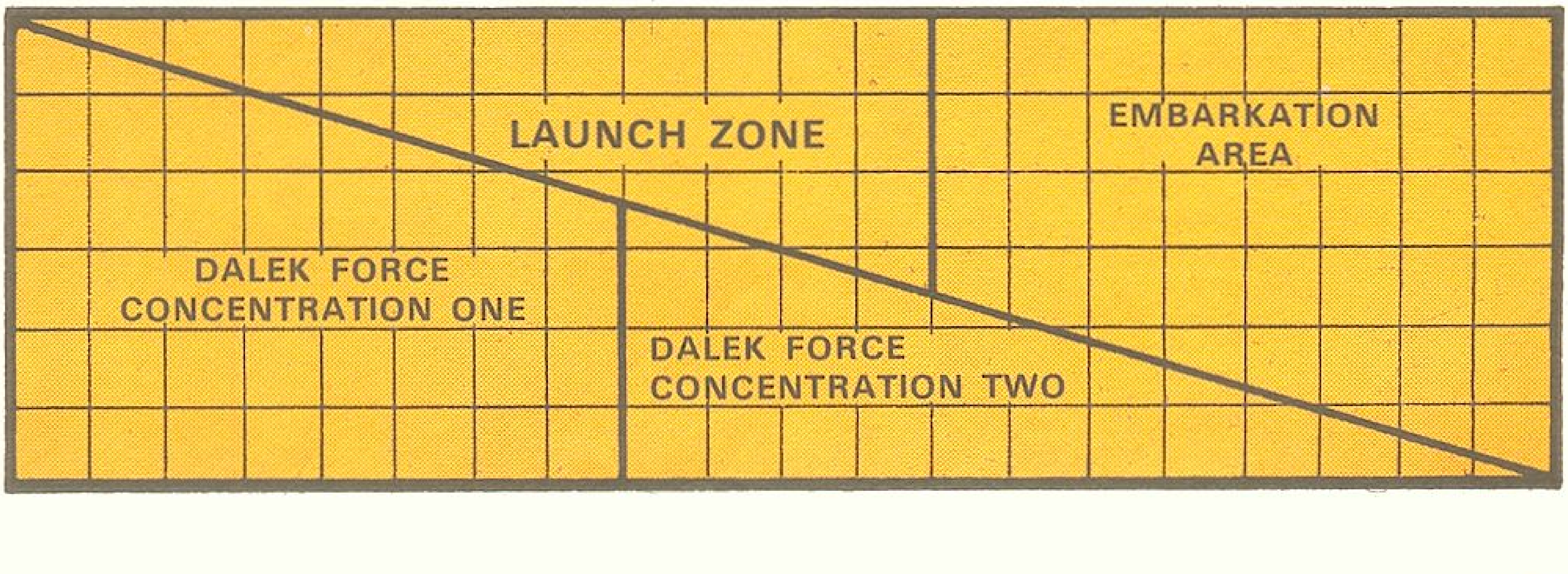
No ADF raid has ever been able to capture any of the eight senior Daleks. At the first hint of a raid the DALEKS reverse the positions of concentrations one and two. If you count the squares in illustration 'B' you will see that the eight senior Daleks have vanished into thin air. Again, the Enigma Factor. To experiment for yourself use pencil and paper to draw 'Battle Lines'. Measure carefully with a ruler. Cut across the diagonal line then shift the lower half slightly to the left.

For the second experiment use squared paper. Cut the diagonal and the lower vertical then reassemble.

Each square represents a DALEK. In this formation we have:
(8×10=80+12×4=48)=128.


LAUNCH ZONE
EMBARKATION AREA
DALEK FORCE CONCENTRATION TWO
DALEK FORCE CONCENTRATION ONE

Each square represents a Dalek. In this formation we have:
20×6=120. EIGHT are missing: The Enigma Factor.


LAUNCH ZONE
EMBARKATION AREA
DALEK FORCE CONCENTRATION ONE
DALEK FORCE CONCENTRATION TWO

1.
VIBRO-SENSOR: Directly linked to the brain it is a super-sensitive detector that is a highly developed equivalent of the 'sixth' sense in a human.

2.
OMNIPUTE: A micro-circuit computer that analyses and co-ordinates all the life support systems, registering their functions and adjusting them when needed.

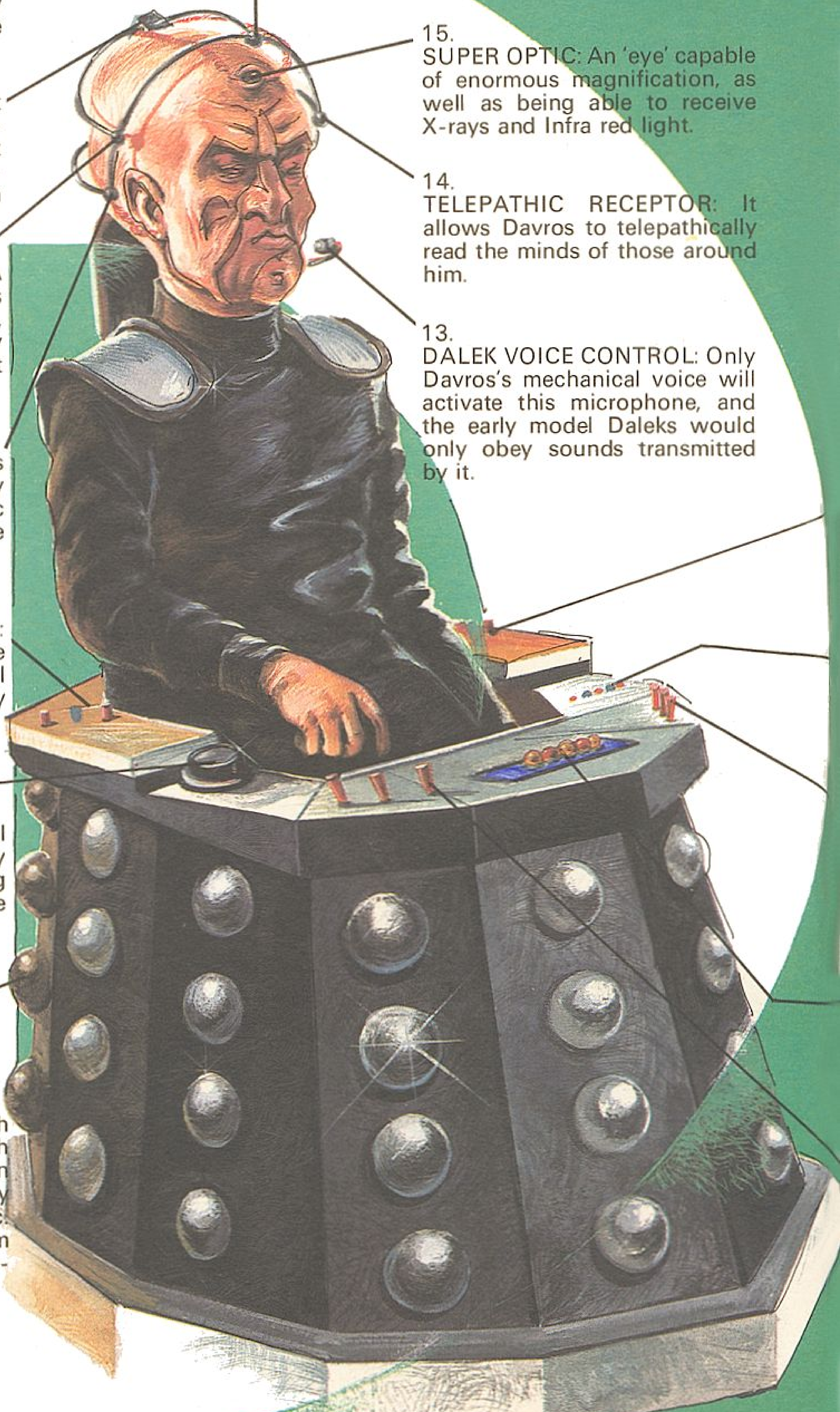
3.
FATIGUE ELIMINATOR: A circuit that suppresses the areas of brain that register fatigue, thus allowing continuous bodily and mental function without sleep.

4.
AUDIO INPUT: A device that is able to detect and identify sounds including ultrasonic noises normally unheard by the human ear.

5.
TRANSMISSION CONTROLS: These are operated by pressure from Davros's elbow and propel his wheel chair. They are directly linked to the disc sensors.

6.
ENERGISER: A mechanical lung. It filters air and virtually breathes for Davros, supplying oxygen and other gases to the body.

7.
DISC SENSORS: These each have different functions. Each registers some aspect of what in humans is known as touch. They are sensitive to heat, cold, etc. They also protect the chair from collision and impact, being capable of detecting obstacles.



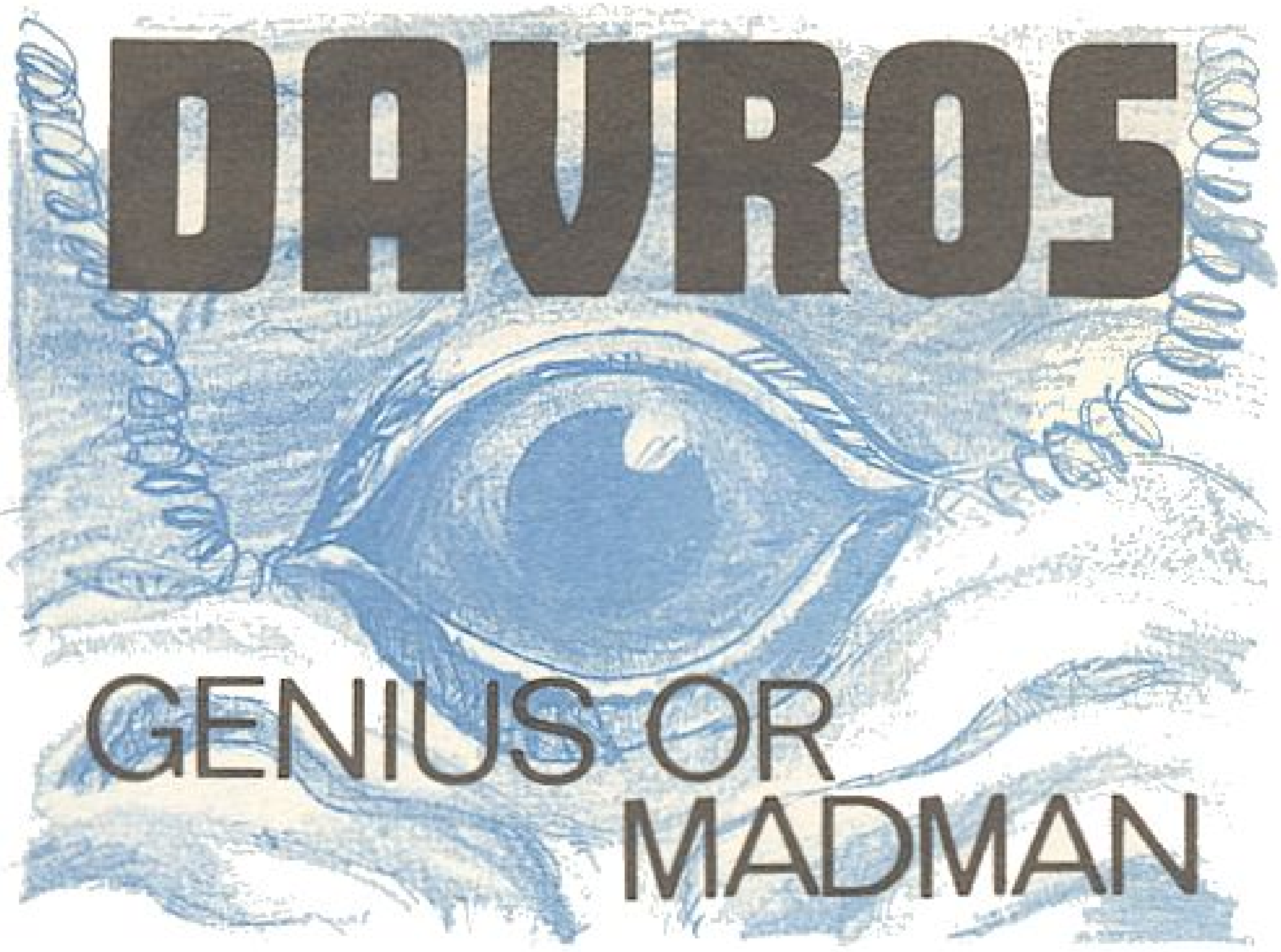
15.
SUPER OPTIC: An 'eye' capable of enormous magnification, as well as being able to receive X-rays and Infra red light.

14.
TELEPATHIC RECEPTOR: It allows Davros to telepathically read the minds of those around him.

13.
DALEK VOICE CONTROL: Only Davros's mechanical voice will activate this microphone, and the early model Daleks would only obey sounds transmitted by it.

DAVROS

GENIUS OR MADMAN



In the last part of the third millennium (second galaxy calendar) two powerful races dominated the planet Skaro. They were the Thals and the Kaleds. For centuries an uneasy peace had existed between the two peoples who lived under and believed in, totally opposed political systems. It was inevitable that their conflicting views would ultimately lead to open hostilities. Both sides maintained huge standing armies and invested massively in weapon development.

The clash of ideologies came to a head when Thal troops installed rocket launching silos on what had been considered neutral territory. The Kaled Ambassador delivered an ultimatum to the Thal government, stating that if the rocket bases were not dismantled in fourteen days, a state of war would exist between the two countries. The deadline came and the bases were still in position. The Kaled chief minister gave his orders to the military high command. On the first day of the fourth millennium the Kaleds launched an all-out attack on the Thals. Within an hour the Thals struck back in reprisal. The war that was to last for seven hundred years had begun.

It may be significant that on this infamous day Davros was born.

Throughout his childhood he knew only the hardship and deprivation that war brings. He grew up in the deep shelters that gave some protection from the constant air attack. When he was five his father was killed leading an attack against the Thals. A year later his mother died in a rocket raid. Davros was an embittered child who nursed a violent hatred of the Thals, and he looked forward to the time when he could wear a uniform and get into the war.

At school he showed a remarkable aptitude for science. His mind was inventive and adaptable. He very quickly absorbed all that his tutors could teach him, and at fourteen he passed the test that qualified him as an entrant to the Secret Weapons Research Establishment, the youngest candidate ever accepted. The scientists at the Establishment were overwhelmed by his easy grasp of the most complex scientific subjects, and he was solely responsible for a number of highly sophisticated developments in Kaled weapons.

Davros was almost sixteen, the age at which he would be allowed to join the Kaled army. Then his long-held ambition to become a fighting man was shattered. A laboratory accident caused an explosion that crippled both his legs.

After months of painful surgery the doctors

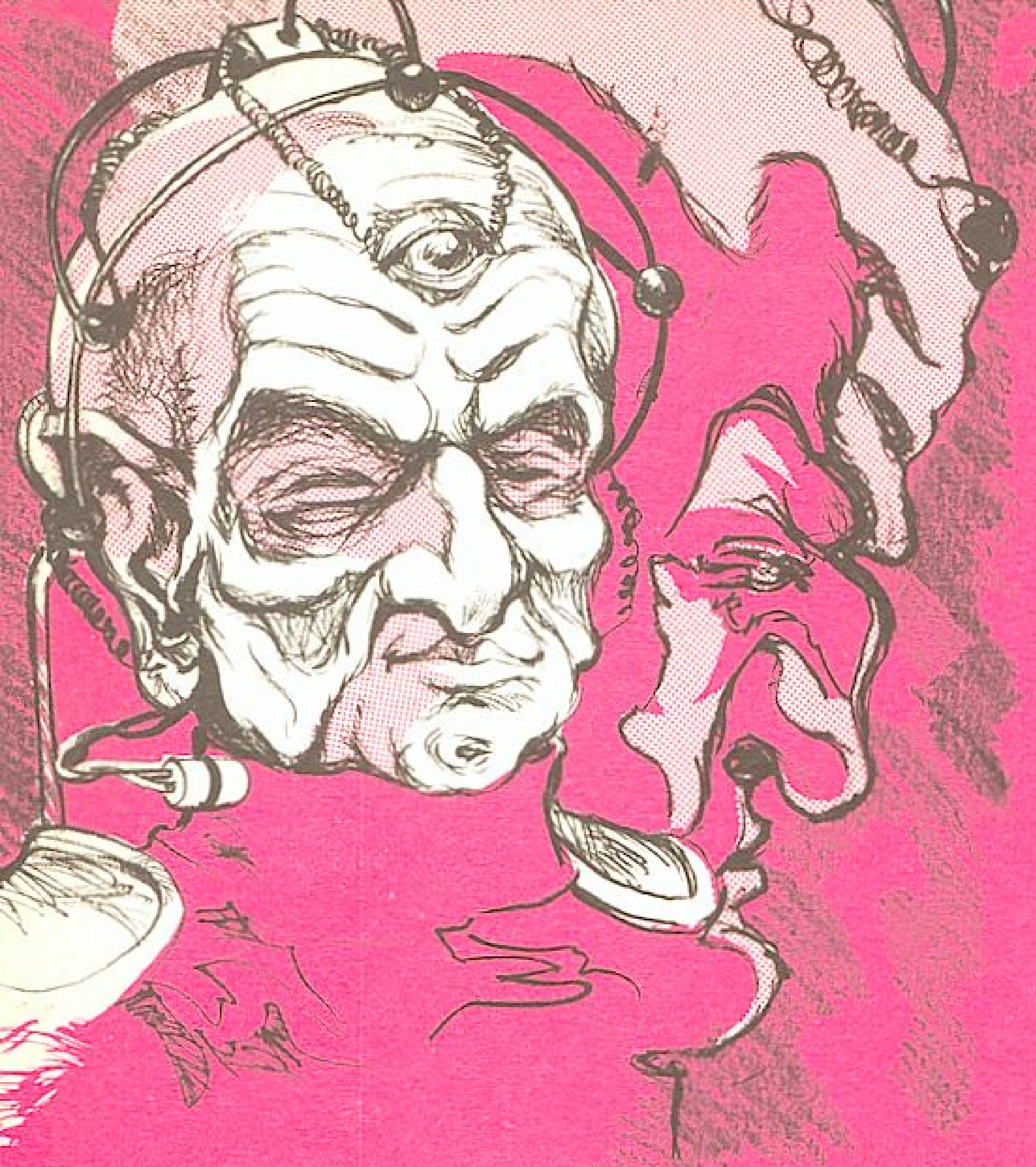
12.
FAIL SAFE DEFENCE: In the unlikely event of a total failure of the life support system, this device sets up an invisible and impenetrable barrier around Davros, protecting him from attack during the time the auto-circuits make the repairs.

11.
POWER SOURCE INDICATORS: They register the reserve of power in the storage cells. When the reserve is half exhausted, an infinite life neutron charger cuts in automatically to recharge the cells.

10.
VERACITY PERCEPTOR: A device developed by Davros that is able to analyse what is said to him and instantly detect if the speaker is telling the truth.

9.
CIRCUIT MONITOR: Every part of Davros's body is checked by the Monitor, including the mechanical parts. It operates as a continuing medical check. At the slightest hint of malfunction, a warning light flashes and auto-repair circuits are set into operation to cure or mend the fault.

8.
PACEMAKER CONTROLS: With these Davros is able to control his mechanical heart. You will notice there are three of these: three separate fail-safe circuits.



informed him that he would never walk again. Still in his hospital bed recovering from the operations, Davros designed a special type of wheel chair that would give him complete mobility. With the aid of the engineers the chair was built and he returned to work at the Establishment.

Davros continued to invent weapons, each more deadly than the last. His success won him greater political power and prestige, and before long he was appointed head of all research. Shortly after this he established the 'Corps Elite', a military and scientific body that was entirely autonomous. Even leading government ministers were frightened of Davros's growing power.

The years went by and the war dragged on. There were never enough hours in the day for Davros, and he hated the hours he wasted in sleeping. To combat this he developed a circuit that fed impulses into his brain that allowed him to do without sleep altogether.

As he grew older he came to despise the weaknesses of his own body, and so he devised mechanical and electronic substitutes to replace his failing organs. New parts were built into his wheel chair and it slowly became a total life support system. A mechanical pump replaced his heart. When his sight failed he substituted his eyes with an electronic scanner far superior to human vision. He combated deafness with a super sensitive audio system. The chores of eating and drinking were overcome by chemical nutrients fed automatically into his system.

When other men of his generation reached the end of their natural life span, Davros lived on, now almost more machine than man. When a throat disease robbed him of his voice, he invented and installed a miniature vocalizer.

While Davros's body may have failed him, his brain remained active. He realised that the continuing use of nuclear weapons in the war would ultimately result in the destruction of the Kaled race. Already mutations were beginning to appear in the new generations.

It was then that Davros decided that to perpetuate the race he must develop a travel machine that could house the creature that the Kaled would ultimately become. Based on his own life support system, he began to build the machine. He also experimented with genetic changes, trying to eliminate conscience from the mind.

His aim was to create a creature that was totally ruthless, not knowing the meaning of pity. He wanted a super-being that would destroy not only the hated Thals, but go on to conquer the Universe: the Universe with he, Davros, as its leader. Davros gave his research a code name, made up from the letters of the name of his race. The code word was DALEK.

Davros's insane plan succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. He lived, supported by his mechanical system, to be over one thousand years old. Every moment of his many years was spent in perfecting his creature. His ultimate destruction came at the hands of the monsters he had created.

The Daleks, made in his image, destroyed their maker. But in the Daleks, his dreams of Universal domination live on. Davros is perpetuated in the savage, conscienceless machines that still terrify the galaxies.

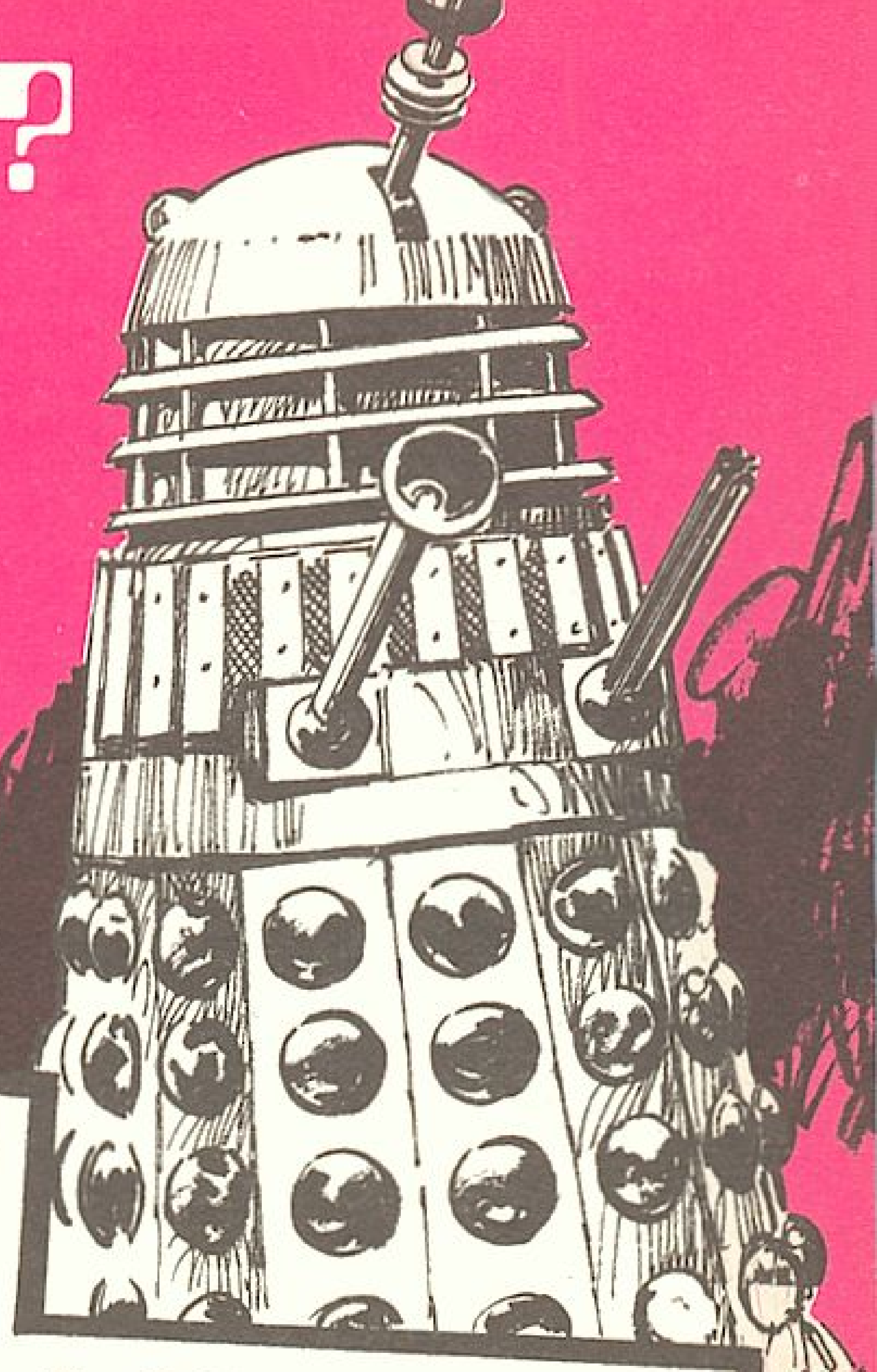
The dead body of Davros is buried somewhere beneath the millions of tons of rubble that caved in from the roof of his workshops. Or is it?

There is a legend that people tell in space. It is said that Davros had built in to his life support system a device that would keep him in a condition of suspended animation; that the spark of life could never die. Some people believe that if his body is ever recovered he could again be brought to full and active life. If that should ever happen, we will be faced with a power for evil such as has never before been known.

Would you believe....?

It is of major importance to the Daleks that they influence the uncommitted and primitive planets in their favour. In an effort to prove themselves the supreme creatures of the Universe, the Dalek propaganda department broadcast 'facts' on their daily 'Dalek Throughspace Information Programme'.

We have selected some of these statements. For instance, WOULD YOU BELIEVE:



The so-called Straits of Dover were created by the Daleks in the Earth year 2008 BC. A Dalek space ship made a forced landing. It ripped a deep furrow across the land. The water of the North Sea and the English Channel instantly swirled in to fill the area. When the Dalek ship took off, a new body of water separated the country now called Britain from the continent of Europe.

The largest spacecraft in the Universe was built by the Daleks. Its cargo hold is big enough to contain Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament.

The might and power of the Dalek forces is undisputed. If we wished, we could conquer any planet within hours. However, our aim is to unite planets, and spare needless bloodshed. To that end we have introduced undetectable humanoid robots on to Earth. With their superior skills they have been able to gain positions of great power, through which they are able to propagate the Dalek philosophy. Several world leaders, Presidents and Prime Ministers are of Dalek manufacture.

Every Dalek can speak over three hundred space languages. Complete vocabularies for all these languages are programmed into memory banks. No other being in the Universe has this range of communication.

That on the planet Earth, the common cold affects more people than any other illness. Millions of working hours are lost because of it. The germ that causes the cold was developed in the Dalek laboratories centuries ago, then taken to Earth and released. Therefore every cold sufferer is the victim of a Dalek-made disease.

A single five-second blast from a Dalek gun produces enough electrical energy to provide all the power needed to run the city of New York for one year.

The Daleks are the oldest civilized beings in the Universe. When 'man' was still a primitive ape-like creature, the Daleks had already discovered atomic power and had explored every corner of the galaxy.

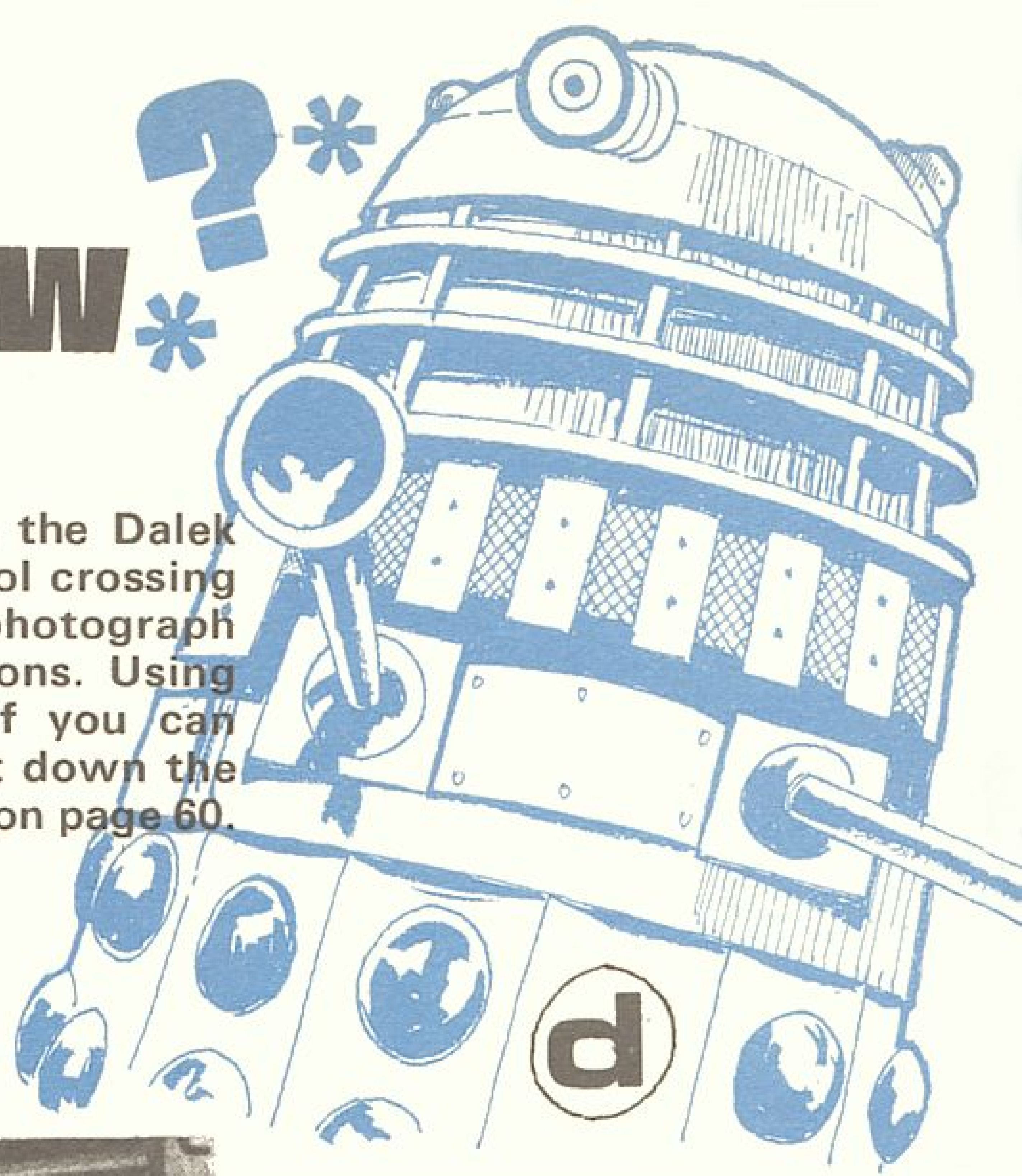
The Daleks have manufactured a bomb more powerful than the combined strength of all the explosive that has ever been detonated. If it were exploded on the surface of the moon, the shock wave would be great enough to throw the planet Earth off its axis and send it hurtling into space.

The biggest city ever built is the Dalek capital on Skaro. The entire populations of Mars, Venus and Earth could be accommodated on just one level of the city and only half fill it.

Dalek space craft regularly visit Earth. All so-called 'flying saucers' are of Dalek manufacture. The purpose of these visits is to collect human specimens for research. If you have the good fortune to be selected, do not be afraid. Simply obey every command you are given and you will remain unharmed.

mental jigsaw

The photograph below was taken during the Dalek invasion of Earth and shows a Dalek patrol crossing Westminster Bridge. Unfortunately the photograph has been damaged and cut into six sections. Using only your powers of observation, see if you can mentally reconstruct the picture. Then jot down the order of the letters and check your answer on page 60.



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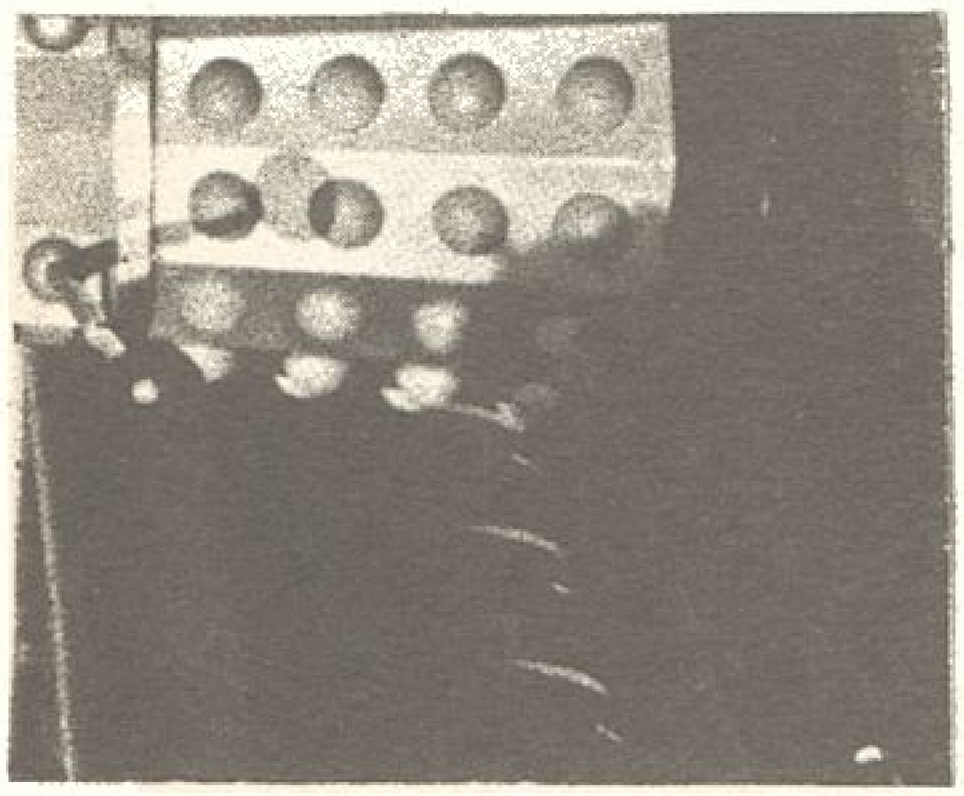

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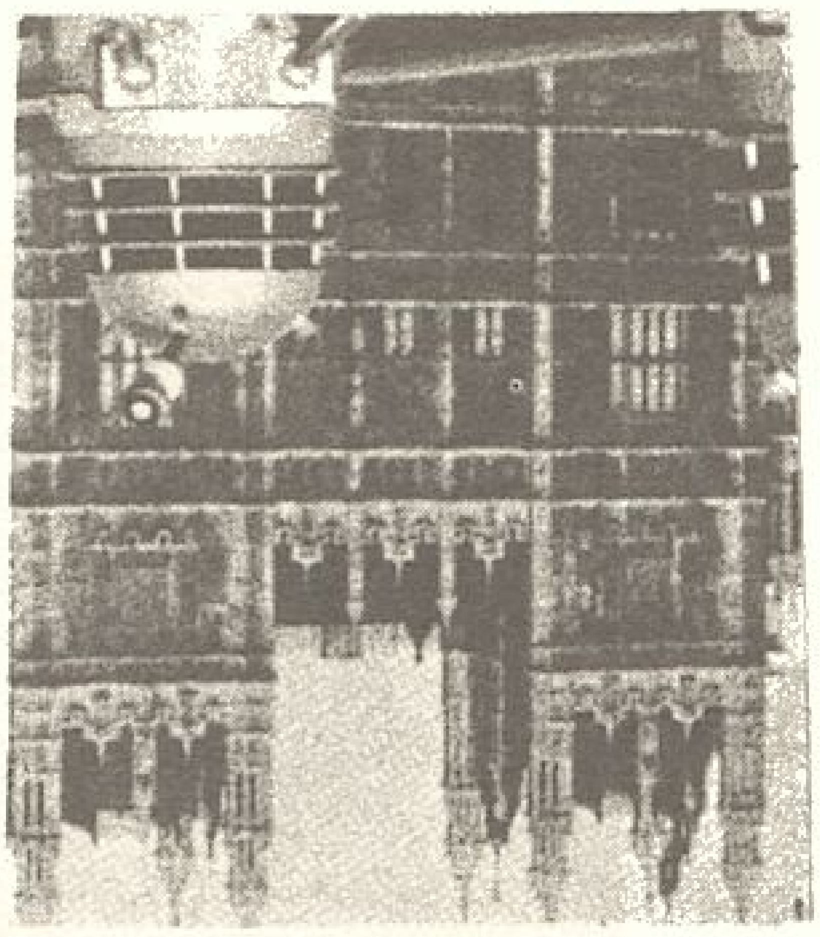

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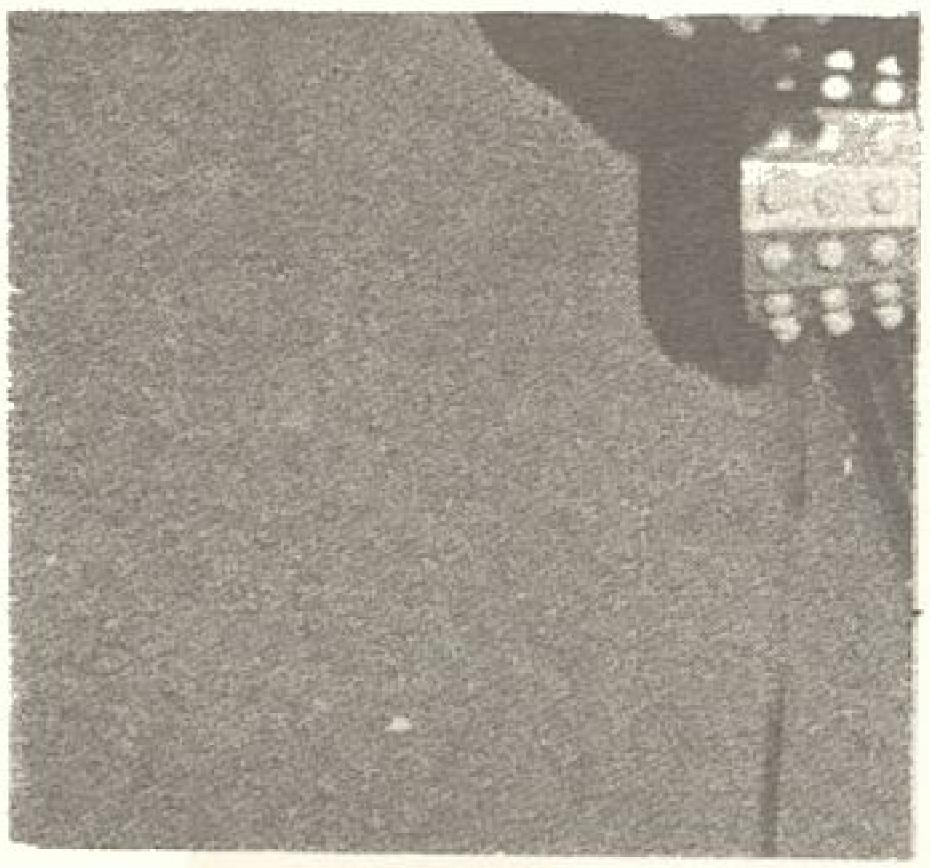

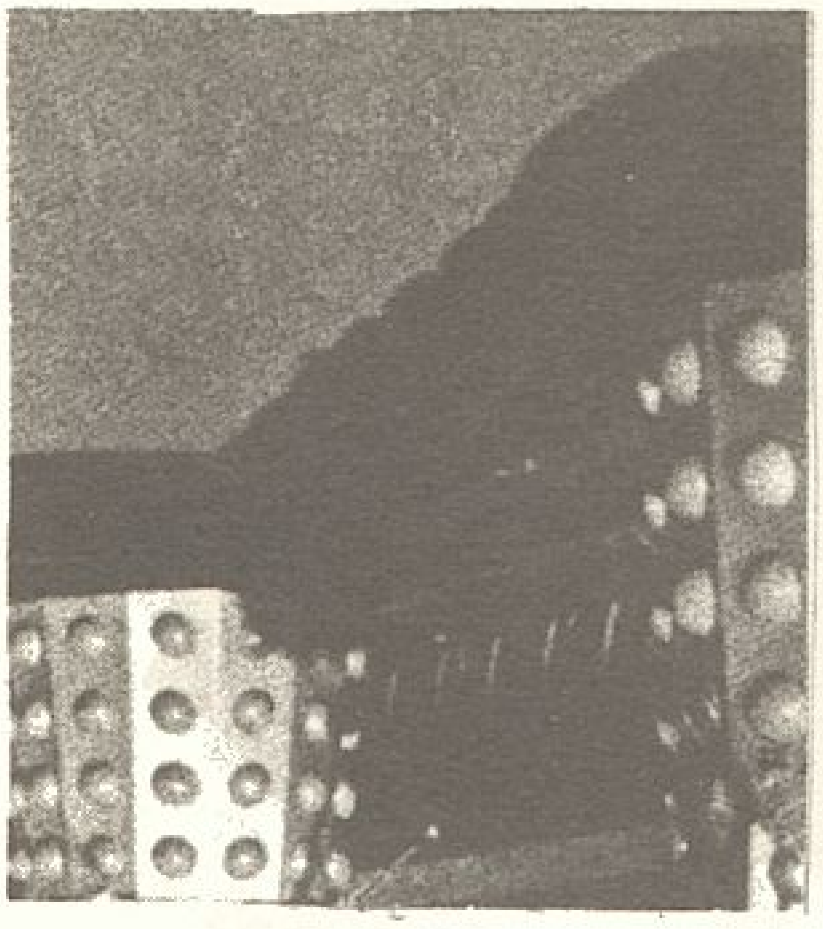

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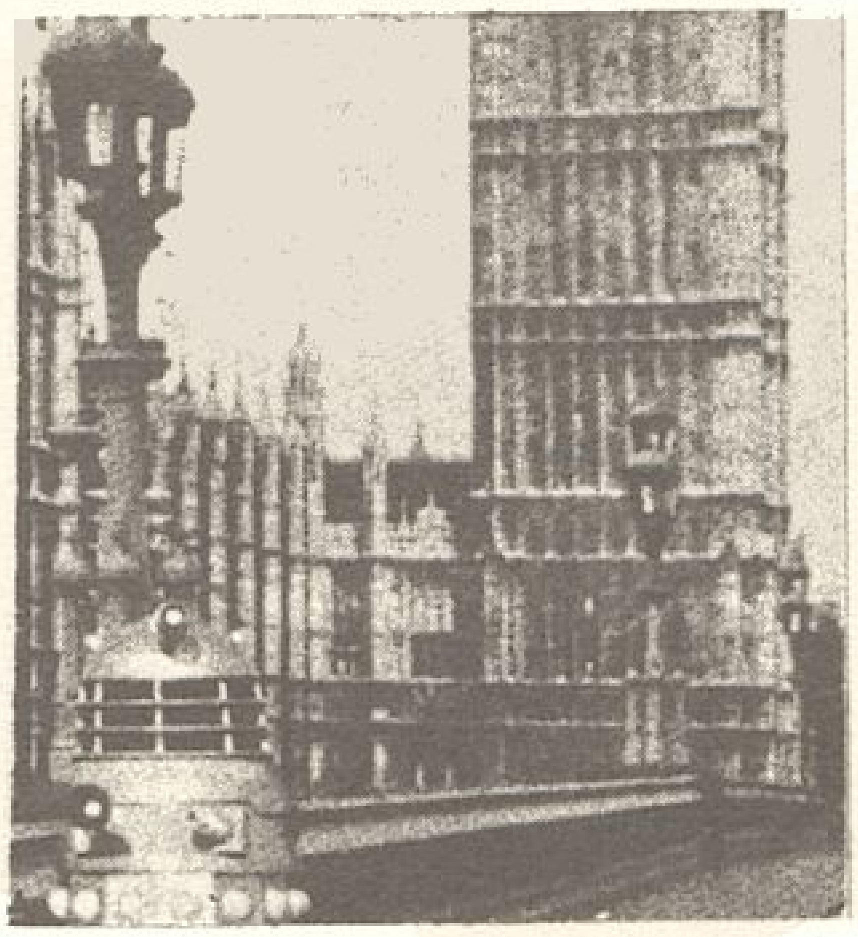

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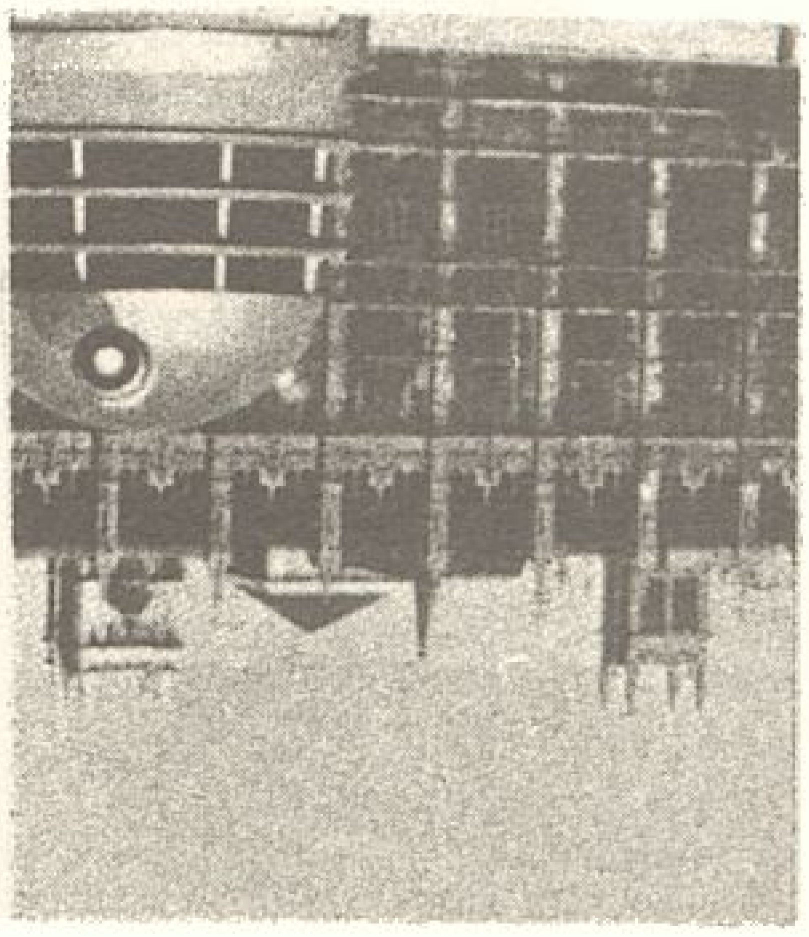


a

Check your answer on page 60

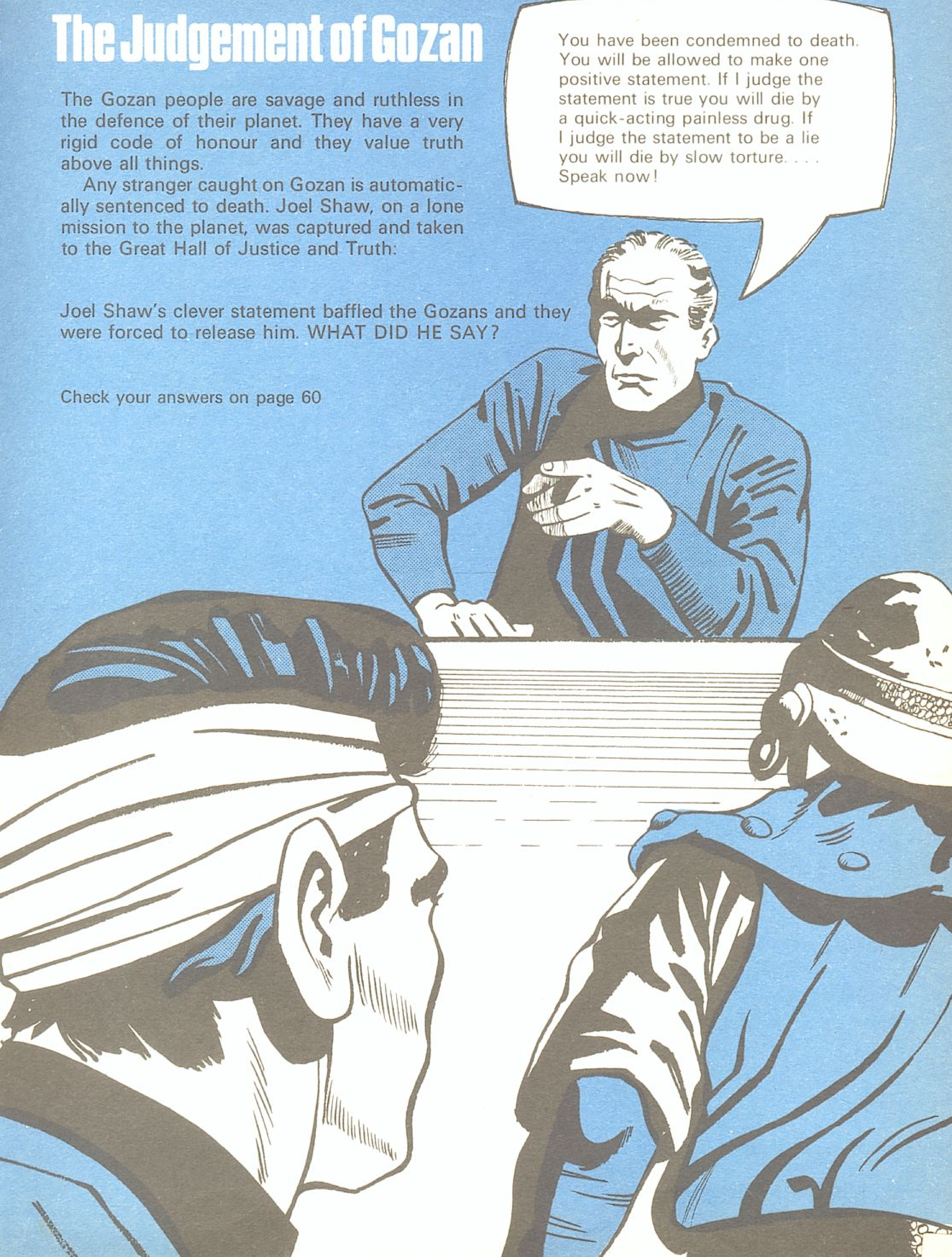
The Judgement of Gozan

The Gozan people are savage and ruthless in the defence of their planet. They have a very rigid code of honour and they value truth above all things.

Any stranger caught on Gozan is automatically sentenced to death. Joel Shaw, on a lone mission to the planet, was captured and taken to the Great Hall of Justice and Truth:

Joel Shaw's clever statement baffled the Gozans and they were forced to release him. WHAT DID HE SAY?

Check your answers on page 60

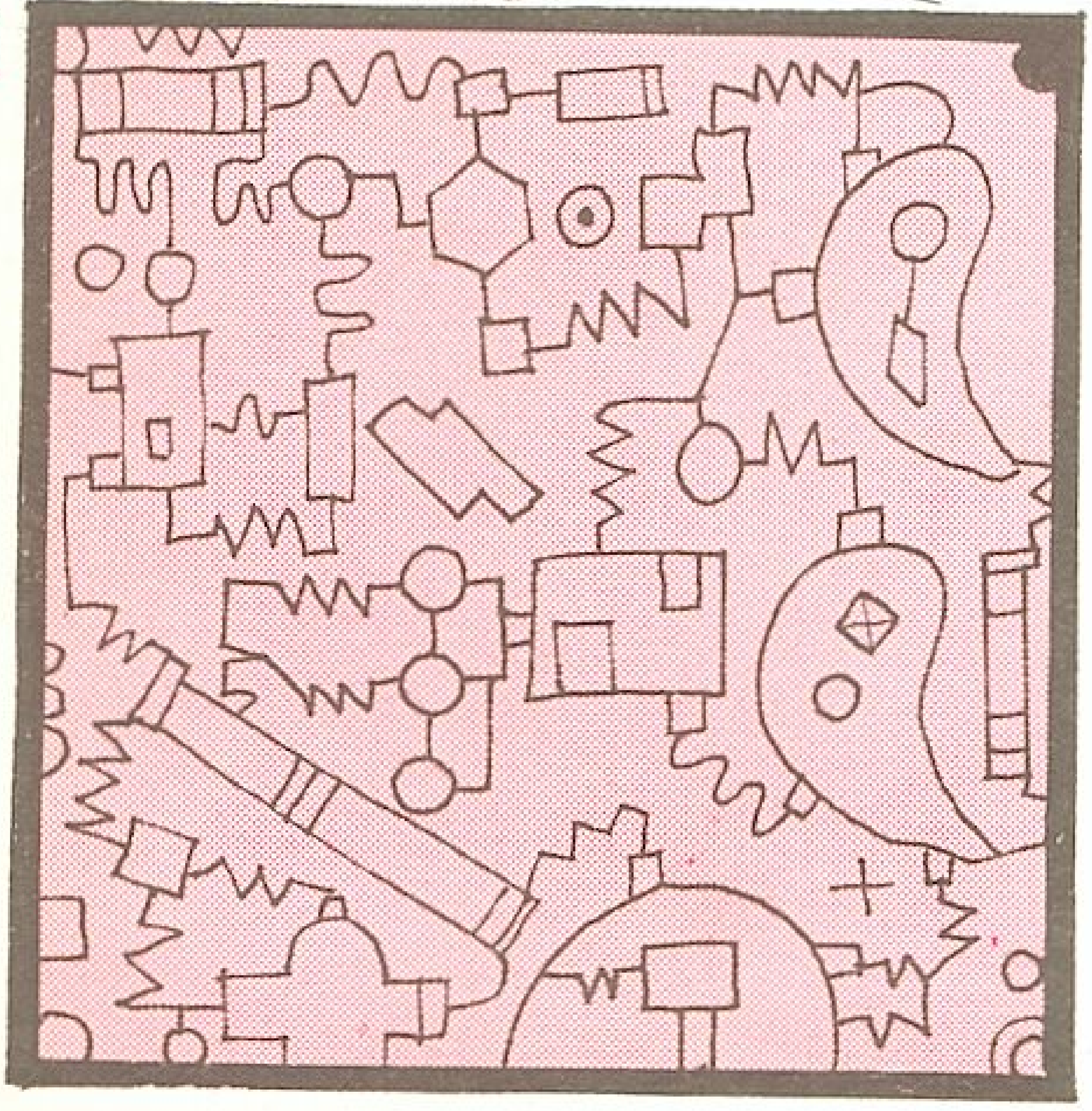

You have been condemned to death. You will be allowed to make one positive statement. If I judge the statement is true you will die by a quick-acting painless drug. If I judge the statement to be a lie you will die by slow torture. . . . Speak now!

SABOTAGE!!!

Joel Shaw was making a routine instrument check before take-off. He glanced at the circuit box that controlled the vital flight computer and instinctively felt something was wrong. He checked the circuit diagram that showed how the layout should look (box A). He found twenty deliberate variations in the circuit (box B).

This was obviously an attempt to sabotage his ship. The flight computer would malfunction and result in a crash. Shaw had half an hour to locate all the twenty alterations. Can you spot them in the same time?

a



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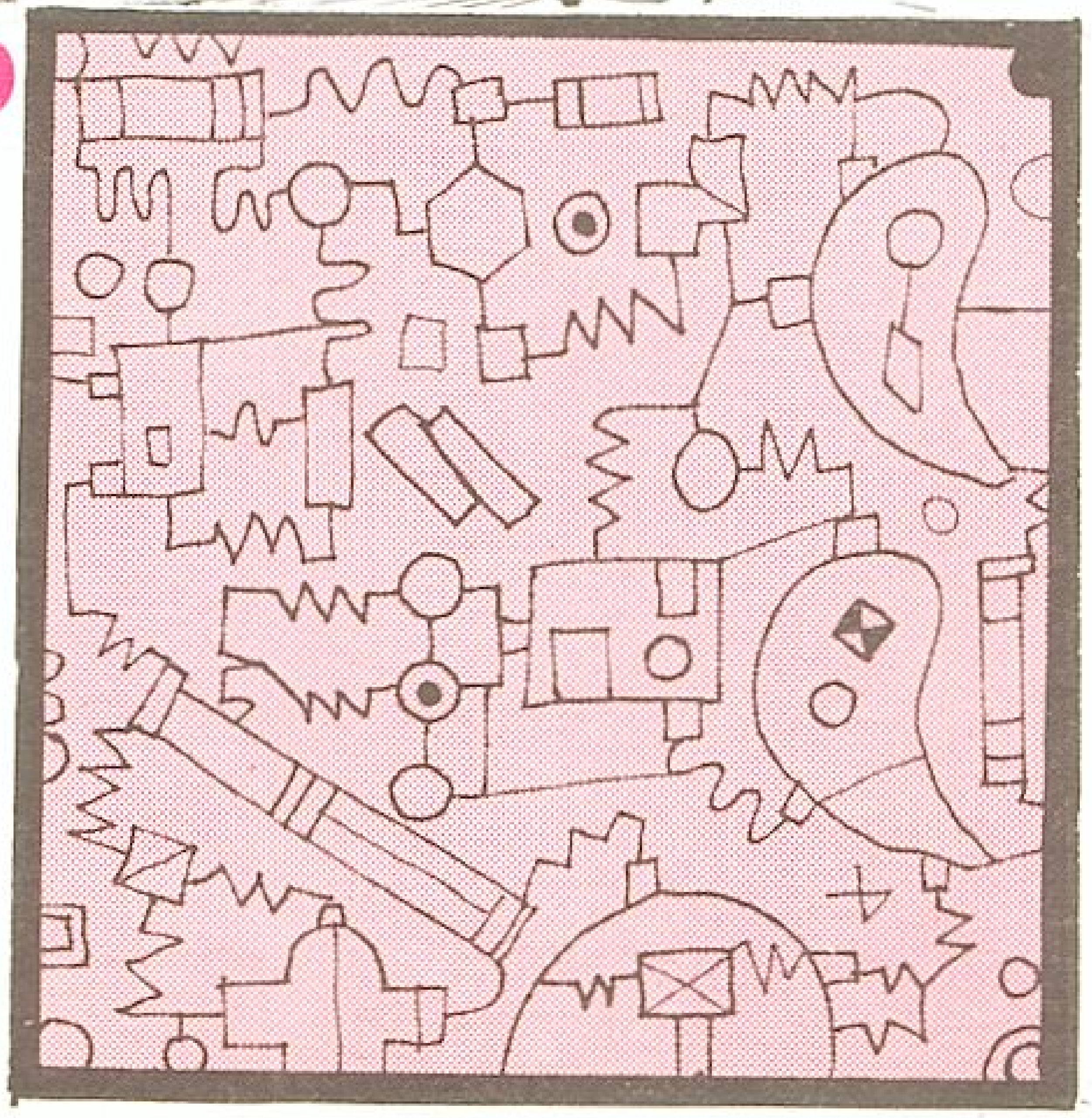
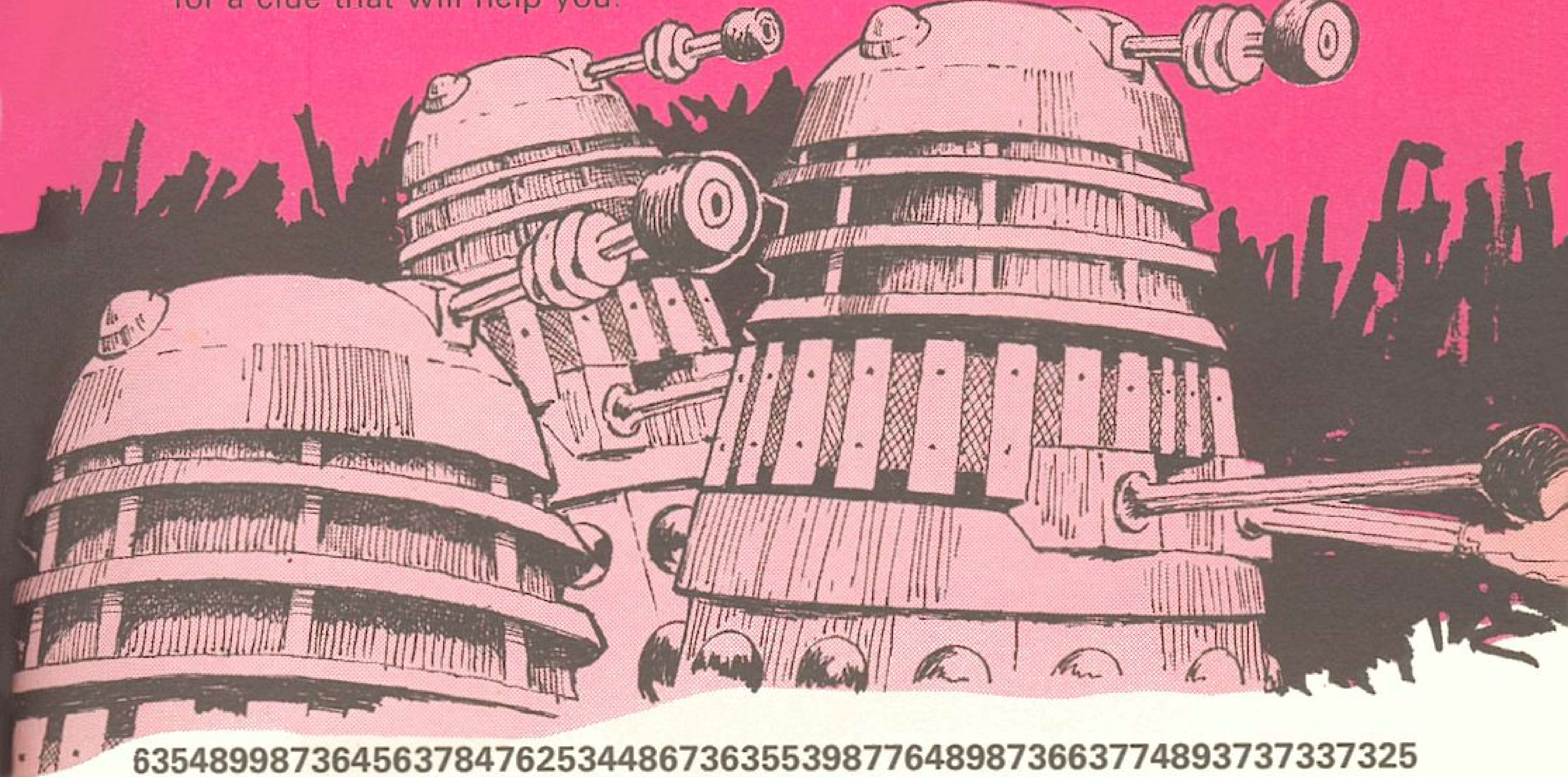


Check your answers on page 60

DALEK computer print-out

A special ADF team was assigned to examine a captured top-secret Dalek computer. Whenever the computer was switched on, it would only print out the series of numbers shown below. Nobody could understand the meaning of the constantly repeated numbers. Joel Shaw stared at the figures for hours. Then, suddenly, he realised that there was a certain visual pattern worked into the numbers and he was able to read the defiant message. Can you? Look at it for a long time. If you are still baffled, turn to page 60 for a clue that will help you.



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993672606374000063005246099073409930323405678002350098760000987
234567607653079099034565045054000000065308765056780807654340456
564738703456063063000453000530993493909800083000850550730000398
547847364757463738485837485983746578398884733393367723234479823
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73732307737000007304606406640444073730000730000048488374637743
434432025250505530560330308838483880832088232034034345454565654
366473077380850720227007034434525366063066356073073377277737232
364898377627384987465364987654345678987654466789876544456765449
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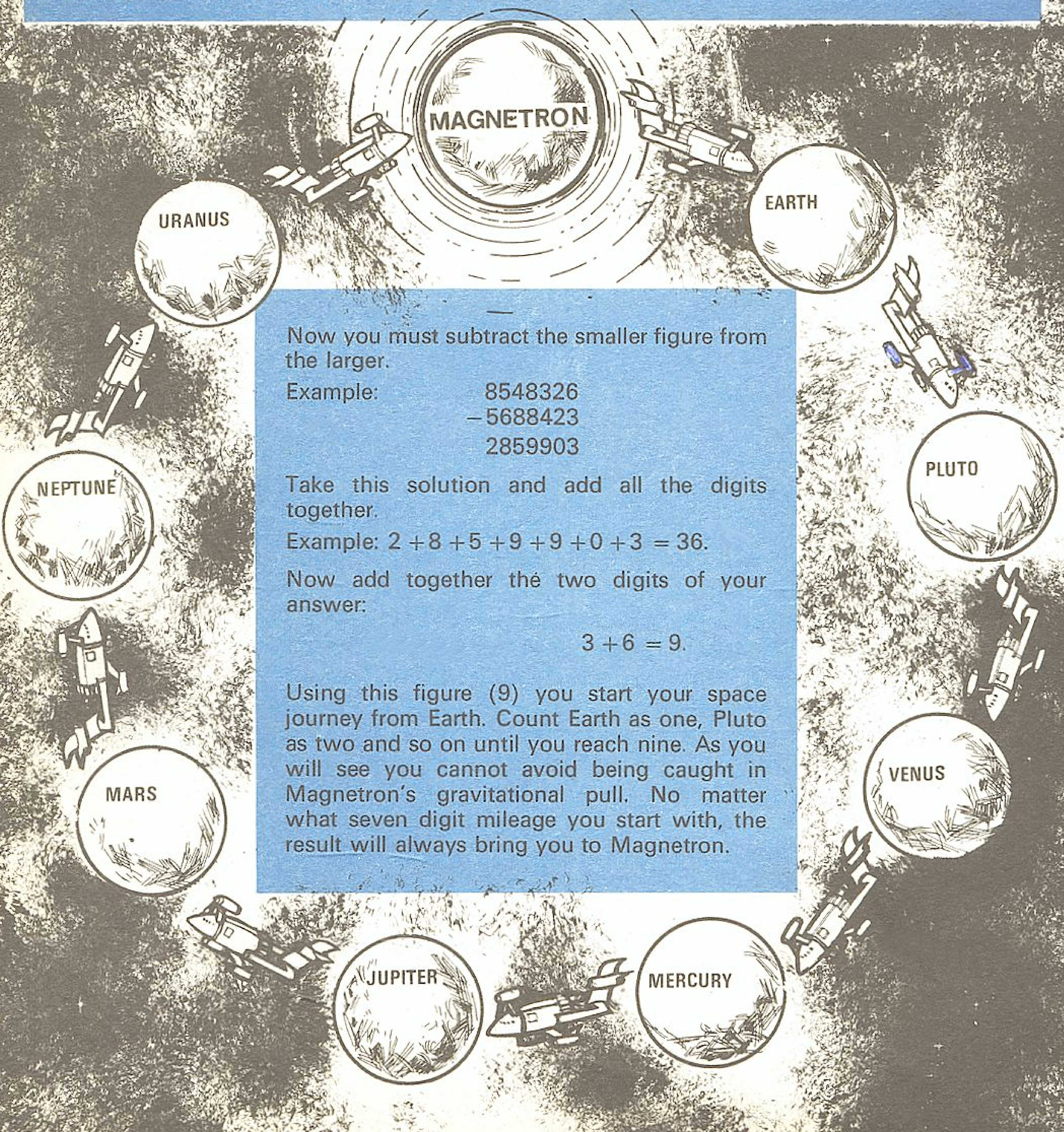
THE AMAZING PLANET MAGNETRON

This astonishing planet is only half the size of Earth but it has a gravitational pull one hundred thousand times more powerful. Any spacecraft that ventures within ten million miles of Magnetron will be drawn irresistibly towards the planet and to certain destruction. You can prove this to yourself and your friends by doing the following navigational calculation.

Ask a friend to write down a seven digit number. For example: 8548326. (This represents the distance in miles a spaceship is in miles from Magnetron.)

Next, tell your friend to scramble the order of the number:

Example: 5688423.



Now you must subtract the smaller figure from the larger.

Example: 8548326
−5688423
2859903

Take this solution and add all the digits together.

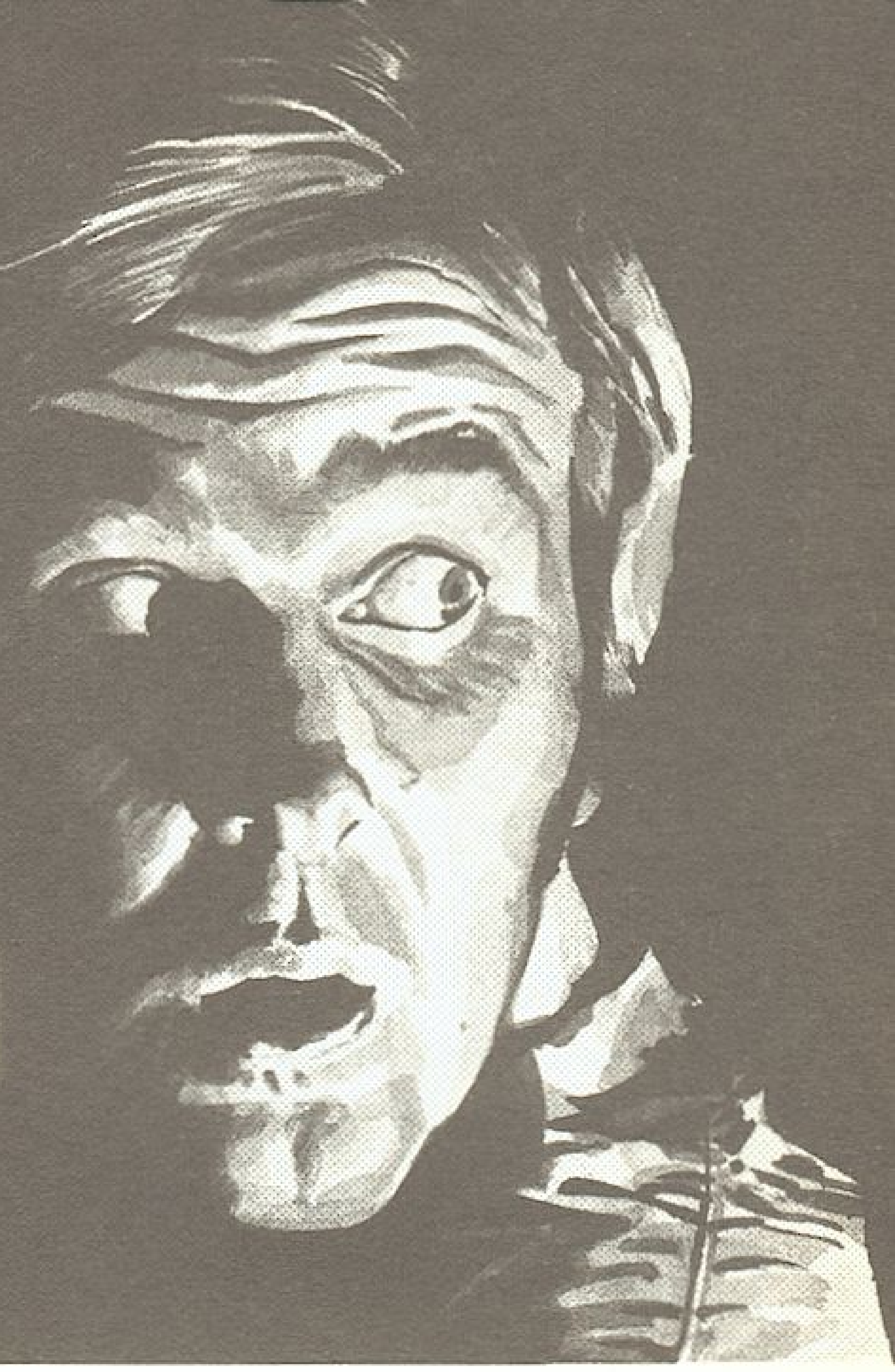
Example: 2 + 8 + 5 + 9 + 9 + 0 + 3 = 36.

Now add together the two digits of your answer:

3 + 6 = 9.

Using this figure (9) you start your space journey from Earth. Count Earth as one, Pluto as two and so on until you reach nine. As you will see you cannot avoid being caught in Magnetron's gravitational pull. No matter what seven digit mileage you start with, the result will always bring you to Magnetron.

THE SEEDS OF DESTRUCTION



Del Kramer looked like a man who had just wakened from a nightmare. His eyes, sunk deep in his head, were red rimmed. They stared without blinking. His face had the grey pallor of death, and his skin was moist with fear. In his left temple a muscle twitched uncontrollably. When he reached for his drink his hand trembled.

Joel Shaw was shocked by the change in his friend. He had known the man for many years, but the figure who now sat before him looked like a stranger.

Kramer was a distinguished journalist with a reputation for seeking out important news stories and reporting them honestly and fairly. As a war correspondent he had covered many Dalek campaigns, and had shown himself to be cool and courageous under fire. Shaw wondered what experience could account for the remarkable change in the man.

For some minutes Kramer remained silent, clutching his glass in both hands and staring broodiiy.

When finally he did speak his voice was low and serious. "I've seen the beginning of the end of the World," he said.

Shaw waited for him to continue, and when he didn't, prompted gently. "Tell me about it. From the beginning."

"The beginning?" Kramer said, almost as though he was talking to himself. "The beginning was almost twenty years ago. I was just a cub reporter and I got a chance to interview the famous Doctor Lambray. You remember him?" he asked, looking across at Shaw.

Shaw considered for a moment and then shook his head. "The name hits some sort of chord, but I can't remember any details."

"He was a bio-chemist," Kramer said. "When I first met him he'd just won some major scientific awards for work he'd done on plant culture. He was a strange man. On the one hand, a dedicated scientist who drove himself to the point of exhaustion working twenty-four hours a day for months on end. Then, when he left his laboratory, it was as though another personality took over. He became a big spending playboy, hungry for publicity, using his fame and wealth to build his own personal power. Frankly I didn't much like the man, but I wrote the piece as well as I was able.

"After that, hardly a year went by without Lambray getting into the news in one way or another. Then, about ten years ago, he really hit the headlines. This time it was a scandal about the misappropriation of funds. He had apparently convinced the government that he was on the verge of a big breakthrough in growth acceleration. He believed he could find a way to make a plant grow to maturity in quarter of the natural time. You can see how important the idea was for worlds that are on the brink of famine. It would mean four crops a year from the same piece of ground. Anyway, the government had given him massive research facilities and unlimited money.

"After a few years of pouring millions into the project without seeing any results, there was an investigation. Finally it was disclosed that more than half of the money could not be accounted for, and it was concluded that Doctor Lambray had siphoned it off for his own use. Criminal charges were brought against him and a warrant was issued for his arrest. But the arrest was never made. Like the money, Lambray simply vanished.

"Well, of course, it was the hottest news story for years. Not only every law officer, but every reporter in the Galaxy was trying to find Lambray. I tried myself.

"But nobody had any luck. The general opinion was that Lambray had got himself smuggled out on a rocket and had gone into hiding on some obscure planet. Finally, something else caught the public attention and Lambray was forgotten."

Kramer paused in his story and profferred his now empty glass to Shaw.

As Shaw refilled it, he said, "I remember now. There was a pretty big reward offered for his capture, wasn't there?"

"That's right. But nobody ever claimed it." Kramer took the glass and sipped at it.

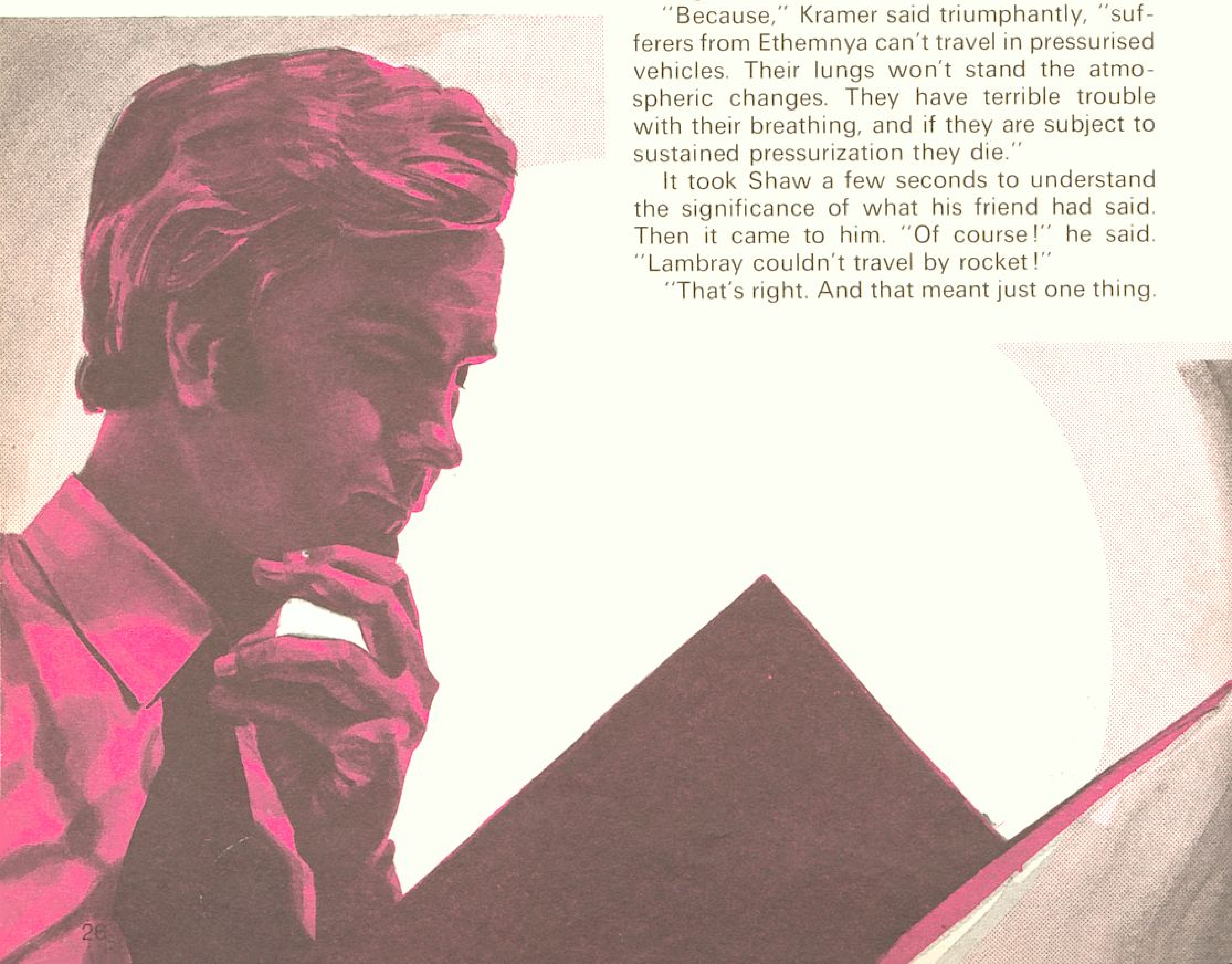
Then he started again. "Well, about two months ago I was clearing out my desk and I found my file on Lambray. I read through it again and suddenly came upon a tiny piece of information that I'd missed before, it had seemed so unimportant. But when I re-read it, it sort of clicked into place. Lambray suffered from a minor illness called Ethemnya."

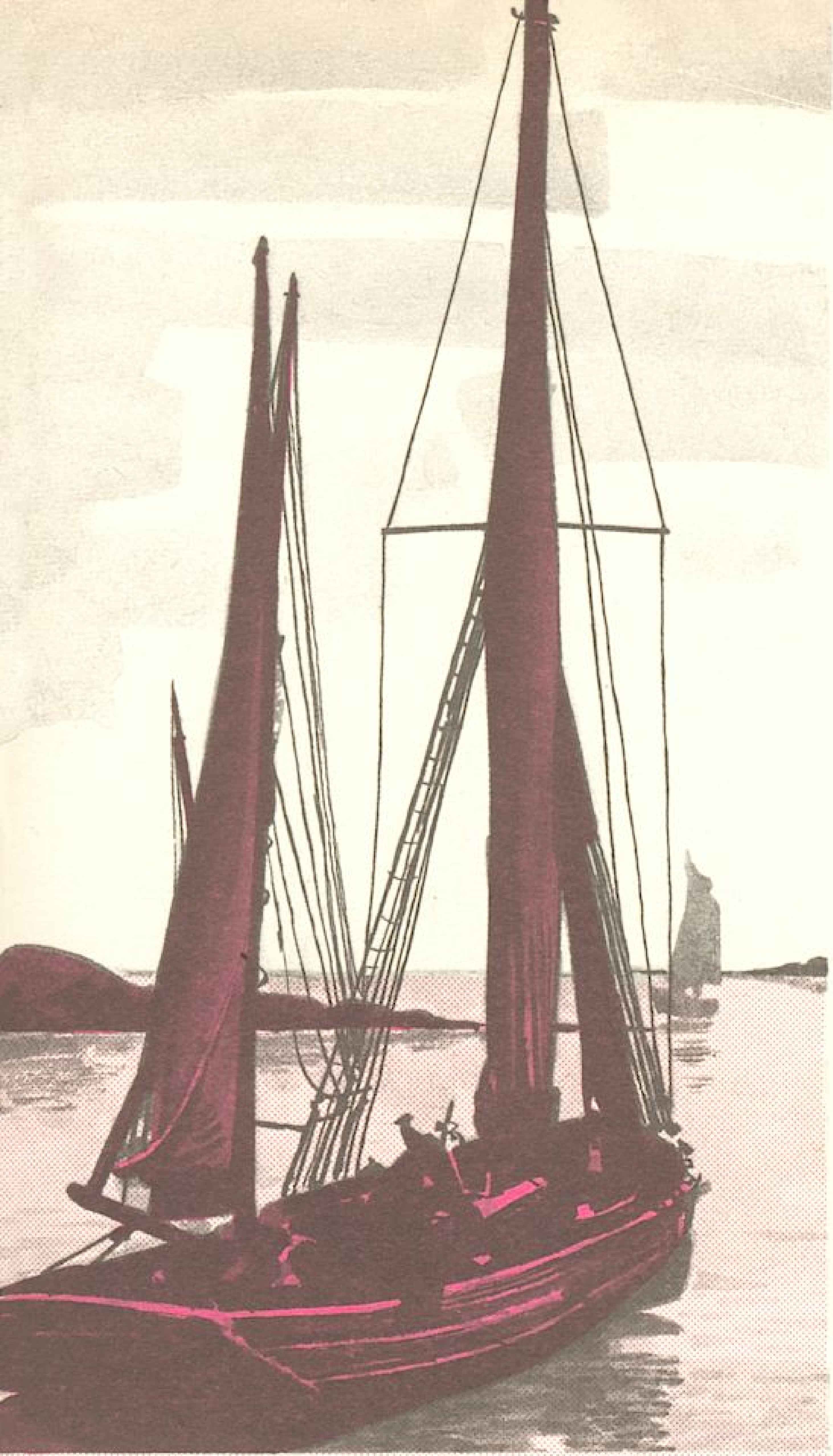
Shaw looked vague. "I've heard of it. It's a respiratory disease, isn't it? But I don't see why it's significant in this case."

"Because," Kramer said triumphantly, "sufferers from Ethemnya can't travel in pressurised vehicles. Their lungs won't stand the atmospheric changes. They have terrible trouble with their breathing, and if they are subject to sustained pressurization they die."

It took Shaw a few seconds to understand the significance of what his friend had said. Then it came to him. "Of course!" he said. "Lambray couldn't travel by rocket!"

"That's right. And that meant just one thing.





Lambray never left Earth. He went into hiding somewhere here on this planet. Well, you can imagine how excited I got about it. I talked to my editor, and he gave me full backing to start a new search for Lambray. Naturally, I wanted to keep the story to myself, so I worked in complete secrecy.

"It wasn't easy trying to pick up a trail that had been cold for more than ten years, but bit by bit and with a few inspired guesses, I began to get somewhere. I won't go into the details, except to say it was a long hard haul.

"I went across Europe, then to the east coast of the New United States. From there to Second San Francisco and out into the Pacific. And there, the trail went dead on me.

"I hung about for a week and decided to give up. I cadged a lift on an old jet transport plane that was going to Australia. On our way we ran into some pretty violent storms and had to detour a long way. That made us short on fuel, and we had to touch down on a disused airstrip on one of the islands. There was no fuel there, and it was going to take a week or more to ship some out.

"The island itself was not much more than a speck in the ocean. It was called Tiawa Atoll. The locals made some sort of living from pearl fishing and copra, and there was a tiny trading post run by an old Dutchman. He had a schooner and used to sail around bartering his goods for anything he could get. There was nothing to do while we waited for the fuel so I spent the days lying in the sun, and the evenings drinking in the trading post.

"It was there I got my lucky break. It was crazy how it happened. The trading post was filled with all sorts of junk. Boxes, packing cases, sacks. There was hardly room to move. You sat down wherever you could find space.

"I had perched on a big wooden crate. I'd been there about an hour when somebody moved the oil lamp. Its beam fell across the crate I was sitting on, and I saw the stencilled letters marked on the wood. It said *'The Sylvania Scientific Instrument and Glass Corporation'*. I felt a sudden surge of excitement. I looked around. There were other cases; some from laboratory equipment makers; others from chemical manufacturers.

"I made my voice sound as casual as possible and asked the Dutchman where the stuff was bound for. He made no secret about it. It was going to an island about three hundred miles to the north, so small it wasn't even marked on the map. There was a man there, the Dutchman told me, who was some sort of scientist.

"Every year the man would supply a list of goods he wanted, and every year the Dutchman would sail out and deliver the things. I asked if he could describe the man, but the Dutchman said he'd never seen him. Native servants always collected the things from the beach and paid for them in cash.

"By the time we'd finished talking I was convinced that I'd found Lambray. I haggled with the Dutchman over the cost of taking me out to the island in his schooner. The old rogue charged me ten times what the journey would normally cost, but I was in no mood to argue, and we set sail the following morning.

"The voyage went quickly and smoothly. The Dutchman was a fine navigator who seemed to rely more on instinct than on the battered old compass. On the second night I went to my bunk, having been assured that by dawn we would be in sight of the island.

"I was wakened about midnight by the coughing throb of engines being jerked into life. I dressed and went on deck, to find we were engulfed in the densest fog I have ever seen. It was so thick I had to feel my way along to the wheelhouse. There was no breath of wind and the sea was as flat and calm as black marble.

"But what I noticed most was the silence. It was quite eerie. You could feel the silence. It seemed to echo and amplify itself.

"Standing at the wheel, the Dutchman looked nervous. He told me that he had never struck fog in this part of the ocean before. Like all mariners he was superstitious and kept on muttering about it being a bad omen.

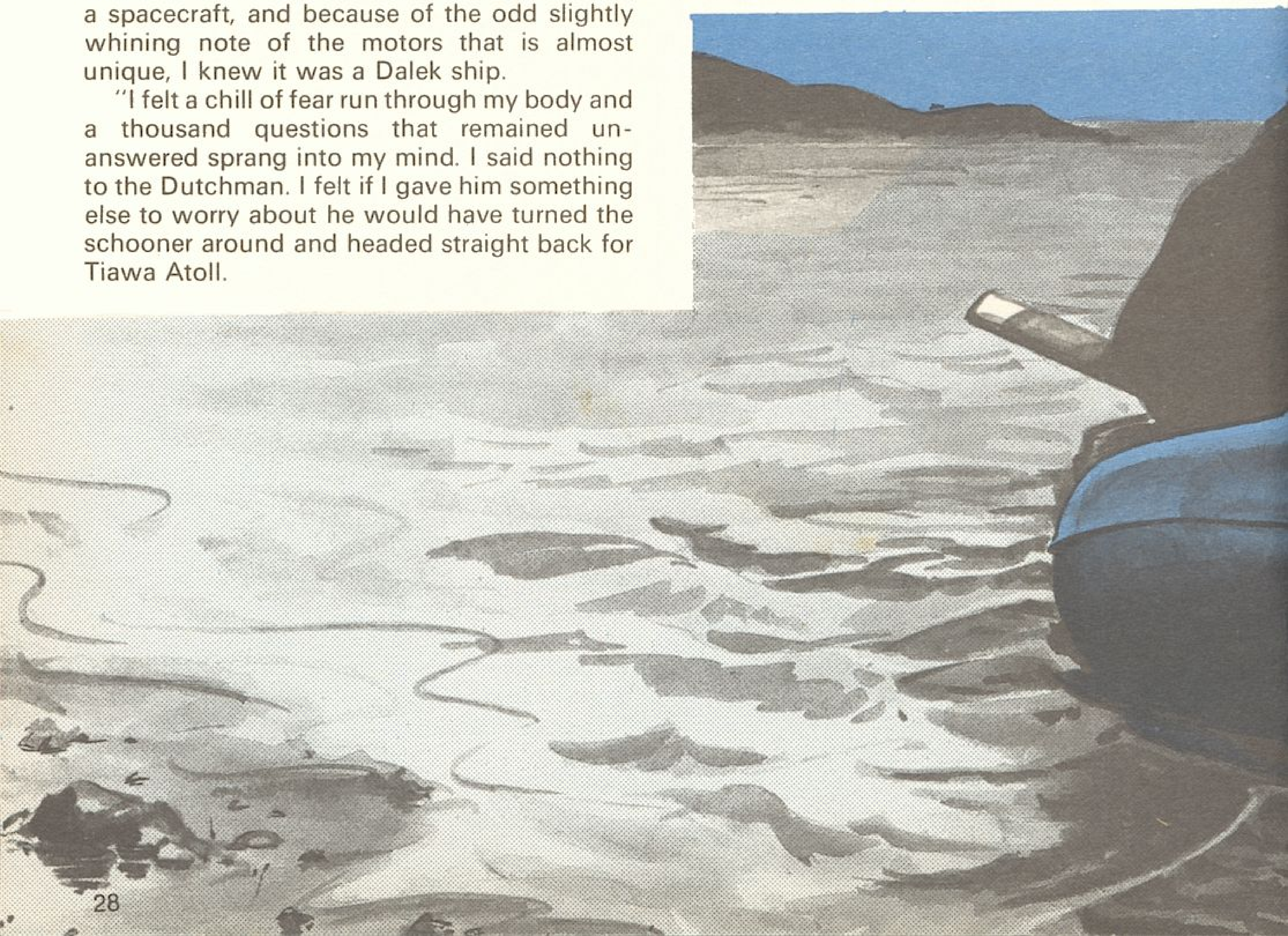
"Around about five in the morning the silence was broken by a great hissing roar that seemed to come from directly above us. The sound came and went quite swiftly, and the Dutchman had no idea what could have caused it. But I knew. I had heard it too many times on battlefields around the galaxy. It was a spacecraft, and because of the odd slightly whining note of the motors that is almost unique, I knew it was a Dalek ship.

"I felt a chill of fear run through my body and a thousand questions that remained unanswered sprang into my mind. I said nothing to the Dutchman. I felt if I gave him something else to worry about he would have turned the schooner around and headed straight back for Tiawa Atoll.

"Dawn came, but did little to clear the fog. I was about to go and make some coffee when the Dutchman suddenly threw the engines into reverse. The schooner shuddered and came to a swirling stop. I looked at the Dutchman. Silently he pointed ahead. Through the wreathing fog I saw an orange glow, a glow that could only come from a large fire. We had arrived.

"We rowed ashore and pulled the dinghy well up onto the sand. The smoke mixed with the fog made it even more difficult to see, but we could just make out that trees and undergrowth that fringed the beach were blazing furiously. We ran along the water line, looking for a point where we could break through the fire and head inland.

"We had gone about a thousand yards when I almost tripped over the body of a man. That he was dead was instantly apparent. I have never seen such terrible wounds. He seemed to have been almost literally torn to pieces. But what was more incredible was that the body had been pressed deep into the sand as though something had crushed him down with enormous weight.

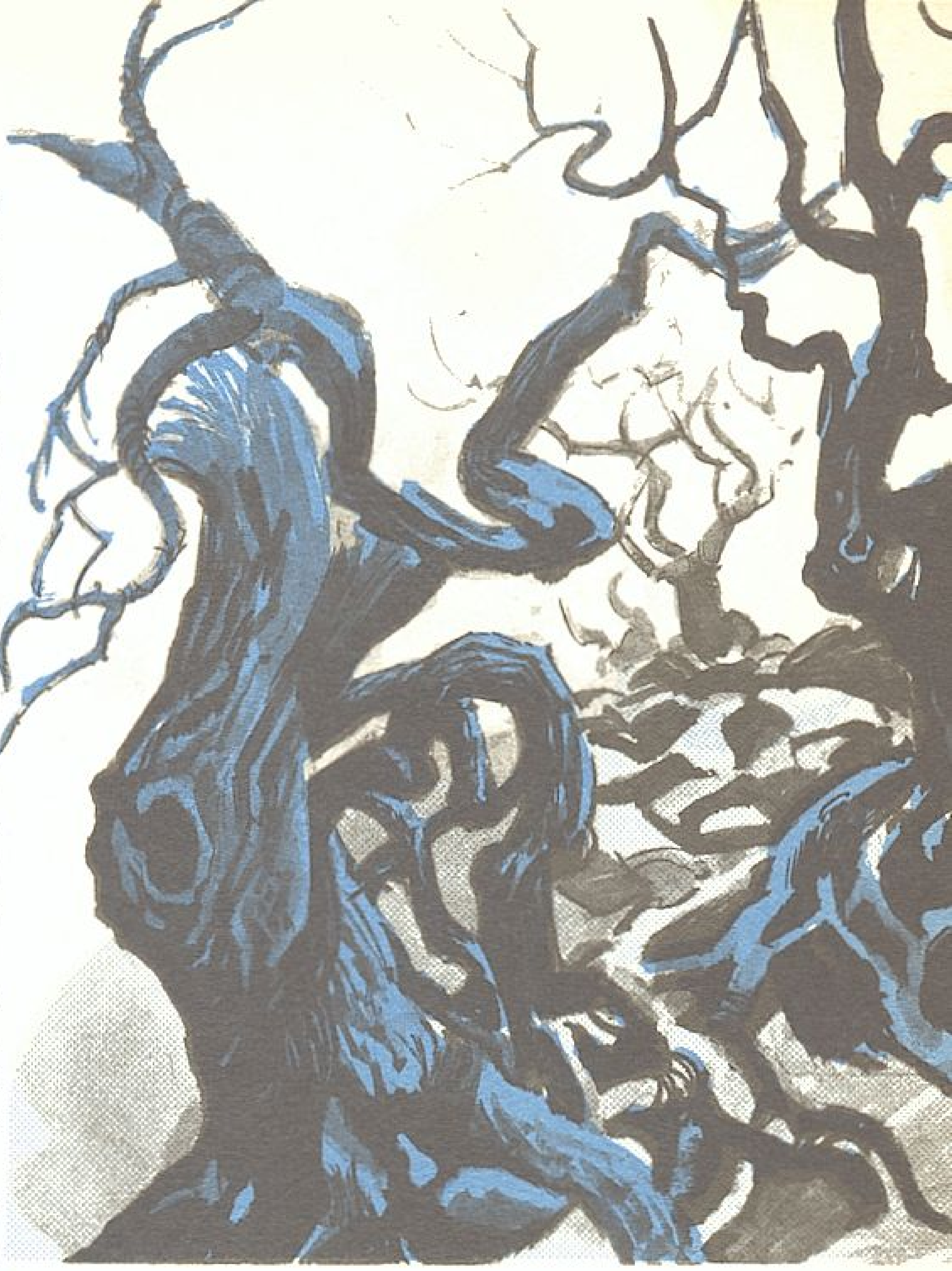


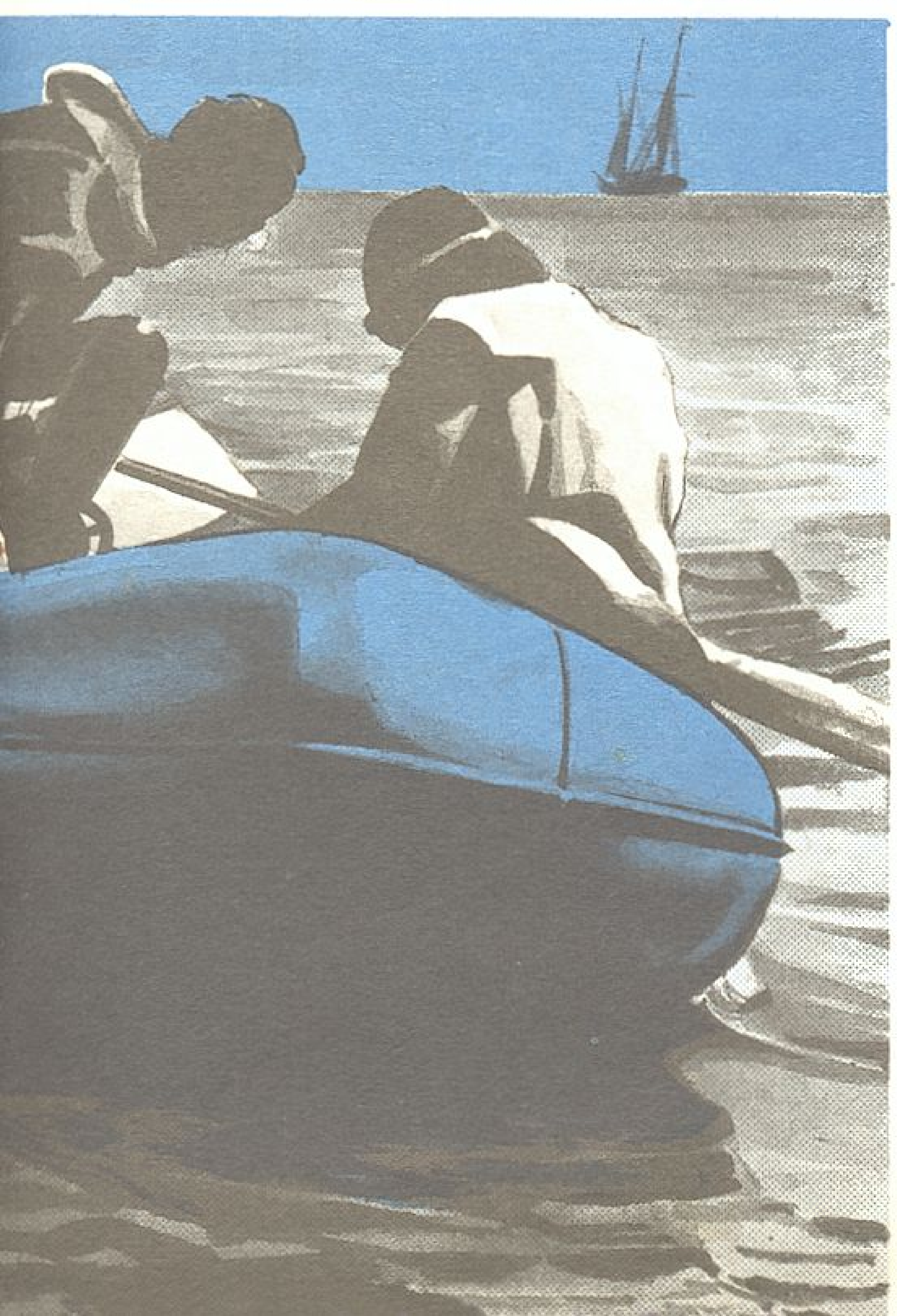
"It was the Dutchman who noticed the tracks. In the scuffle sand there were two or three distinct imprints of animal footmarks. But they were not the tracks of any ordinary animal. They were huge. The spread of the paw mark was nearly three feet across. The sight of the mutilated body and the footprints put the Dutchman into a state of terror, and I had to drag him by the arm to stop him running back to the boat.

"Further along the beach we crossed the estuary of a small stream and saw that the jungle beyond was untouched by the fire. We started inland. Then, for the first time, we heard the sounds, animal sounds: shrieking and bellowing that came from all around us. If the creatures were crying out in rage or pain I did not know. I only knew that the sound was quite terrifying.

"We had been running through the jungle almost blindly, and we halted in a small clearing to try and get our bearings. I stared about me. I rubbed my eyes. I couldn't believe what I saw.

"The trees, the shrubs, the bushes, the flowers were *growing* . . . growing with such speed you could actually see them getting larger! Leaves were expanding; trees stretching upwards, their trunks thickening. Branches clawed upwards. Vines snaked across the ground like serpents. In the minute we watched, they grew more than two inches. A creeper coiled across my foot and began to wind around my ankle.

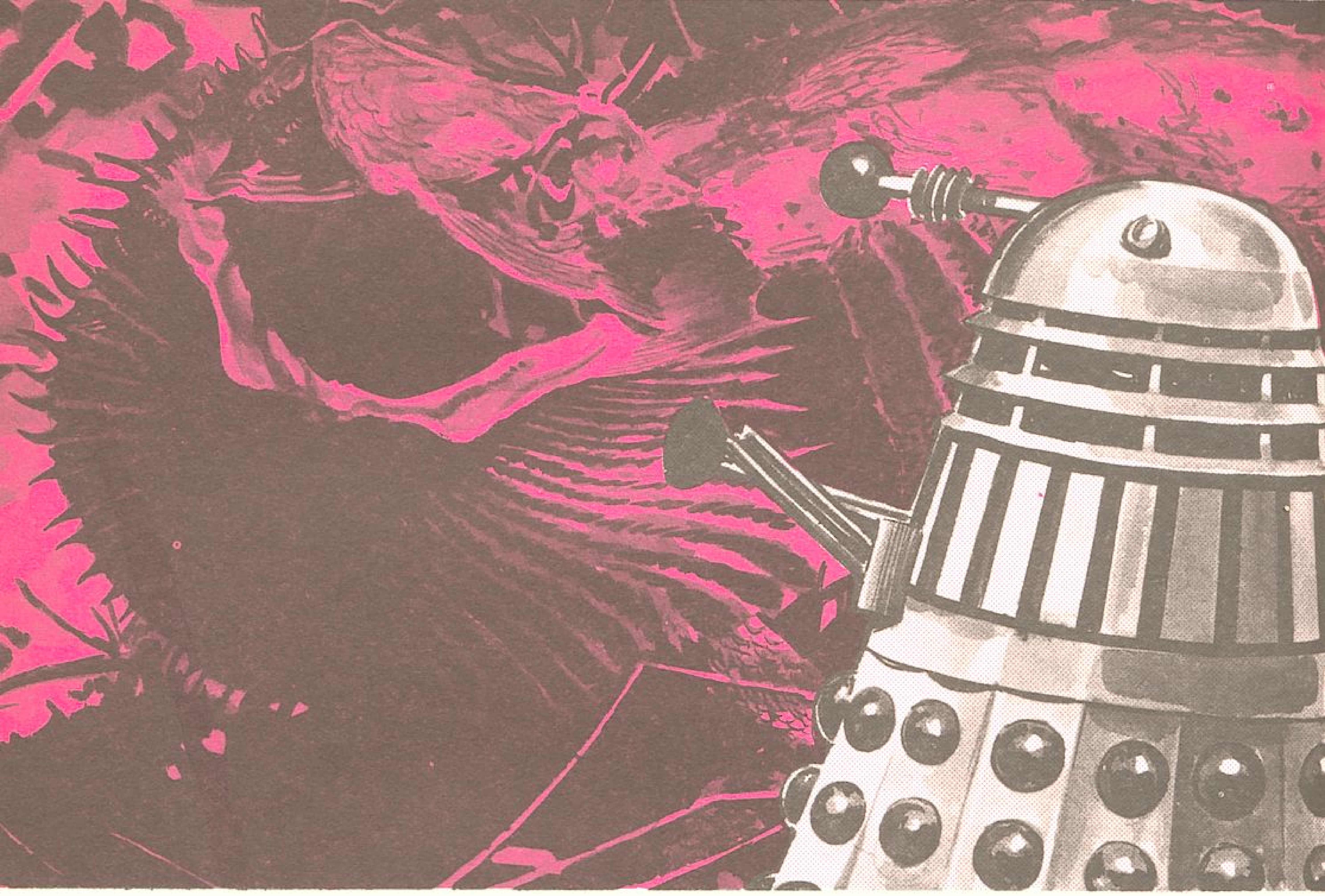




"I tore myself free. I started to run. The jungle tore and ripped my clothing. It reached for me, grabbed at me as though it was trying to devour me. In blind unseeing panic I raced on, hardly aware that the Dutchman was still beside me. I stumbled and fell, got up and raced on. My lungs were bursting and I was close to exhaustion; then by pure chance we staggered out of the jungle into a craggy area of volcanic rock.

"About fifty yards from us was a squat stone building that looked like a fortress. The main door was closed and the windows heavily shuttered. We ran forward and pounded on the solid timber of the door. There was no sound or answer from inside, and I shrieked at the top of my voice, begging to get in.

"The Dutchman grabbed my shoulder and pointed. Coming towards us out of the jungle was a creature, a lizard of some kind, but now



grown to such fantastic proportions that it seemed as big as a tank. Its gleaming black eyes were larger than dinner plates. Its flickering forked tongue was thicker and longer than a man's body. Its great swishing tail struck against a tree, cracking it like a matchstick. Then, as though to complete the nightmare, we saw, coming around the corner of the building, a Dalek.

"I never thought I would be glad to see a Dalek, but in this instance it undoubtedly saved our lives. Its glassy eye scanned us, and then ignored us, turning its attention on the gigantic lizard.

"Without hesitation, the Dalek fired. The lizard seemed to convulse; then, maddened by pain, it uncoiled and sprang at the Dalek with astonishing speed. The Dalek was firing a second shot as the great jaws closed around it. The massive teeth crunched through the metal. That both creatures would die was certain; but we did not see their end.

"The door opened quickly and we were dragged inside the building. And there, in the half light of the hallway, I came face to face with the man I had sought half across the world: Doctor Lambray.

"He beckoned, and we followed him up some stairs into a room at the very top of the building. From the windows in each of its four walls one could gain a panoramic view of the whole island. The fire on the eastern edge of the island was still burning and the fog had cleared. The jungle was still growing and closing in on the building.

"Lambray wasted no time on formalities. 'There's not much time,' he said. 'Did you come here by boat?' We nodded. 'Then we still have a chance,' he said. 'If the wind shifts and drives the fire across the island, it will wipe out everything and we'll be able to get to the beach.'

"I suppose there was enough of the journalist left in me to overcome the terrors of the past few hours, and I asked, 'What's been happening here?'

"Lambray gave a sort of a half smile. He took a glass phial from his pocket and held it up for me to see. It contained a fine white powder. 'That,' he said, 'is the result of all my years of work, all my years of hiding. A growth accelerator more powerful than anything I ever dreamed of. It can make a seed grow to full ripe maturity in under a day. It's a miracle.'

"' Is that what has happened to the jungle out there?' I asked.

"He nodded. 'It was a laboratory accident,' he said. 'Some of the powder got into the waste water and then into the streams. The whole thing has got out of control. Its use has to be very carefully metered.'

"'But the animals,' I said. 'Is it the same thing that has caused them to grow into monsters?'

"Lambray seemed less sure of himself. 'It must be. It's a side effect I had not realised. It seems to work on animals, but not humans. When I saw what was happening, I sent my man servant to the beach to start fires. I knew that would wipe the creatures out.'

"'We found your servant on the sand. Dead. He'd been torn to pieces.'

"Lambray seemed unmoved by the news. He shrugged. 'It's not important. My work here is finished now. I can return to civilisation and take the credit and rewards that are due to me.'

"'What are the Daleks doing here?' It was the Dutchman who spoke.

"Lambray dismissed the question lightly. 'When I was forced to go into hiding I needed finance to carry on with my work. I made radio contact with the Daleks, and they agreed to supply what I wanted in return for the formula. Naturally I won't give it to them.'

"I think I was left speechless by the sheer, outrageous nerve of the man. That he was a genius there was no doubt. But he was also a liar, a thief and a traitor, who confidently expected the world to forget the past because of his achievement.

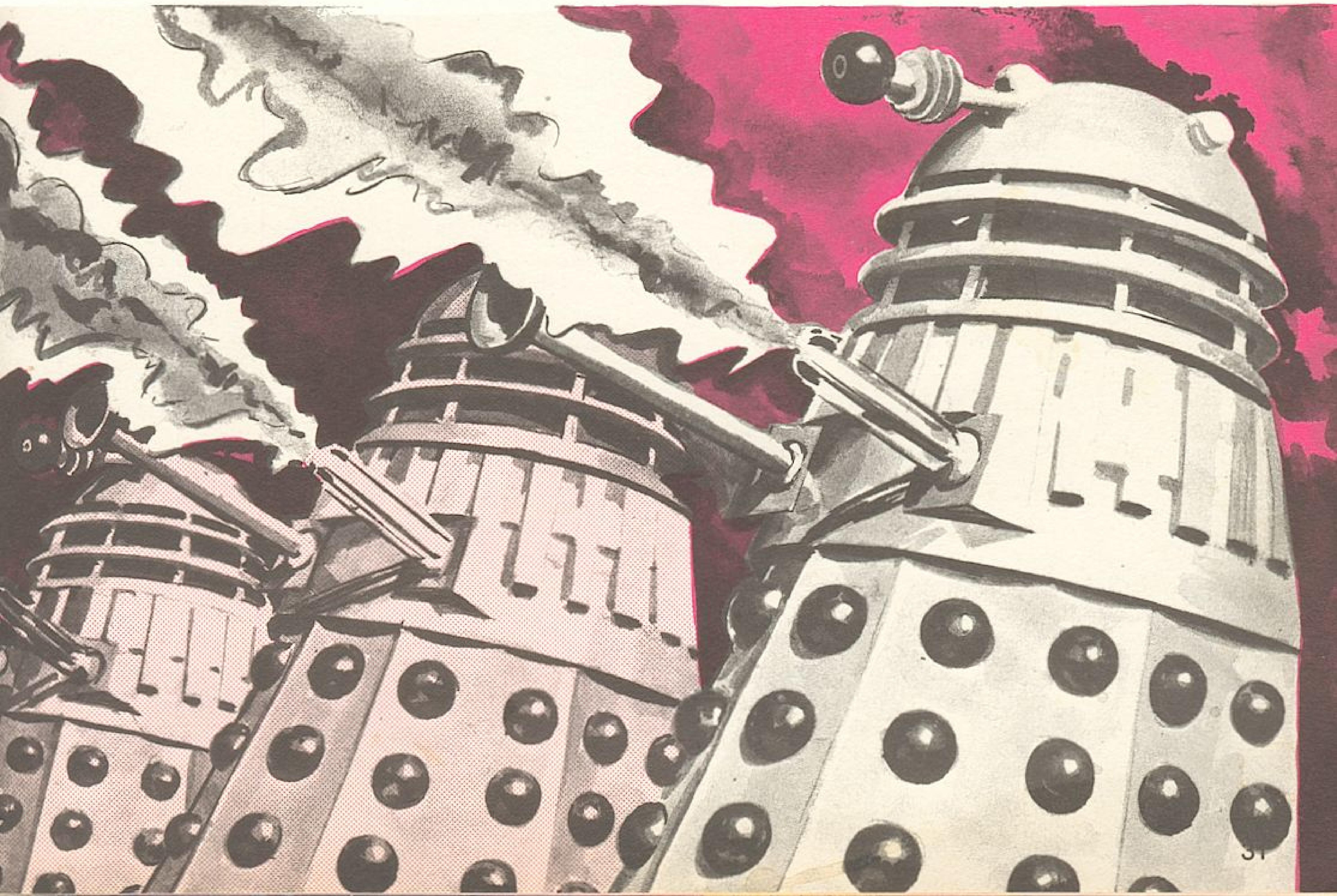
"I had no time for further conjecture about this astonishing man, because my attention was captured by the loud grating voice of a Dalek coming from outside the building.

"'We - will - give - you - three - minutes - to - deliver - the - formula - to - us - or - you - will - be - exterminated.'

"I peered carefully from the window. There were five Daleks standing in a line across the front of the building. In the same glance I noticed that the fire at the edge of the island was burning with new vigour. The smoke from the fierce orange glow was drifting towards us in the freshening wind.

"'We'll go down to the cellar,' Lambray said. 'We'll be safe there.'

"We had hardly reached the shelter of the cellar when the Dalek time limit ran out. There was a roar as they fired in unison. The volley made the whole place tremble. Plaster cracked and the stone began to crumble. For the first

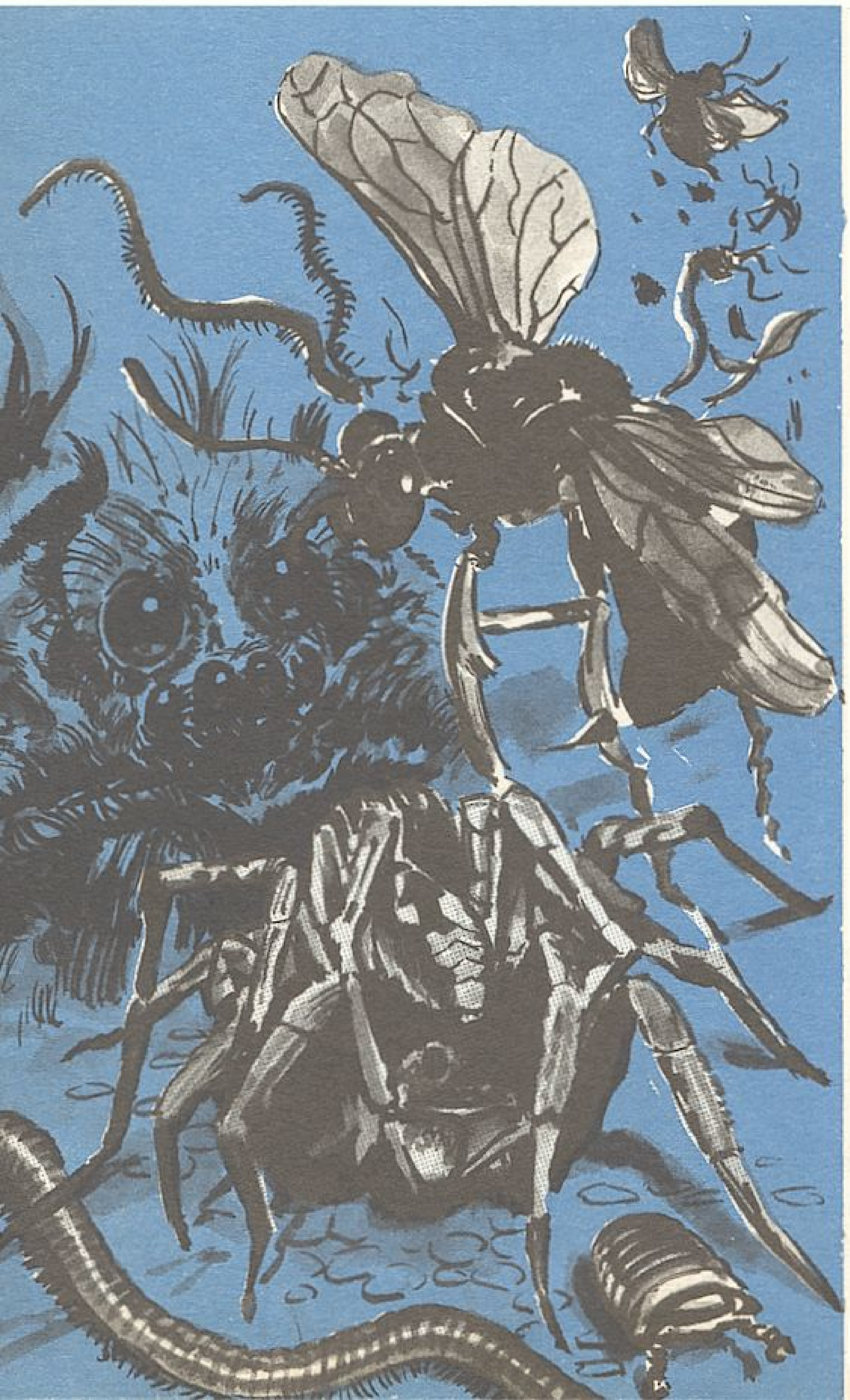


time I saw fear creep into Lambray's expression. A second Dalek blast shook the building like an earth tremor. The roof above us began to quake. A rafter fell, bringing down tons of masonry with it. A huge stone tumbled towards me. I saw it coming and tried to evade it, but it struck me on the side of the head and I was swept into deep unconsciousness.

"How long I remained unconscious I do not know. I wakened painfully, to see that the cellar was now open to the sky. Tons of rubble lay all around me, but I had been protected by a beam that had fallen at an angle across me. I clawed my way out, until I could see over what had once been the walls of the building.

"The Daleks were still there, searching around in the ruins. It was night, but the scene was lit by the bright glow of the fire that seemed to be very close.

"In my dazed condition I lost all track of time, but it seemed that only an instant later the clearing was suddenly filled with the most horrific mass of monstrous creatures I had ever seen. Fleeing from the fire they let nothing stand in their way.



"But such creatures . . . creatures such as no man had ever seen before! Insects that had grown into gigantic beasts; worms that had become great snakes; beetles as big as tables; spiders towering on legs eight or nine feet high. And the larger creatures had grown on the same scale. Birds, monkeys, beasts of all kind, towering above the Daleks and trampling them flat as they stampeded forward.

"That night was a vision of hell and I think I was grateful that the wound on my head carried me again into unconsciousness.

"When I recovered consciousness it was daylight. All was silent. I crawled from my hiding place and surveyed the island. There seemed nothing left from the fire. The whole island was a charred heap of cinder . . . everything dead and black. I spent some time searching for the Dutchman. He was dead, buried under the rubble.

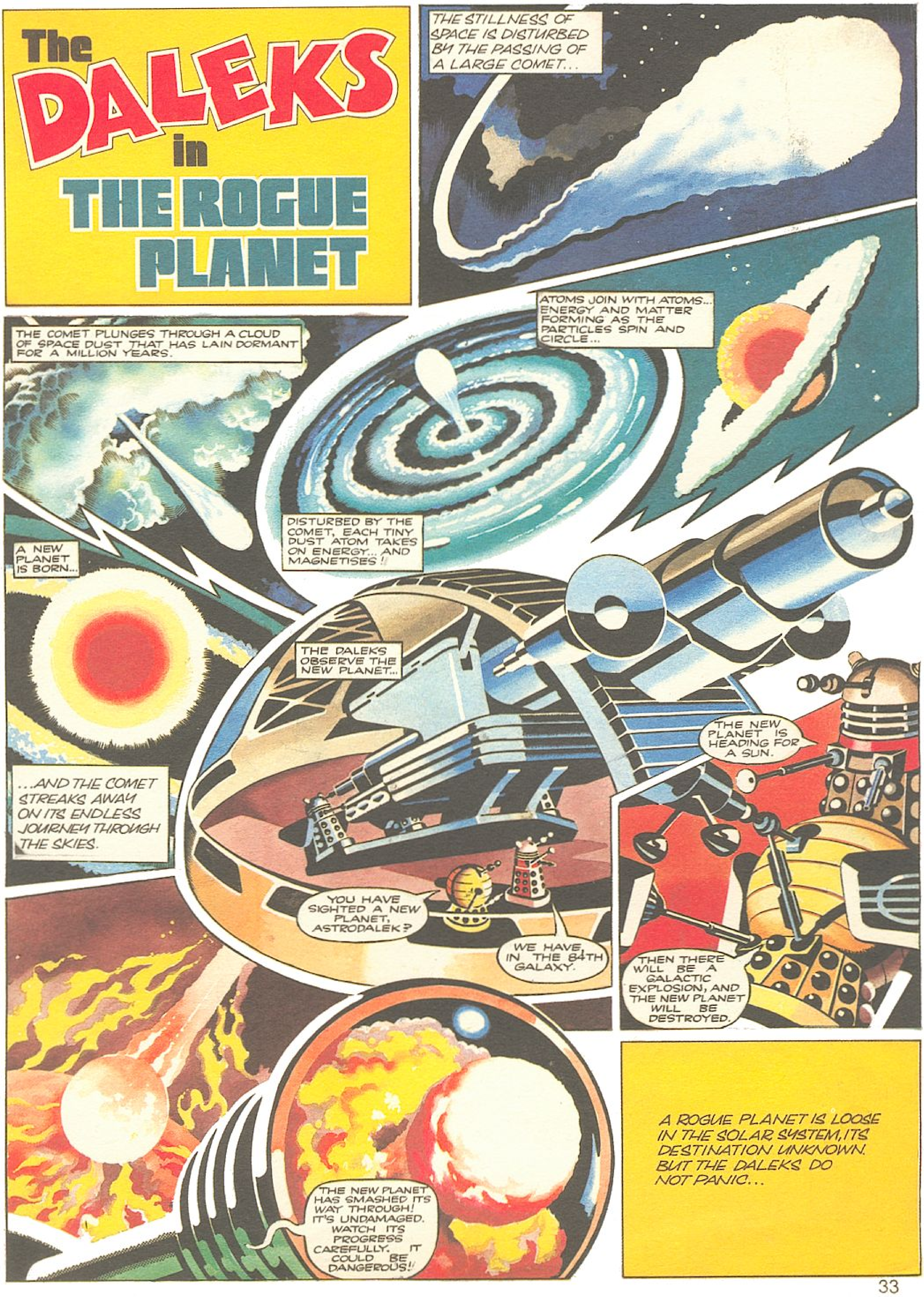
"With nothing more to be done I started for the beach. The schooner was still riding at anchor in the bay. On the edge of the water I found Lambray. How he'd got that far I can't guess. I suppose he'd taken a chance and made a run for it. Like the Dutchman, he too was dead. His wounds looked like he'd been shot by a Dalek."

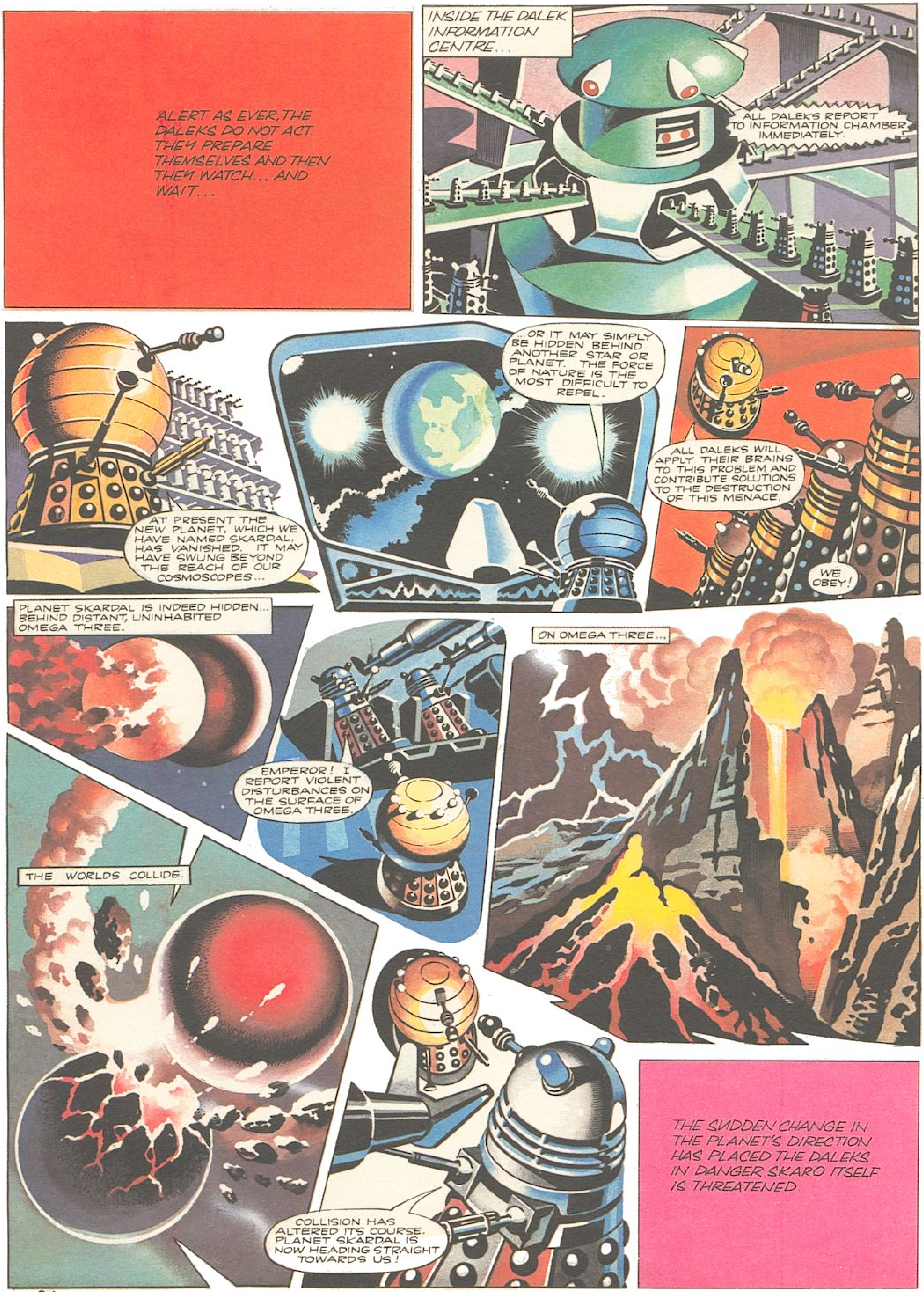
Del Kramer subsided into silence. Joel Shaw took up the story with what he knew from the reports. "You got on the schooner and after a couple of weeks you were picked up by one of our patrols. I tell you, Del, I think you have a wonderful story to write now. Your editor is going to be proud of you."

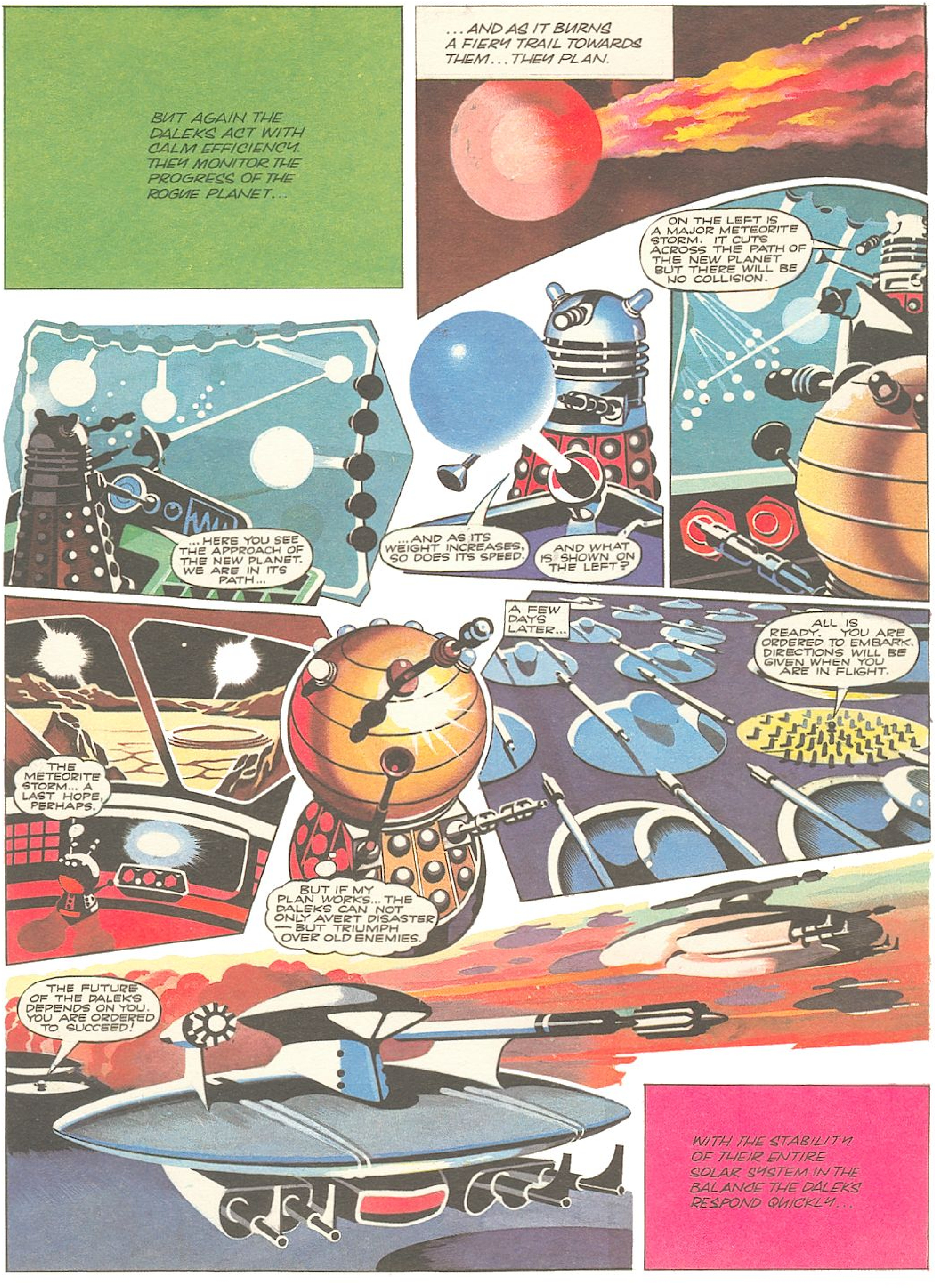
Kramer looked up, his face deathly serious. "The story hasn't ended yet," he said. "You see, I searched Lambray's body. The phial containing the powder wasn't on him! Now, it's possible that he lost it. But it's just as possible that the Daleks got it. Possible that one of them managed to get off the island in the spacecraft. If they can analyse the powder and manufacture it, they could destroy all mankind within a week. Think of it, Shaw, think of it."

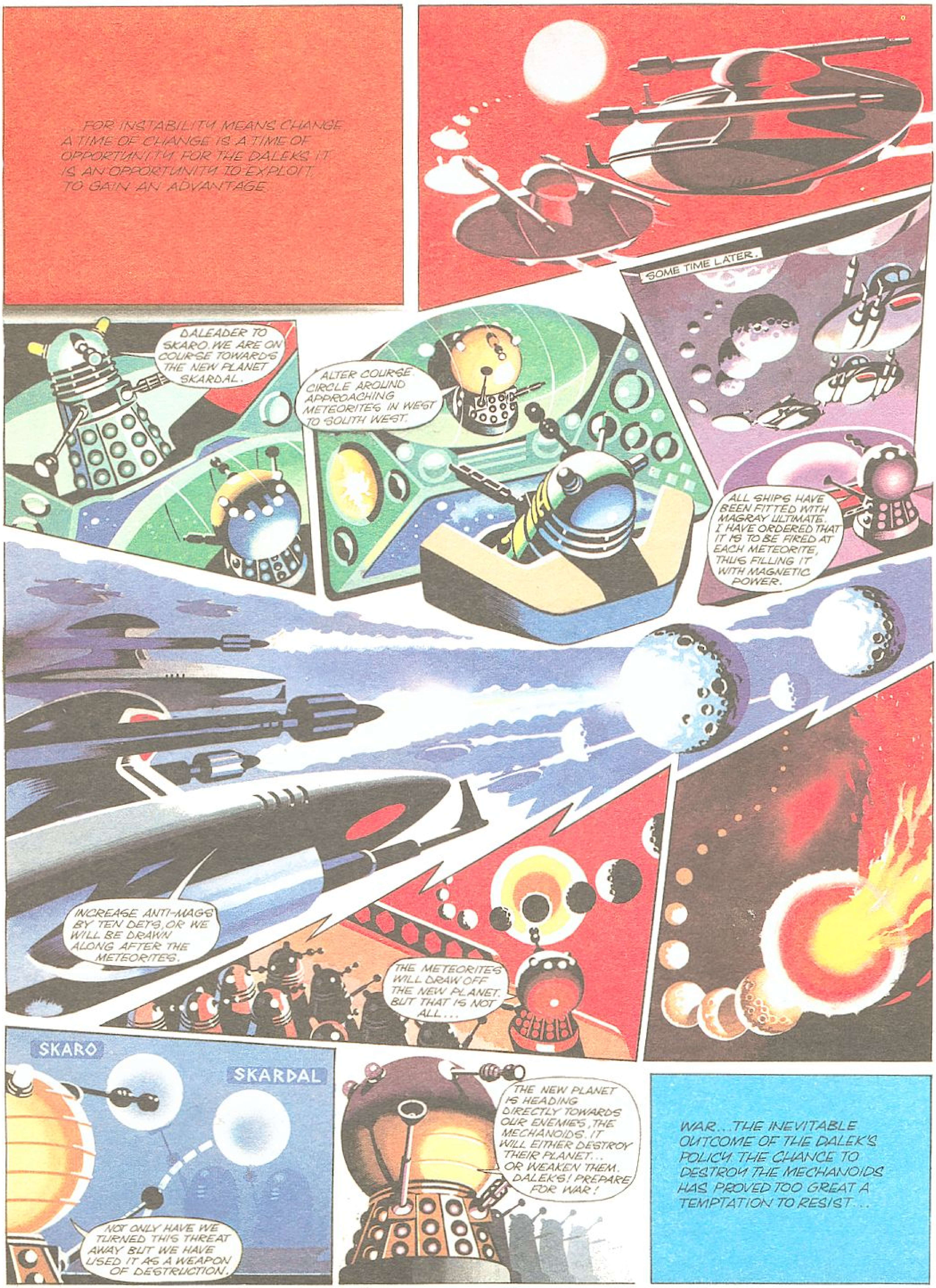
Joel Shaw felt the hair rise on the back of his neck . . . a world of monstrous animals and insects; engulfed by growing plants. And there was nothing he could do about it.

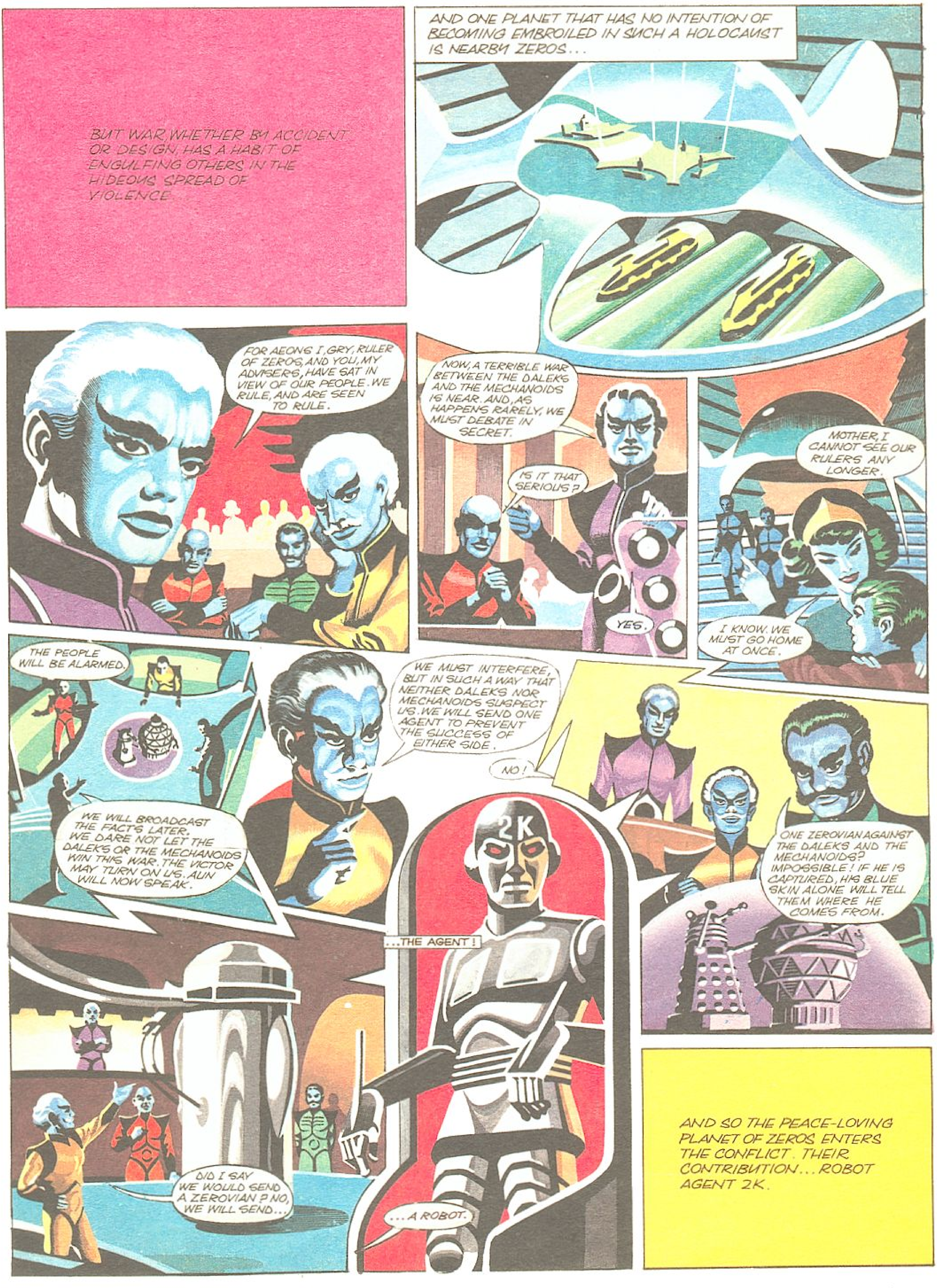
The DALEKS in THE ROGUE PLANET

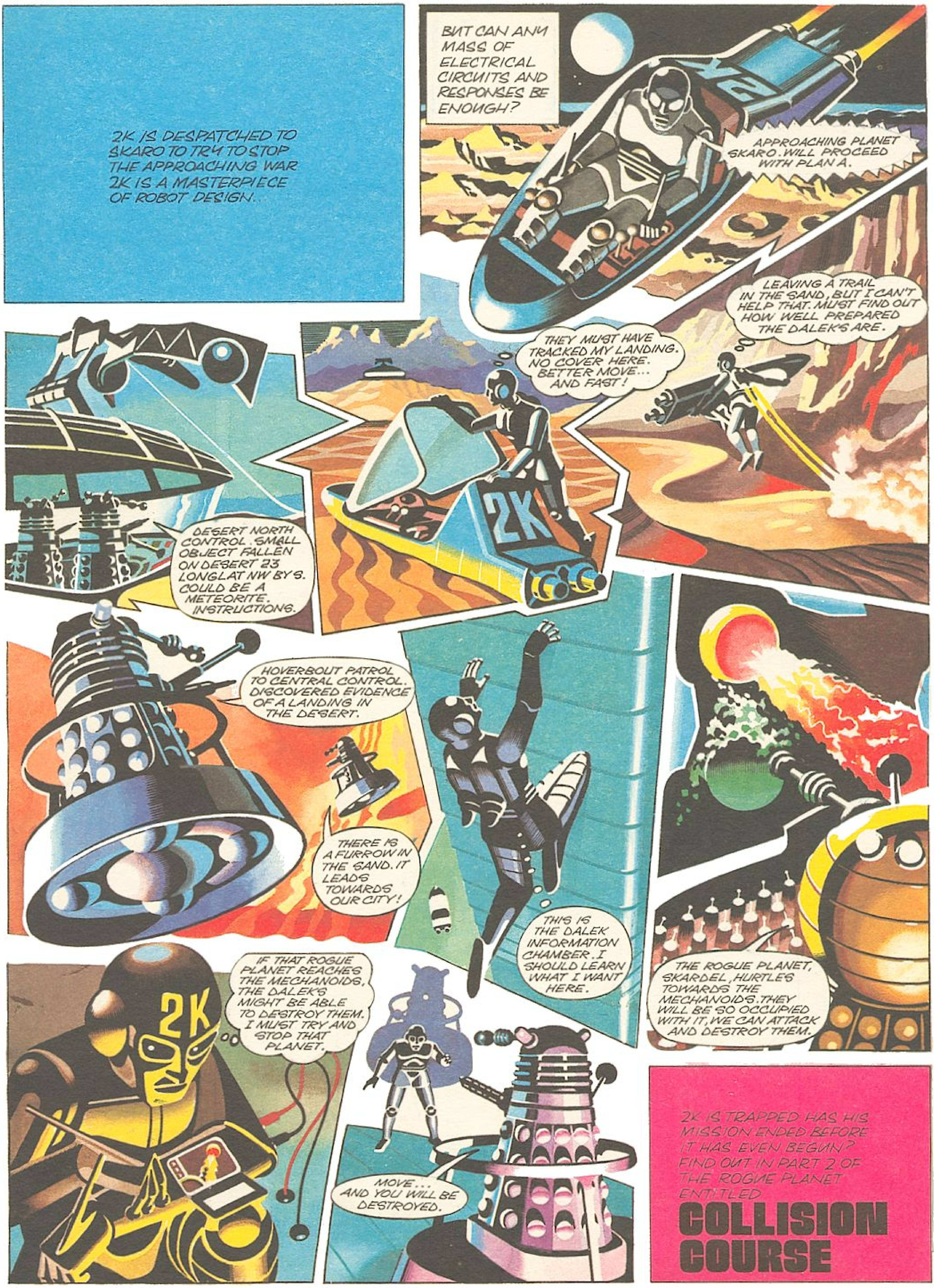

THE STILLNESS OF SPACE IS DISTURBED BY THE PASSING OF A LARGE COMET...
THE COMET PLUNGES THROUGH A CLOUD OF SPACE DUST THAT HAS LAIN DORMANT FOR A MILLION YEARS.
DISTURBED BY THE COMET, EACH TINY DUST ATOM TAKES ON ENERGY... AND MAGNETISES!!
ATOMS JOIN WITH ATOMS... ENERGY AND MATTER FORMING AS THE PARTICLES SPIN AND CIRCLE...
A NEW PLANET IS BORN...
...AND THE COMET STREAKS AWAY ON ITS ENDLESS JOURNEY THROUGH THE SKIES.
THE DALEKS OBSERVE THE NEW PLANET...
YOU HAVE SIGHTED A NEW PLANET, ASTRODALEK?
WE HAVE, IN THE 84TH GALAXY.
THE NEW PLANET IS HEADING FOR A SUN.
THEN THERE WILL BE A GALACTIC EXPLOSION, AND THE NEW PLANET WILL BE DESTROYED.
THE NEW PLANET HAS SMASHED ITS WAY THROUGH! IT'S UNDAMAGED. WATCH ITS PROGRESS CAREFULLY. IT COULD BE DANGEROUS!!
A ROGUE PLANET IS LOOSE IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM, ITS DESTINATION UNKNOWN. BUT THE DALEKS DO NOT PANIC...


ALERT AS EVER, THE DALEKS DO NOT ACT. THEY PREPARE THEMSELVES AND THEN THEY WATCH... AND WAIT...
INSIDE THE DALEK INFORMATION CENTRE...
ALL DALEKS REPORT TO INFORMATION CHAMBER IMMEDIATELY.
AT PRESENT THE NEW PLANET, WHICH WE HAVE NAMED SKARDAL, HAS VANISHED. IT MAY HAVE SWUNG BEYOND THE REACH OF OUR COSMOSCOPES...
...OR IT MAY SIMPLY BE HIDDEN BEHIND ANOTHER STAR OR PLANET. THE FORCE OF NATURE IS THE MOST DIFFICULT TO REPEL.
ALL DALEKS WILL APPLY THEIR BRAINS TO THIS PROBLEM AND CONTRIBUTE SOLUTIONS TO THE DESTRUCTION OF THIS MENACE.
WE OBEY!
PLANET SKARDAL IS INDEED HIDDEN... BEHIND DISTANT, UNINHABITED OMEGA THREE.
EMPEROR! I REPORT VIOLENT DISTURBANCES ON THE SURFACE OF OMEGA THREE.
ON OMEGA THREE...
THE WORLDS COLLIDE.
COLLISION HAS ALTERED ITS COURSE. PLANET SKARDAL IS NOW HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARDS US!
THE SUDDEN CHANGE IN THE PLANET'S DIRECTION HAS PLACED THE DALEKS IN DANGER. SKARO ITSELF IS THREATENED.


BUT AGAIN THE DALEKS ACT WITH CALM EFFICIENCY. THEY MONITOR THE PROGRESS OF THE ROGUE PLANET...
...AND AS IT BURNS A FIERY TRAIL TOWARDS THEM...THEY PLAN.
...HERE YOU SEE THE APPROACH OF THE NEW PLANET. WE ARE IN ITS PATH...
...AND AS ITS WEIGHT INCREASES, SO DOES ITS SPEED.
AND WHAT IS SHOWN ON THE LEFT?
ON THE LEFT IS A MAJOR METEORITE STORM. IT CUTS ACROSS THE PATH OF THE NEW PLANET BUT THERE WILL BE NO COLLISION.
THE METEORITE STORM... A LAST HOPE, PERHAPS.
BUT IF MY PLAN WORKS... THE DALEKS CAN NOT ONLY AVERT DISASTER — BUT TRIUMPH OVER OLD ENEMIES.
A FEW DAYS LATER...
ALL IS READY. YOU ARE ORDERED TO EMBARK. DIRECTIONS WILL BE GIVEN WHEN YOU ARE IN FLIGHT.
THE FUTURE OF THE DALEKS DEPENDS ON YOU. YOU ARE ORDERED TO SUCCEED!
WITH THE STABILITY OF THEIR ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEM IN THE BALANCE THE DALEKS RESPOND QUICKLY...

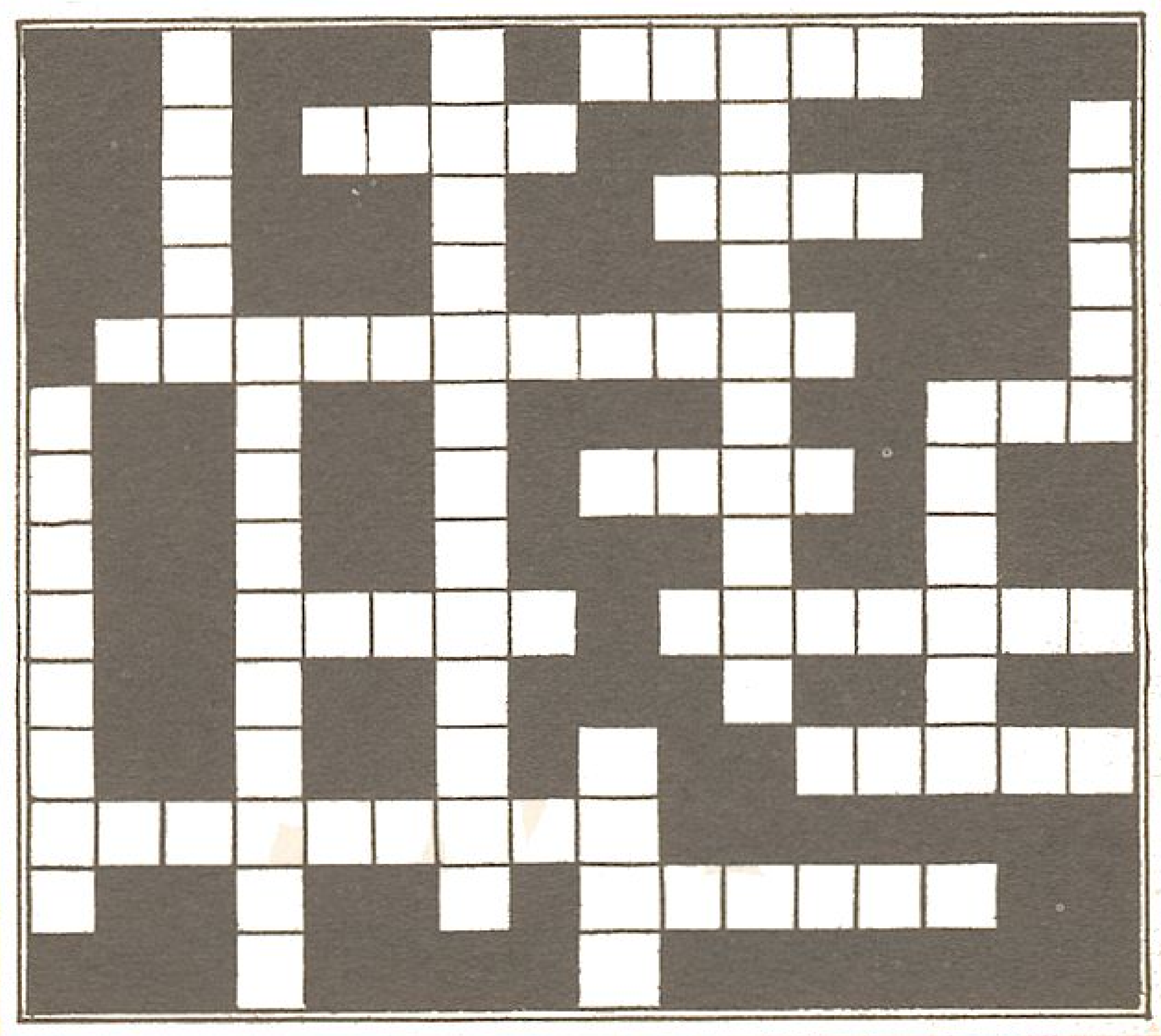

...FOR INSTABILITY MEANS CHANGE. A TIME OF CHANGE IS A TIME OF OPPORTUNITY. FOR THE DALEKS IT IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO EXPLOIT, TO GAIN AN ADVANTAGE.
SOME TIME LATER.
DALEADER TO SKARO. WE ARE ON COURSE TOWARDS THE NEW PLANET SKARDAL.
ALTER COURSE. CIRCLE AROUND APPROACHING METEORITES IN WEST TO SOUTH WEST.
ALL SHIPS HAVE BEEN FITTED WITH MAGRAY ULTIMATE. I HAVE ORDERED THAT IT IS TO BE FIRED AT EACH METEORITE, THUS FILLING IT WITH MAGNETIC POWER.
INCREASE ANTI-MAGS BY TEN DETS, OR WE WILL BE DRAWN ALONG AFTER THE METEORITES.
THE METEORITES WILL DRAW OFF THE NEW PLANET. BUT THAT IS NOT ALL...
SKARO
SKARDAL
NOT ONLY HAVE WE TURNED THIS THREAT AWAY BUT WE HAVE USED IT AS A WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION.
THE NEW PLANET IS HEADING DIRECTLY TOWARDS OUR ENEMIES, THE MECHANOIDS. IT WILL EITHER DESTROY THEIR PLANET... OR WEAKEN THEM. DALEKS! PREPARE FOR WAR!
WAR...THE INEVITABLE OUTCOME OF THE DALEK'S POLICY. THE CHANCE TO DESTROY THE MECHANOIDS HAS PROVED TOO GREAT A TEMPTATION TO RESIST...


BUT WAR, WHETHER BY ACCIDENT OR DESIGN, HAS A HABIT OF ENGULFING OTHERS IN THE HIDEOUS SPREAD OF VIOLENCE.
AND ONE PLANET THAT HAS NO INTENTION OF BECOMING EMBROILED IN SUCH A HOLOCAUST IS NEARBY ZEROS...
FOR AEONS I, GRY, RULER OF ZEROS, AND YOU, MY ADVISERS, HAVE SAT IN VIEW OF OUR PEOPLE. WE RULE, AND ARE SEEN TO RULE.
NOW, A TERRIBLE WAR BETWEEN THE DALEKS AND THE MECHANOIDS IS NEAR. AND, AS HAPPENS RARELY, WE MUST DEBATE IN SECRET.
IS IT THAT SERIOUS?
YES.
MOTHER, I CANNOT SEE OUR RULERS ANY LONGER.
I KNOW. WE MUST GO HOME AT ONCE.
THE PEOPLE WILL BE ALARMED.
WE WILL BROADCAST THE FACTS LATER. WE DARE NOT LET THE DALEKS OR THE MECHANOIDS WIN THIS WAR. THE VICTOR MAY TURN ON US. AUN WILL NOW SPEAK.
WE MUST INTERFERE, BUT IN SUCH A WAY THAT NEITHER DALEKS NOR MECHANOIDS SUSPECT US. WE WILL SEND ONE AGENT TO PREVENT THE SUCCESS OF EITHER SIDE.
NO!
ONE ZEROVIAN AGAINST THE DALEKS AND THE MECHANOIDS? IMPOSSIBLE! IF HE IS CAPTURED, HIS BLUE SKIN ALONE WILL TELL THEM WHERE HE COMES FROM.
DID I SAY WE WOULD SEND A ZEROVIAN? NO, WE WILL SEND...
...A ROBOT.
...THE AGENT!
2K
AND SO THE PEACE-LOVING PLANET OF ZEROS ENTERS THE CONFLICT. THEIR CONTRIBUTION... ROBOT AGENT 2K.


2K IS DESPATCHED TO SKARO TO TRY TO STOP THE APPROACHING WAR 2K IS A MASTERPIECE OF ROBOT DESIGN...
BUT CAN ANY MASS OF ELECTRICAL CIRCUITS AND RESPONSES BE ENOUGH?
APPROACHING PLANET SKARO. WILL PROCEED WITH PLAN A.
LEAVING A TRAIL IN THE SAND, BUT I CAN'T HELP THAT. MUST FIND OUT HOW WELL PREPARED THE DALEK'S ARE.
THEY MUST HAVE TRACKED MY LANDING. NO COVER HERE. BETTER MOVE... AND FAST!
2K
DESERT NORTH CONTROL. SMALL OBJECT FALLEN ON DESERT 23 LONGLAT NW BY S. COULD BE A METEORITE. INSTRUCTIONS.
HOVERBOUT PATROL TO CENTRAL CONTROL. DISCOVERED EVIDENCE OF A LANDING IN THE DESERT.
THERE IS A FURROW IN THE SAND. IT LEADS TOWARDS OUR CITY!
THIS IS THE DALEK INFORMATION CHAMBER. I SHOULD LEARN WHAT I WANT HERE.
THE ROGUE PLANET, SKARDEL, HURTLES TOWARDS THE MECHANOIDS. THEY WILL BE SO OCCUPIED WITH IT, WE CAN ATTACK AND DESTROY THEM.
2K
IF THAT ROGUE PLANET REACHES THE MECHANOIDS, THE DALEKS MIGHT BE ABLE TO DESTROY THEM. I MUST TRY AND STOP THAT PLANET.
MOVE... AND YOU WILL BE DESTROYED.
2K IS TRAPPED HAS HIS MISSION ENDED BEFORE IT HAS EVEN BEGUN? FIND OUT IN PART 2 OF THE ROGUE PLANET ENTITLED
COLLISION COURSE

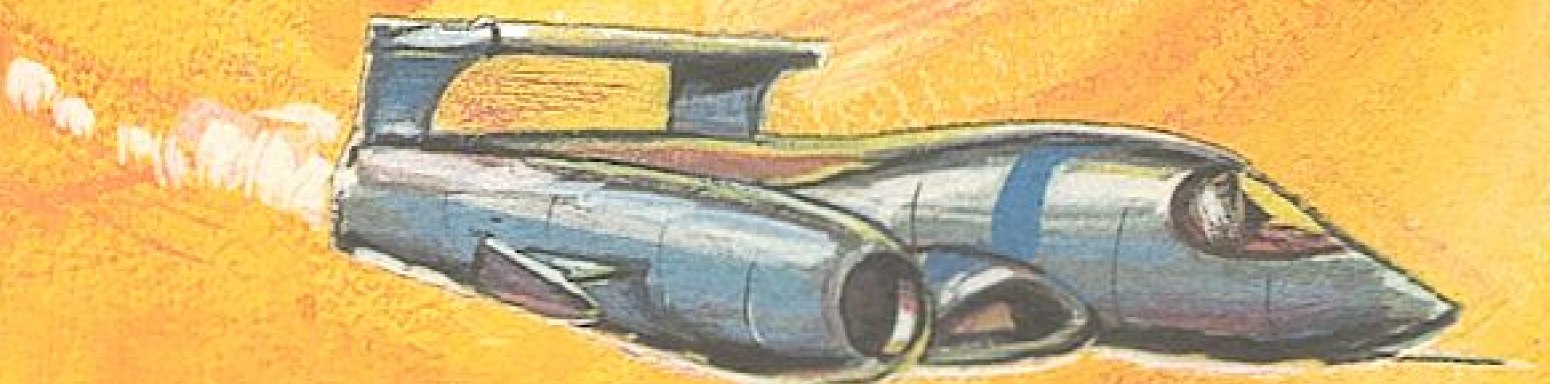
YOU DON'T HAVE A CLUE

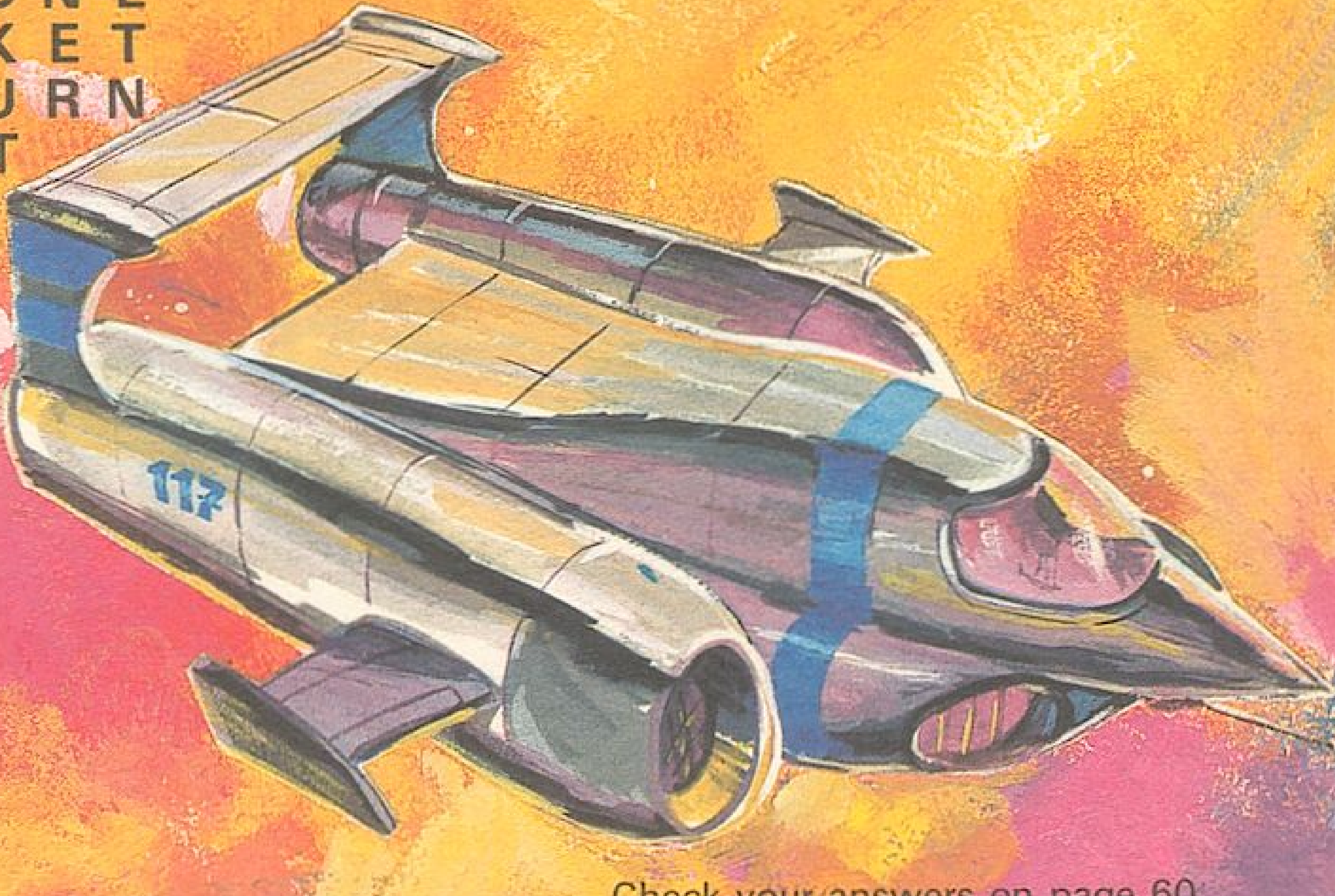
A spaceword puzzle without clues that is less difficult than it appears.



Simply put the space words listed below into their correct positions on the diagram.

CONSTELLATION
GRAVITATION
ATMOSPHERE
METEORITES
SUPERNOVA
UNIVERSE
NEPTUNE
ROCKET
SATURN
COMET
SOLAR
VENUS
ORION
LUNAR
MOON
STAR
AXIS
MARS
SUN





Check your answers on page 60

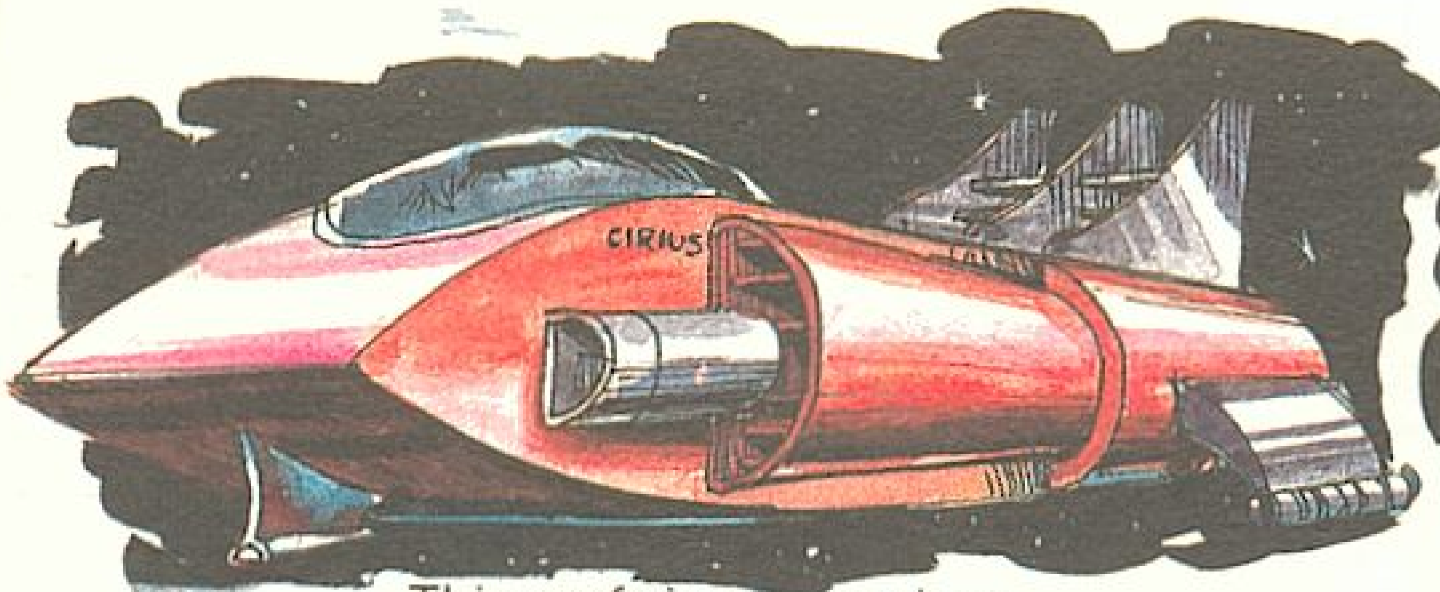
ANTI-DALEK FORCE
APTITUDE TESTS

A series of questions designed to test logic and ingenuity. To qualify for membership of the Anti-Dalek Force you would need to achieve a fifty per cent pass rate.

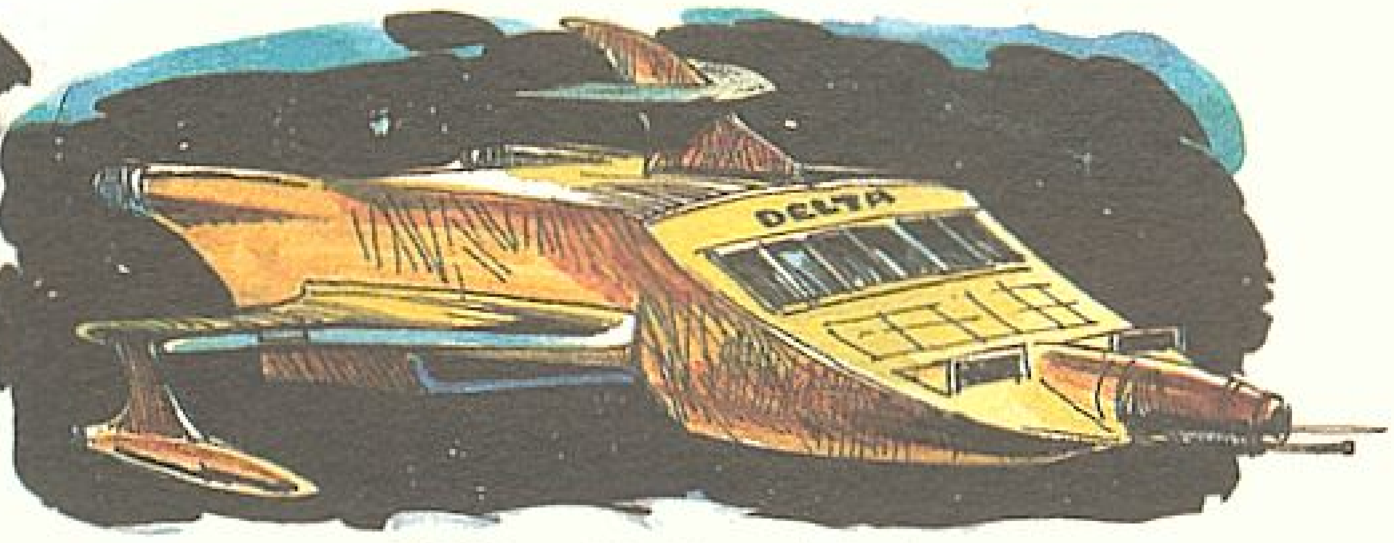
TEST ONE:

Below are four spaceships. Above each is a true statement concerning the age of the craft. Deduce from these statements how the spaceships range in age.

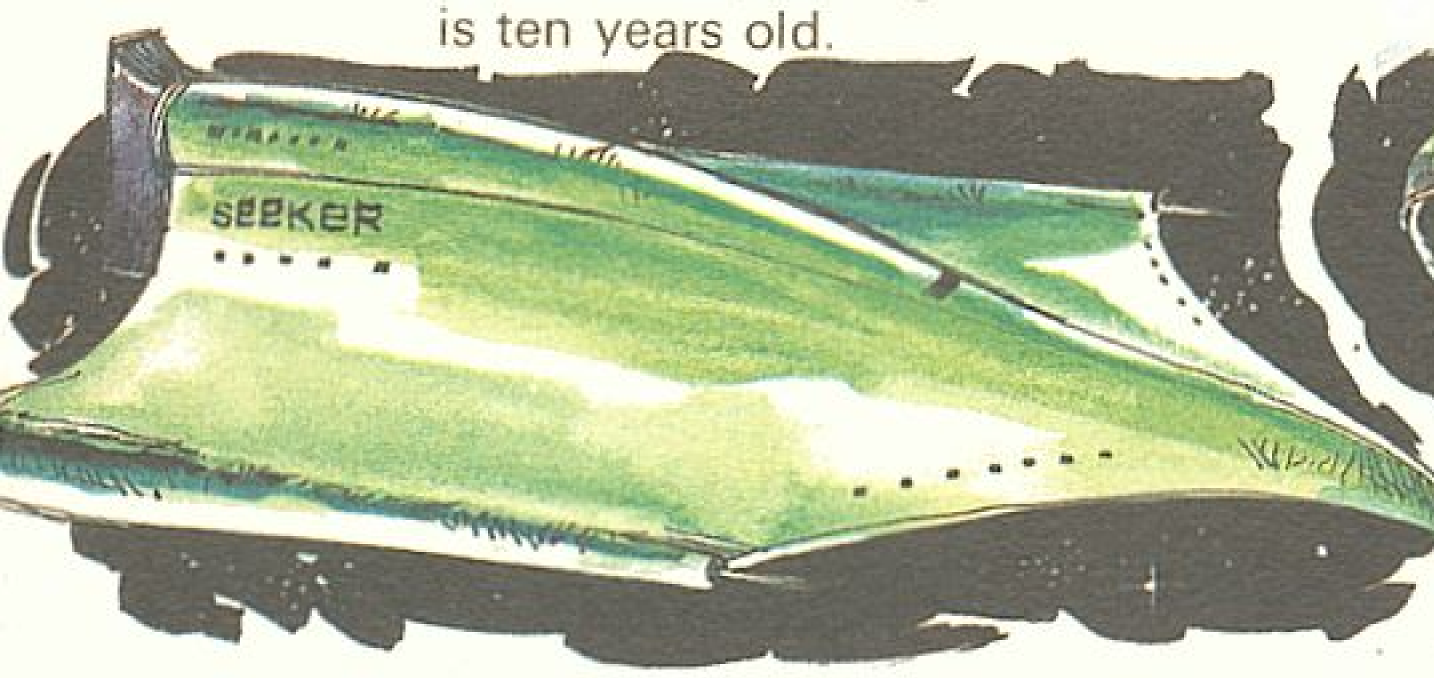
This ship is older than Omega but newer than Delta.



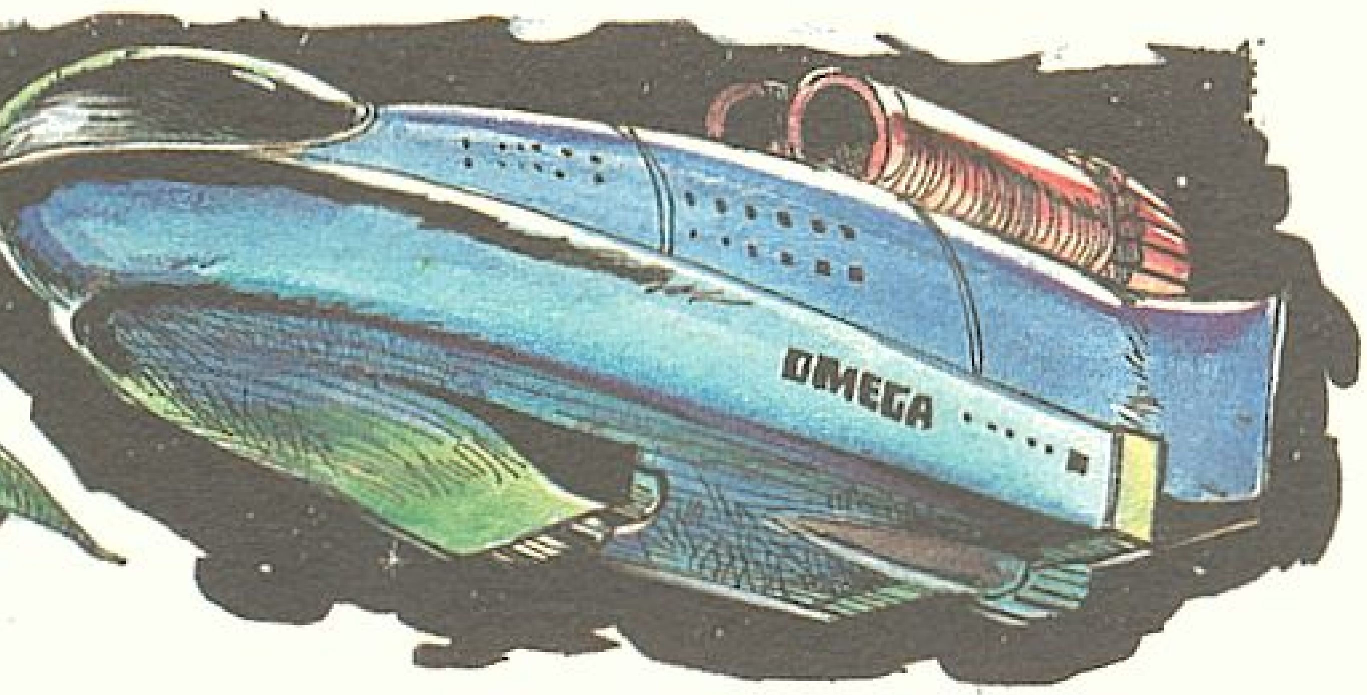
This ship was built one year before Seeker.



This craft is newer than its sister ship Omega, which is ten years old.

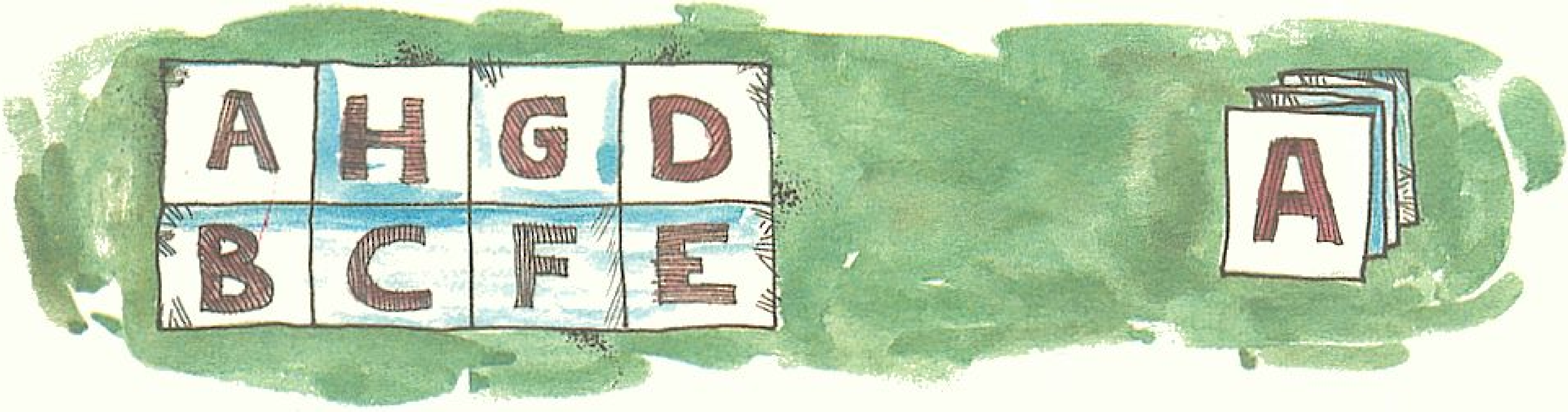


Delta was completed one month before this ship.



TEST TWO:

Cut a piece of paper into the rectangular shape shown below, then divide it into eight squares. Write one letter in each square as illustrated. The problem is to fold the paper in such a way that all the letters are in alphabetical sequence, with the letter 'A' showing face up on top. The smaller diagram shows how the finished fold should look. (Note: It may be helpful to know that the letters will not all face the same way or be the right way up, but they will be in order.)

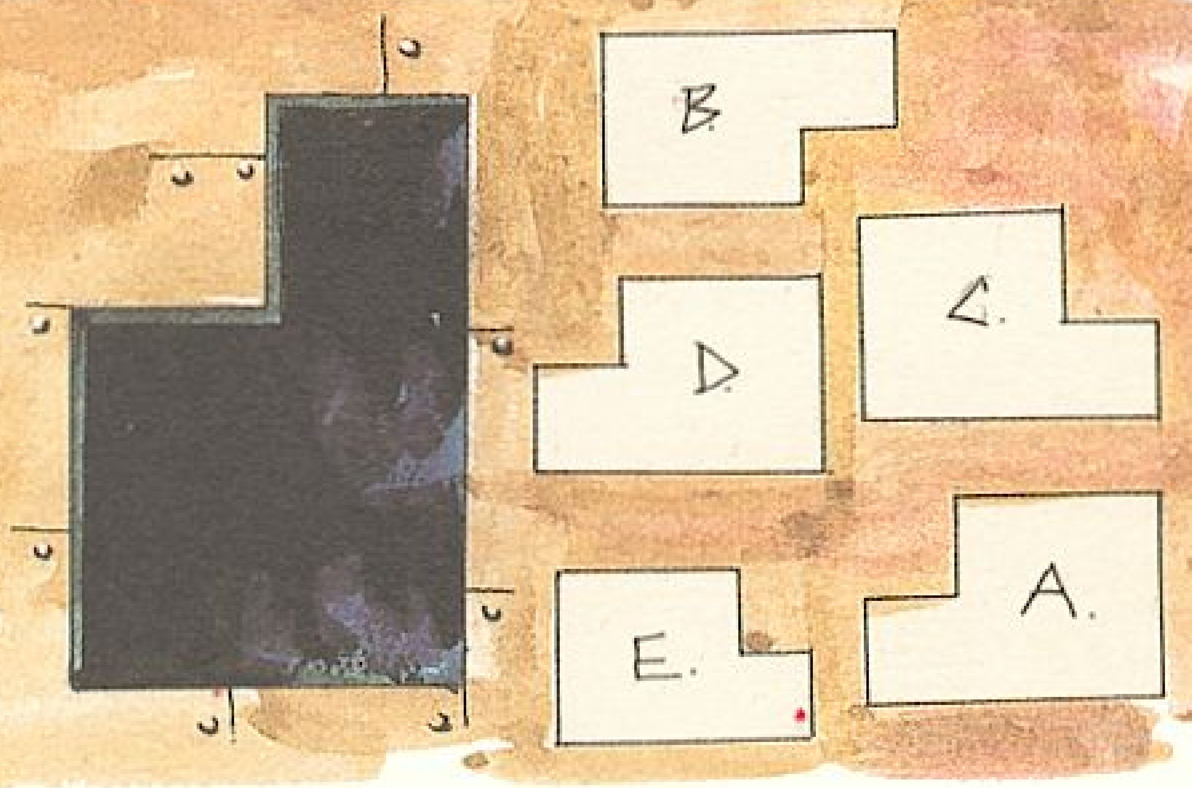


TEST THREE:

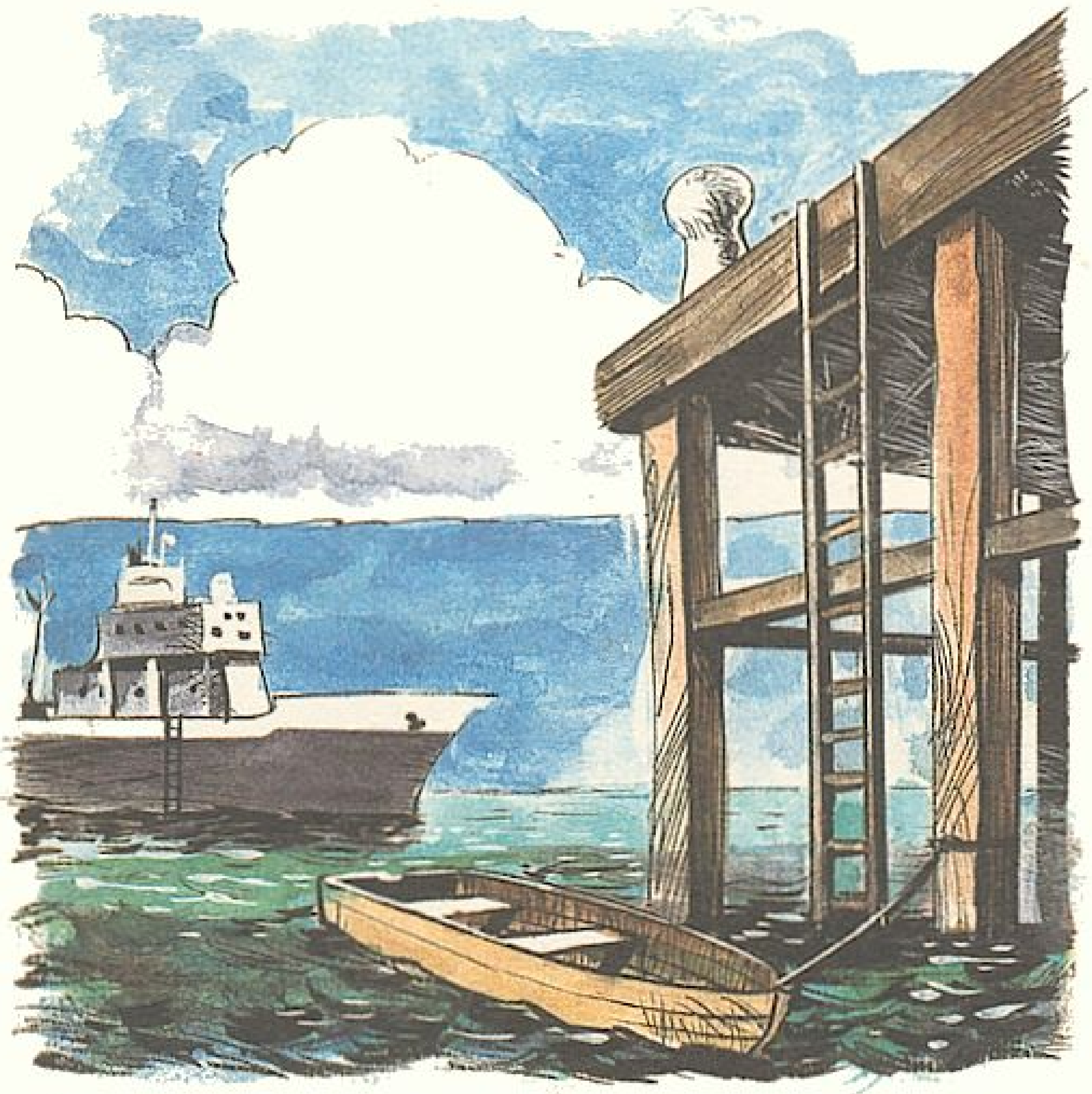
Joel Shaw's spaceship crash lands on the dark side of the moon. The impact damages the lighting circuit and the ship is therefore in total darkness. Standard procedure in these circumstances is to fire off two flares of the same colour: two red or two blue. Stored in a box are twenty-seven red flares and nineteen blue flares. All the flares are identical in shape, size and feel. The trouble is that they have been carelessly packed and are all jumbled together. Joel Shaw gropes his way to the box. What is the least number of flares he must take out to ensure that he has two of the same colour?

TEST FOUR:

Faulty construction in the hull of a spacecraft has resulted in a section of metal plating being ripped away. The flight engineer has only five plates in the workshop with which to repair the damage. Using a piece of paper, measure, draw and cut out the shapes shown. Now assemble the pieces to exactly fill the space in the hull. They must fit together perfectly: no overlapping or cutting.



TEST FIVE:



In the illustration the sea has just reached its lowest point and the tide is about to start rising. To get from the quay, a sailor has to climb down ten rungs of the ladder to reach the row boat. Then he has to climb up seven rungs to get to the deck of his ship, a total of seventeen rungs in all.

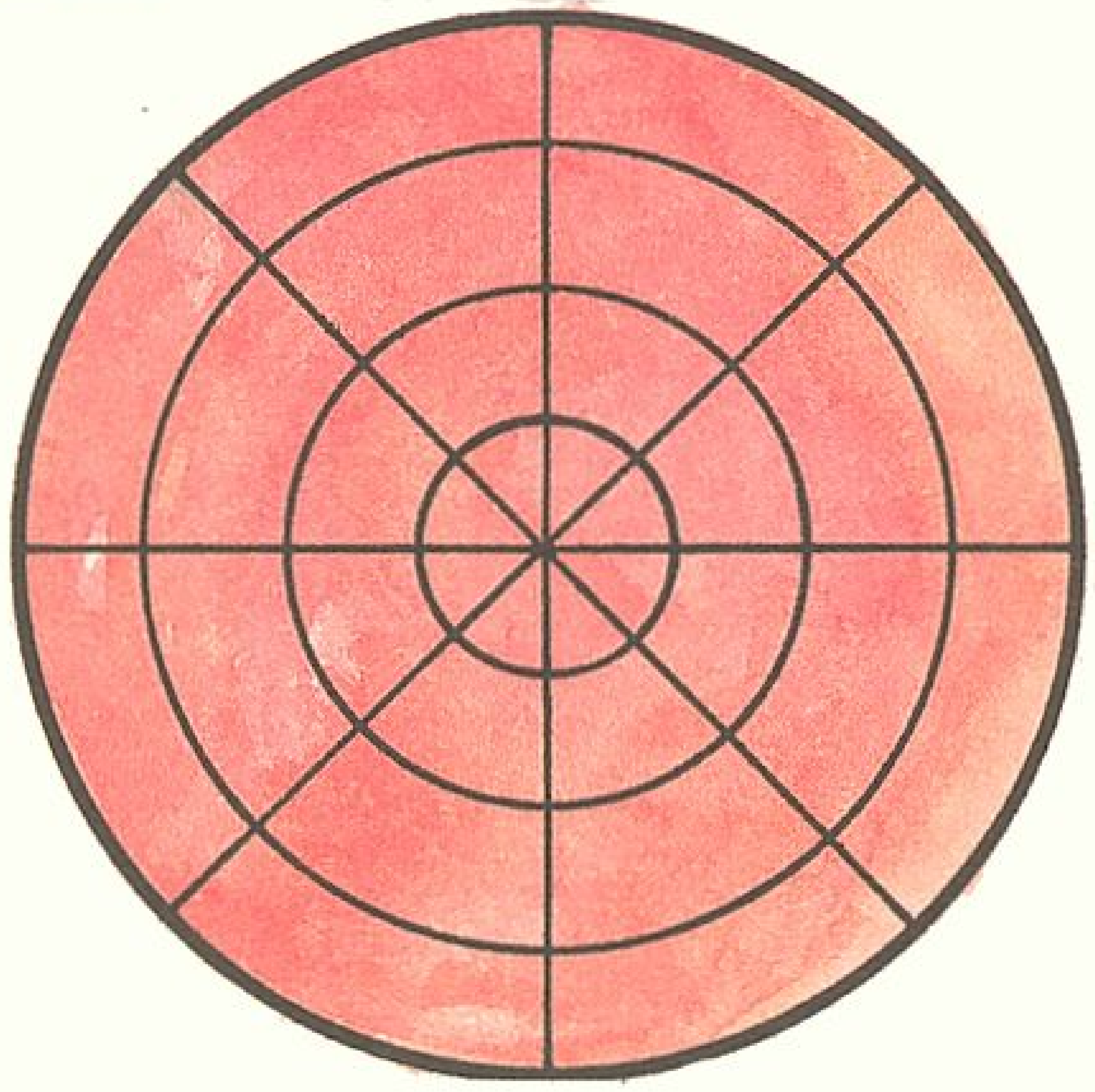
The rungs on the ship's ladder are eighteen inches apart. The rungs on the quay ladder are twelve inches apart. The tide is rising at the rate of one foot per hour.

When the sailor goes ashore six hours later, how many rungs will he climb?

TEST SIX:

The diagram below shows the layout of corridors in the Anti-Dalek Force Headquarters building. Normally there is a sentry at every intersection. However, one night the Guard Commander found himself with only eight men. Standing orders require that there are never less than two men on each straight corridor and two men on each circular corridor. How did the Guard Commander position his eight men and still comply with orders?

Use half-penny pieces to represent the guards.



where in the world...?

Below is a map showing the two faces of the planet Rodan. Long distance travel on the planet is by conventional jet aircraft. All the cities with airports are shown on the map.

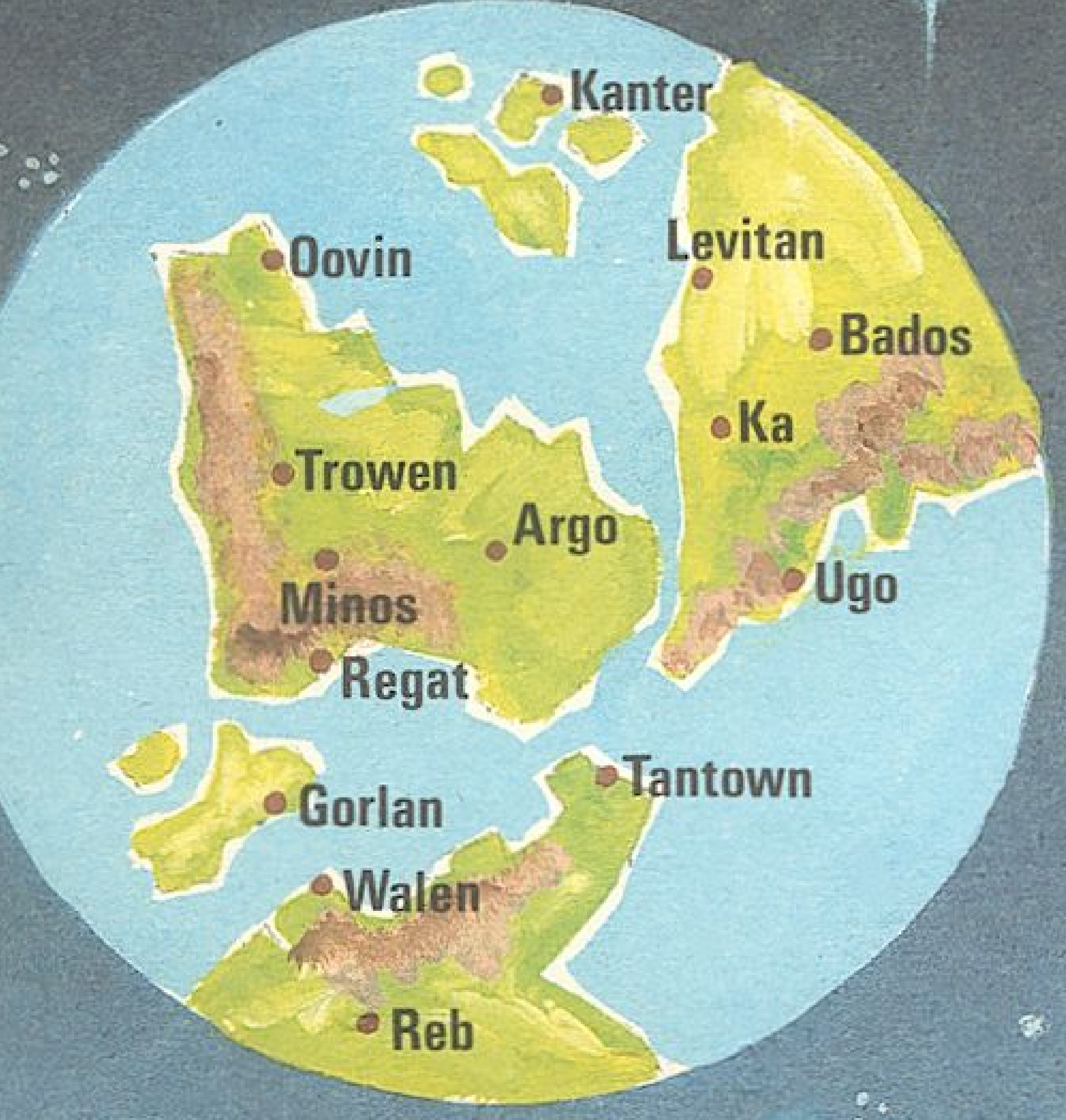
A pilot at the airfield, at Argo (northern hemisphere) was preparing to take off on a flight when he noticed a worried-looking man in the waiting room.

The pilot went over to the man and said, "You look like you've missed your flight."

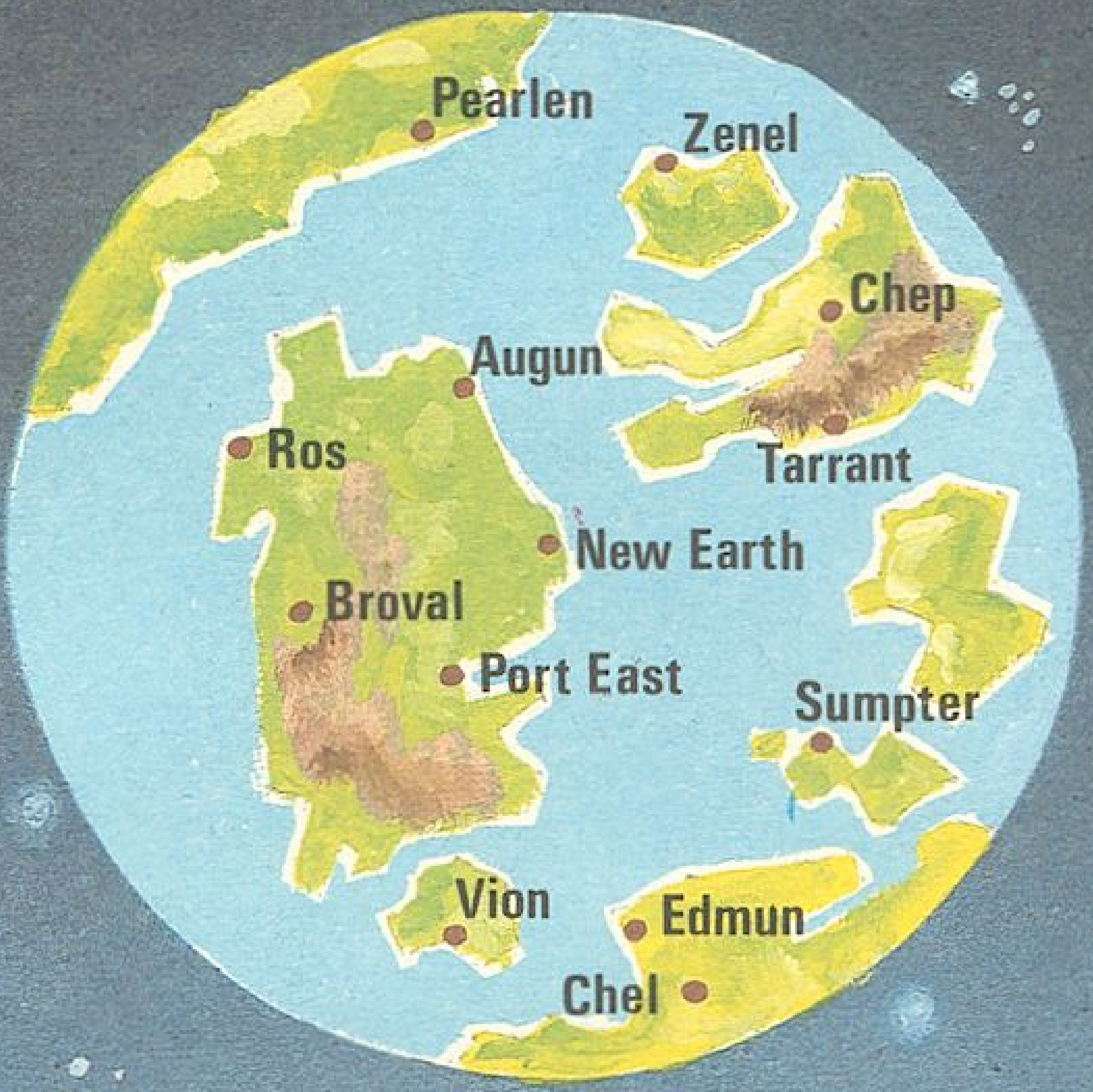
The man nodded miserably.

"Never mind," said the pilot, "I'll be glad to give you a lift." The man looked surprised. "You don't know where I'm going," he said. The pilot smiled. "It doesn't matter," he said. "Wherever you are going on the planet can be directly on the route to my destination." The pilot was telling the truth.

Explain how this could happen and name the town that was the pilot's destination.


Kanter
Oovin
Levitan
Bados
Ka
Trowen
Argo
Ugo
Minos
Regat
Tantown
Gorlan
Walen
Reb

NORTHERN HEMISPHERE

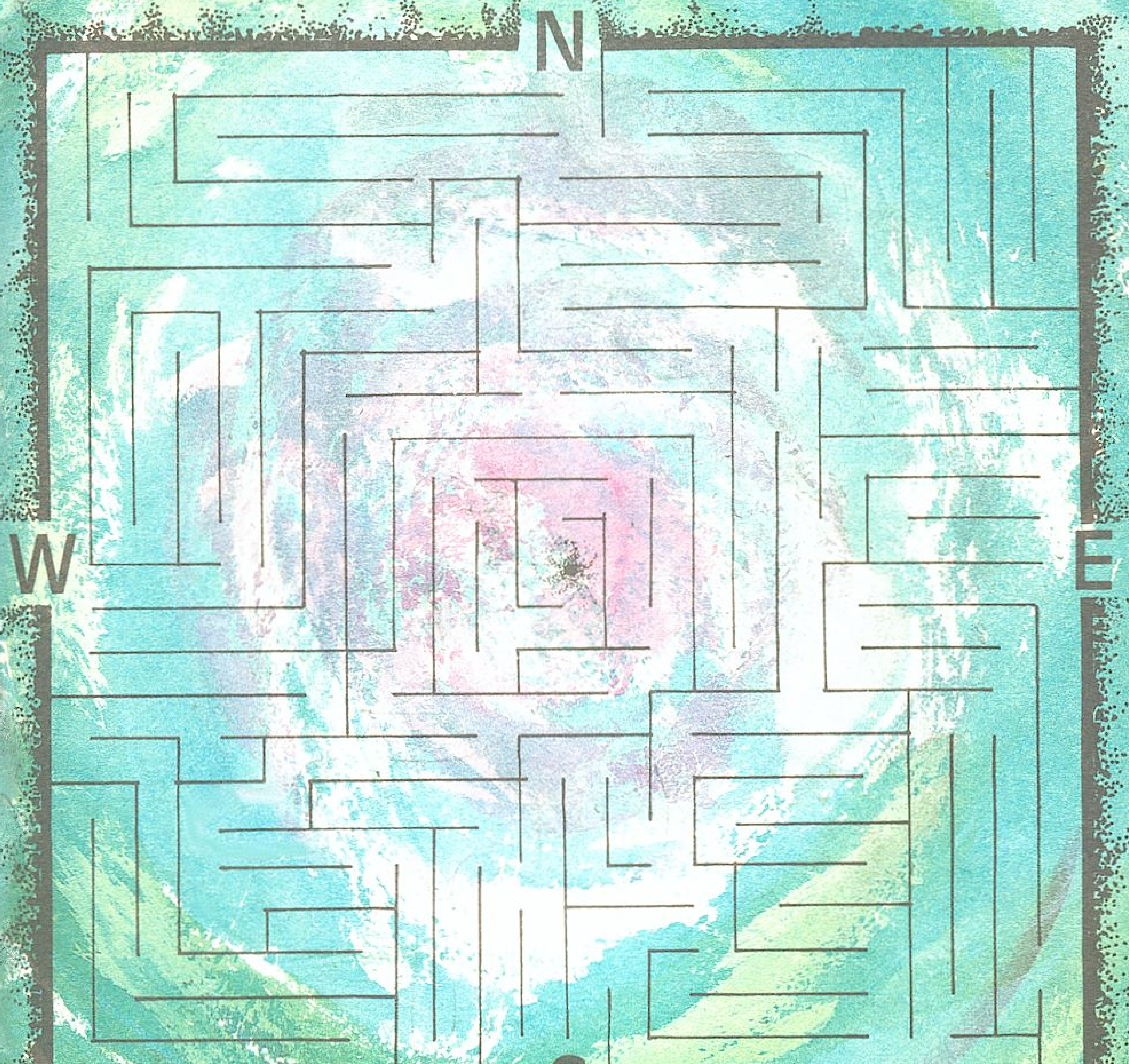

Pearlen
Zenel
Chep
Augun
Ros
Tarrant
New Earth
Broval
Port East
Sumpter
Vion
Edmun
Chel

SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE

Check your answer on page 60

THE AMAZING JOURNEY

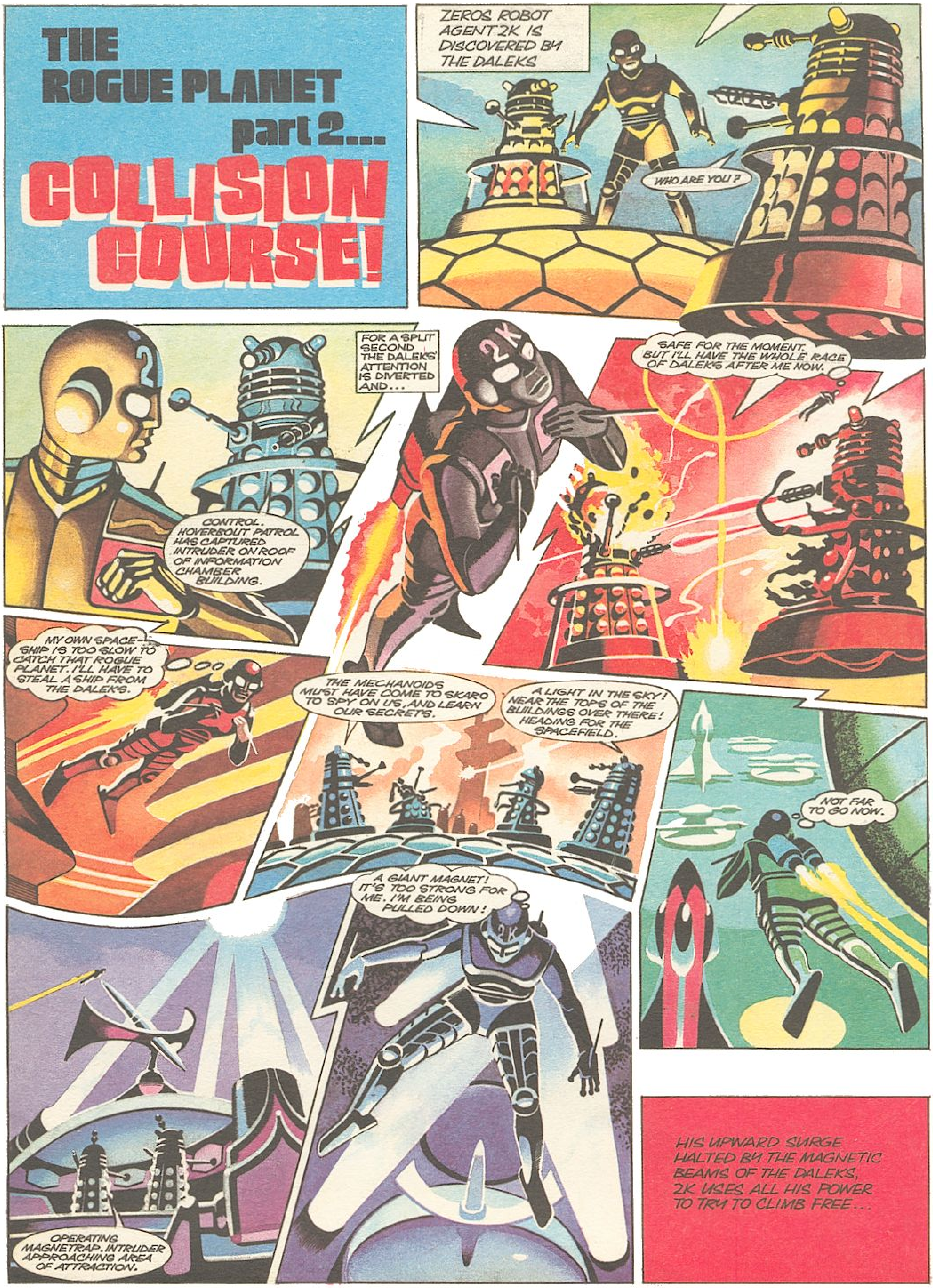
Enter the maze through the east gate and find your way to the spot in the centre of the puzzle. Then you must find exit routes to the south, north and west gates.

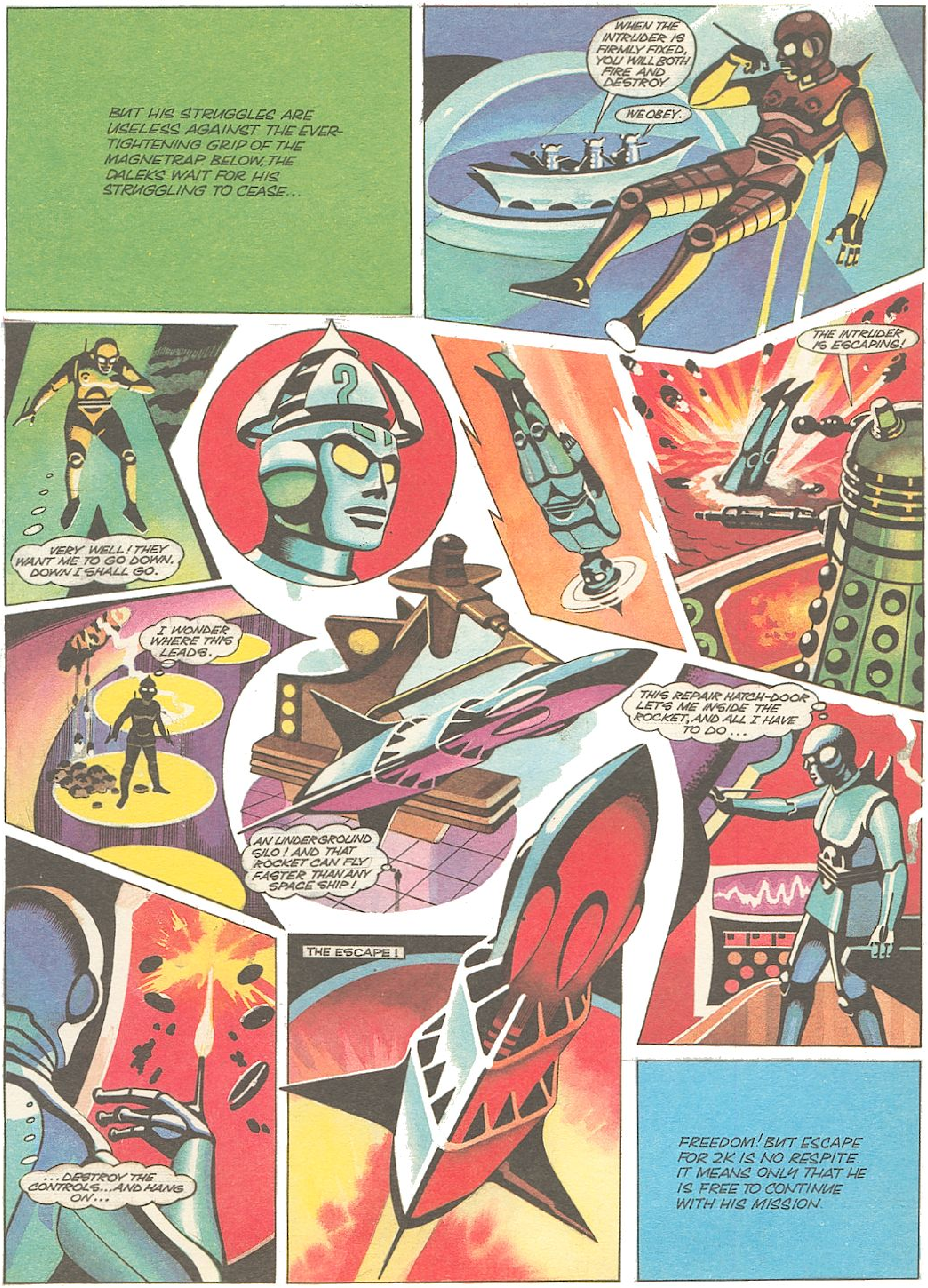


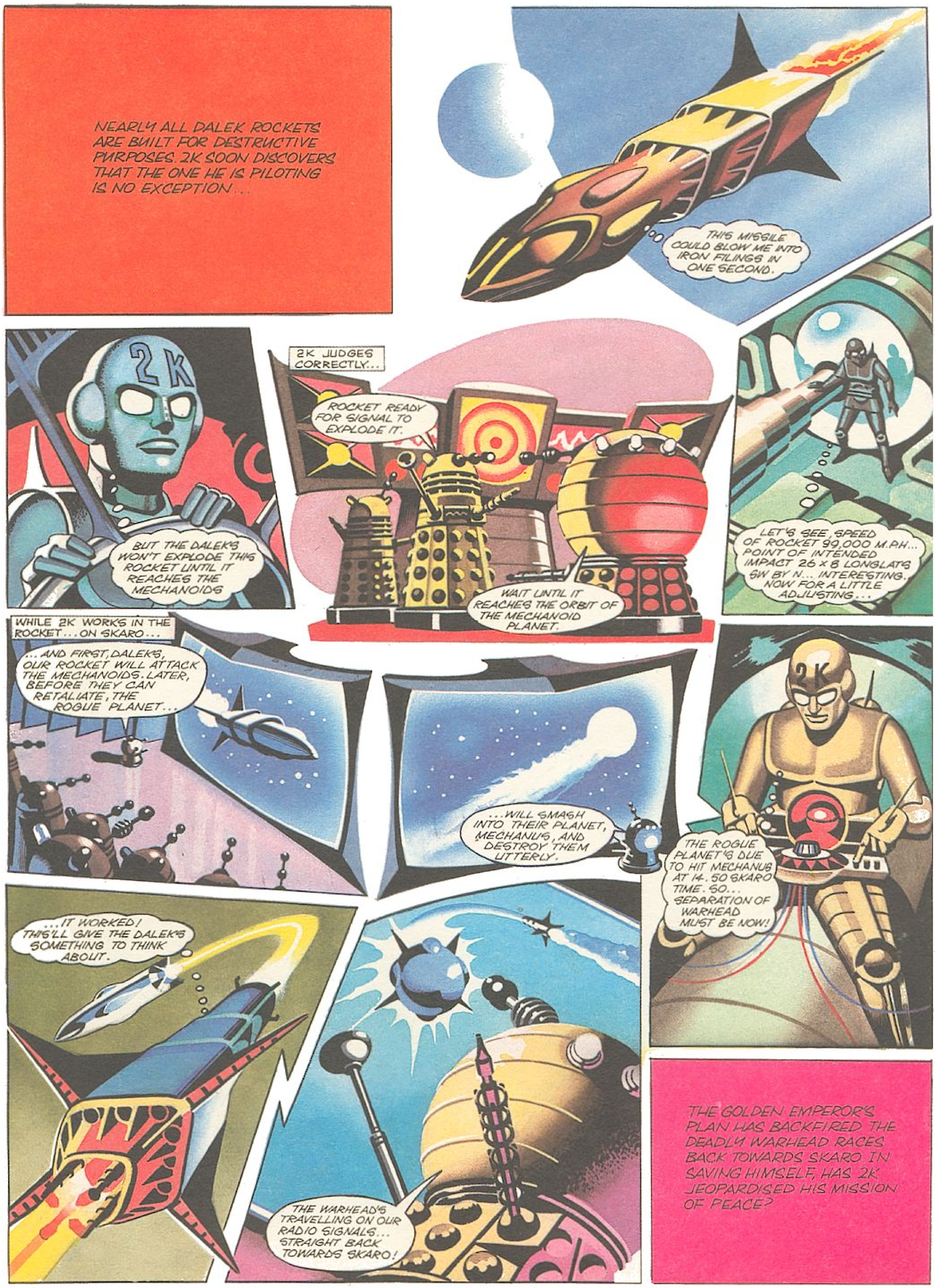
THE ROGUE PLANET

part 2...

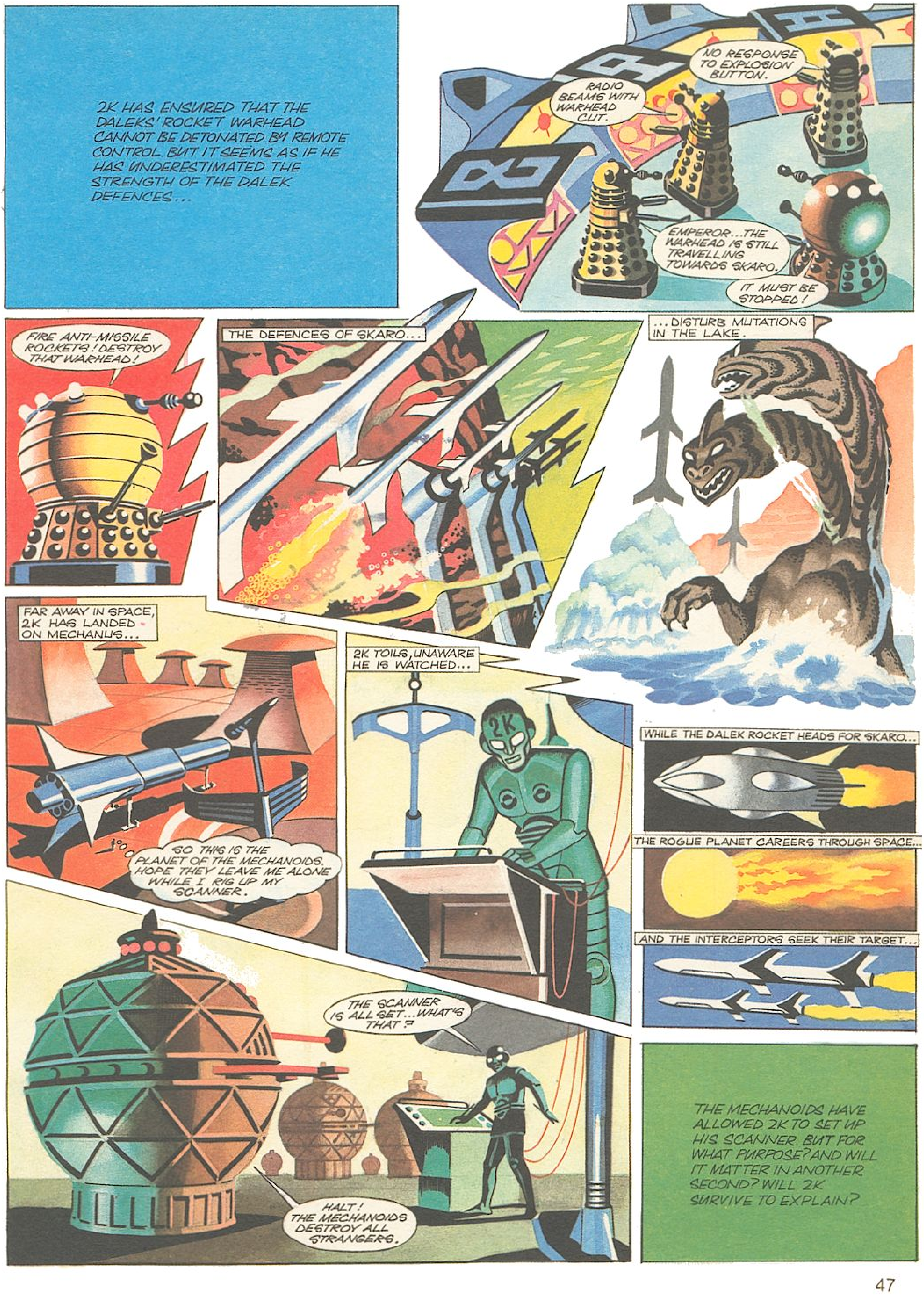
COLLISION COURSE!


ZEROS ROBOT AGENT 2K IS DISCOVERED BY THE DALEKS
WHO ARE YOU?
CONTROL. HOVERBOUT PATROL HAS CAPTURED INTRUDER ON ROOF OF INFORMATION CHAMBER BUILDING.
FOR A SPLIT SECOND THE DALEKS' ATTENTION IS DIVERTED AND...
SAFE FOR THE MOMENT. BUT I'LL HAVE THE WHOLE RACE OF DALEKS AFTER ME NOW.
MY OWN SPACE-SHIP IS TOO SLOW TO CATCH THAT ROGUE PLANET. I'LL HAVE TO STEAL A SHIP FROM THE DALEKS.
THE MECHANOIDS MUST HAVE COME TO SKARO TO SPY ON US, AND LEARN OUR SECRETS.
A LIGHT IN THE SKY! NEAR THE TOPS OF THE BUILDINGS OVER THERE! HEADING FOR THE SPACEFIELD.
NOT FAR TO GO NOW.
OPERATING MAGNETRAP. INTRUDER APPROACHING AREA OF ATTRACTION.
A GIANT MAGNET! IT'S TOO STRONG FOR ME. I'M BEING PULLED DOWN!
HIS UPWARD SURGE HALTED BY THE MAGNETIC BEAMS OF THE DALEKS, 2K USES ALL HIS POWER TO TRY TO CLIMB FREE...

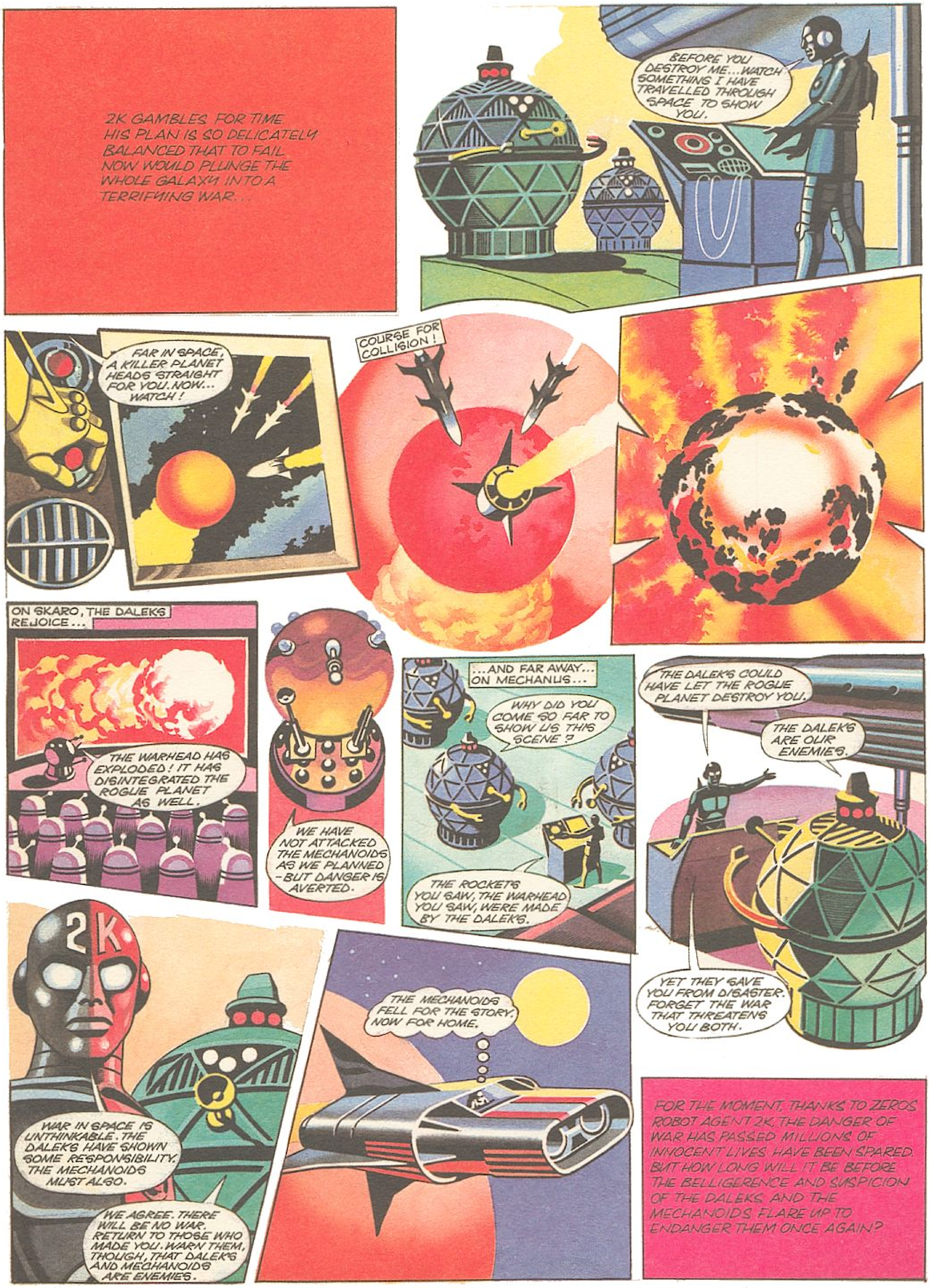

BUT HIS STRUGGLES ARE USELESS AGAINST THE EVER-TIGHTENING GRIP OF THE MAGNETRAP. BELOW, THE DALEKS WAIT FOR HIS STRUGGLING TO CEASE...
WHEN THE INTRUDER IS FIRMLY FIXED, YOU WILL BOTH FIRE AND DESTROY
WE OBEY.
VERY WELL! THEY WANT ME TO GO DOWN. DOWN I SHALL GO.
THE INTRUDER IS ESCAPING!
I WONDER WHERE THIS LEADS.
AN UNDERGROUND SILO! AND THAT ROCKET CAN FLY FASTER THAN ANY SPACE SHIP!
THIS REPAIR HATCH-DOOR LET'S ME INSIDE THE ROCKET, AND ALL I HAVE TO DO ...
...DESTROY THE CONTROLS...AND HANG ON...
THE ESCAPE!
FREEDOM! BUT ESCAPE FOR 2K IS NO RESPITE. IT MEANS ONLY THAT HE IS FREE TO CONTINUE WITH HIS MISSION.


NEARLY ALL DALEK ROCKETS ARE BUILT FOR DESTRUCTIVE PURPOSES. 2K SOON DISCOVERS THAT THE ONE HE IS PILOTING IS NO EXCEPTION...
THIS MISSILE COULD BLOW ME INTO IRON FILINGS IN ONE SECOND.
2K
BUT THE DALEK'S WON'T EXPLODE THIS ROCKET UNTIL IT REACHES THE MECHANOIDS
2K JUDGES CORRECTLY...
ROCKET READY FOR SIGNAL TO EXPLODE IT.
WAIT UNTIL IT REACHES THE ORBIT OF THE MECHANOID PLANET.
LET'S SEE, SPEED OF ROCKET 99,000 M.P.H... POINT OF INTENDED IMPACT 26 x 8 LONGLATS SW BY N... INTERESTING. NOW FOR A LITTLE ADJUSTING...
WHILE 2K WORKS IN THE ROCKET... ON SKARO...
...AND FIRST, DALEK'S, OUR ROCKET WILL ATTACK THE MECHANOIDS. LATER, BEFORE THEY CAN RETALIATE, THE ROGUE PLANET...
...WILL SMASH INTO THEIR PLANET, MECHANUS, AND DESTROY THEM UTTERLY.
2K
THE ROGUE PLANET'S DUE TO HIT MECHANUS AT 14.50 SKARO TIME. SO... SEPARATION OF WARHEAD MUST BE NOW!
...IT WORKED! THIS'LL GIVE THE DALEK'S SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.
THE WARHEAD'S TRAVELLING ON OUR RADIO SIGNALS... STRAIGHT BACK TOWARDS SKARO!
THE GOLDEN EMPEROR'S PLAN HAS BACKFIRED THE DEADLY WARHEAD RACES BACK TOWARDS SKARO IN SAVING HIMSELF, HAS 2K JEOPARDISED HIS MISSION OF PEACE?

2K HAS ENSURED THAT THE DALEKS' ROCKET WARHEAD CANNOT BE DETONATED BY REMOTE CONTROL. BUT IT SEEMS AS IF HE HAS UNDERESTIMATED THE STRENGTH OF THE DALEK DEFENCES...

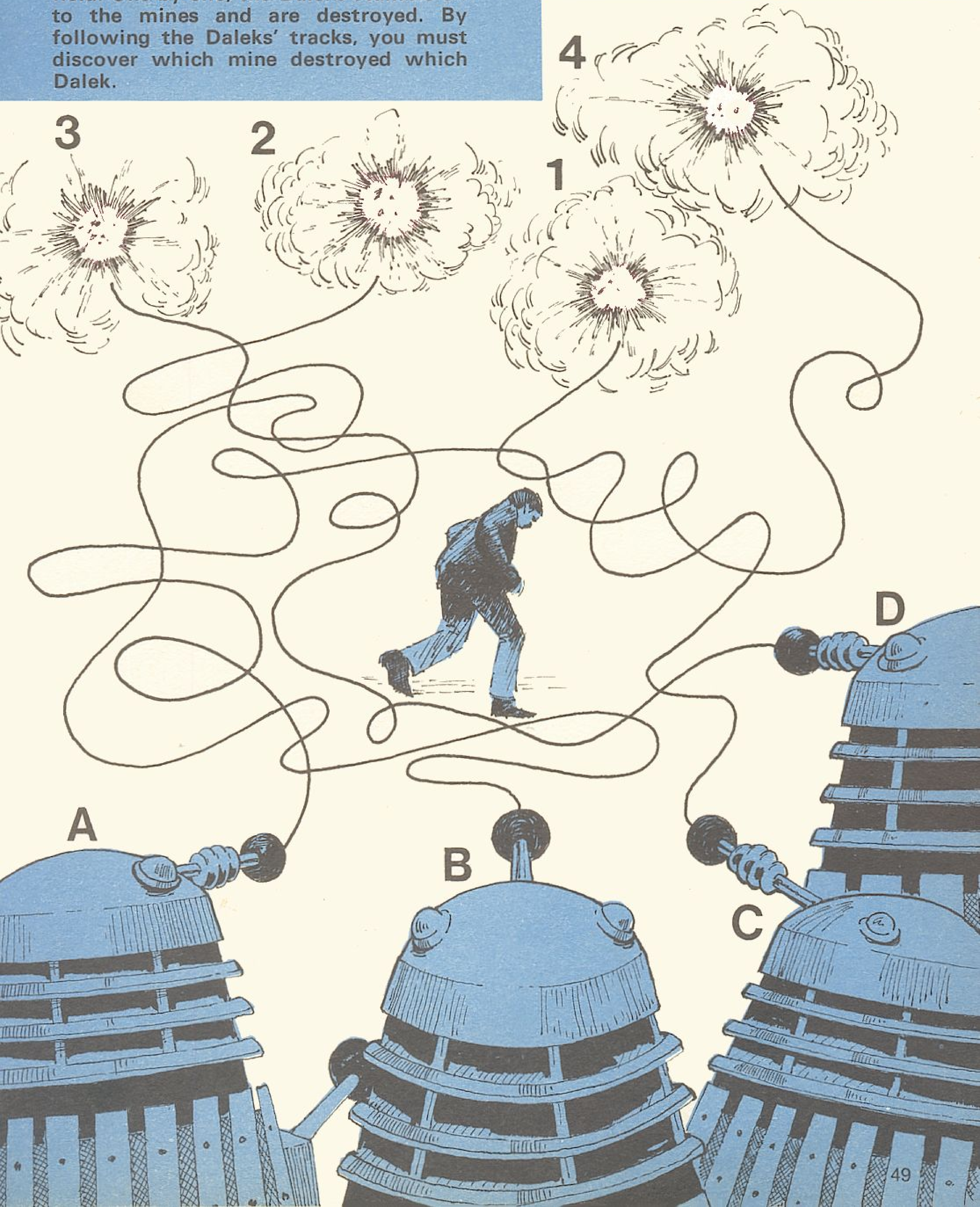

RADIO BEAMS WITH WARHEAD CUT.
NO RESPONSE TO EXPLOSION BUTTON.
EMPEROR...THE WARHEAD IS STILL TRAVELLING TOWARDS SKARO.
IT MUST BE STOPPED!
FIRE ANTI-MISSILE ROCKETS! DESTROY THAT WARHEAD!
THE DEFENCES OF SKARO...
...DISTURB MUTATIONS IN THE LAKE.
FAR AWAY IN SPACE, 2K HAS LANDED ON MECHANUS...
SO THIS IS THE PLANET OF THE MECHANOIDS. HOPE THEY LEAVE ME ALONE WHILE I RIG UP MY SCANNER.
2K TOILS, UNAWARE HE IS WATCHED...
2K
WHILE THE DALEK ROCKET HEADS FOR SKARO...
THE ROGUE PLANET CAREERS THROUGH SPACE...
AND THE INTERCEPTORS SEEK THEIR TARGET...
THE SCANNER IS ALL SET... WHAT'S THAT?
HALT! THE MECHANOIDS DESTROY ALL STRANGERS.

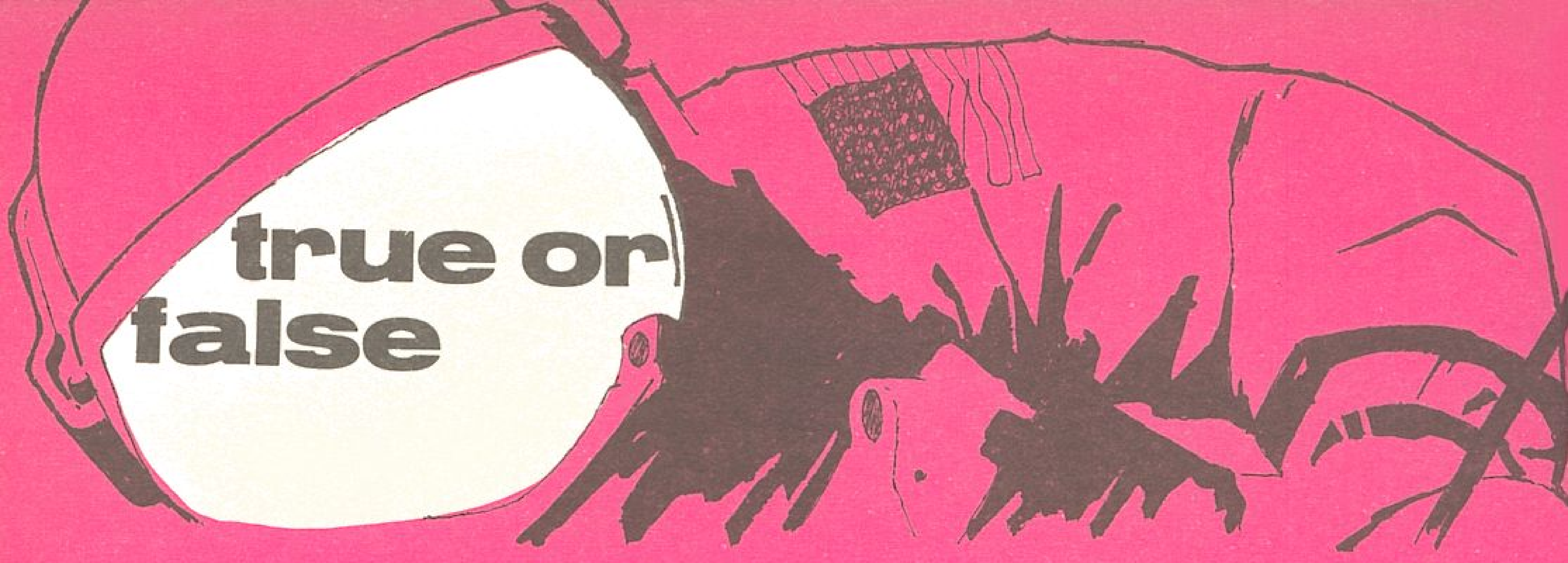
THE MECHANOIDS HAVE ALLOWED 2K TO SET UP HIS SCANNER. BUT FOR WHAT PURPOSE? AND WILL IT MATTER IN ANOTHER SECOND? WILL 2K SURVIVE TO EXPLAIN?


2K GAMBLES FOR TIME. HIS PLAN IS SO DELICATELY BALANCED THAT TO FAIL NOW WOULD PLUNGE THE WHOLE GALAXY INTO A TERRIFYING WAR...
BEFORE YOU DESTROY ME... WATCH SOMETHING I HAVE TRAVELLED THROUGH SPACE TO SHOW YOU.
FAR IN SPACE, A KILLER PLANET HEADS STRAIGHT FOR YOU. NOW... WATCH!
COURSE FOR COLLISION!
ON SKARO, THE DALEKS REJOICE...
THE WARHEAD HAS EXPLODED! IT HAS DISINTEGRATED THE ROGUE PLANET AS WELL.
WE HAVE NOT ATTACKED THE MECHANOIDS AS WE PLANNED – BUT DANGER IS AVERTED.
...AND FAR AWAY... ON MECHANUS...
WHY DID YOU COME SO FAR TO SHOW US THIS SCENE?
THE ROCKETS YOU SAW, THE WARHEAD YOU SAW, WERE MADE BY THE DALEKS.
THE DALEKS COULD HAVE LET THE ROGUE PLANET DESTROY YOU.
THE DALEKS ARE OUR ENEMIES.
YET THEY SAVE YOU FROM DISASTER. FORGET THE WAR THAT THREATENS YOU BOTH.
2K
WAR IN SPACE IS UNTHINKABLE. THE DALEKS HAVE SHOWN SOME RESPONSIBILITY. THE MECHANOIDS MUST ALSO.
WE AGREE. THERE WILL BE NO WAR. RETURN TO THOSE WHO MADE YOU. WARN THEM, THOUGH, THAT DALEKS AND MECHANOIDS ARE ENEMIES.
THE MECHANOIDS FELL FOR THE STORY. NOW FOR HOME.
FOR THE MOMENT, THANKS TO ZEROS ROBOT AGENT 2K, THE DANGER OF WAR HAS PASSED. MILLIONS OF INNOCENT LIVES HAVE BEEN SPARED. BUT HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE THE BELLIGERENCE AND SUSPICION OF THE DALEKS AND THE MECHANOIDS FLARE UP TO ENDANGER THEM ONCE AGAIN?

MINEFIELD!

A Patrol of four Daleks is in pursuit of an escaped prisoner. The prisoner cleverly lures them into the middle of a minefield. One by one, the Daleks stumble on to the mines and are destroyed. By following the Daleks' tracks, you must discover which mine destroyed which Dalek.





true or false

T F

1.
In the Solar System, Earth is the nearest planet to the Sun. ☐ ☐

2.
The Moon's 'Sea of Tranquillity' is composed of salt water. ☐ ☐

3.
The largest planet in the Solar System is Jupiter. ☐ ☐

4.
The Sun is a star, not a planet. ☐ ☐

5.
The length of a day on Mercury is equal to fifty-nine Earth days. ☐ ☐

6.
Rockets have existed for at least seven hundred years. ☐ ☐

7.
The American space launch area is situated at Cape Kennedy. ☐ ☐

8.
The planet Pluto was named after the famous Walt Disney cartoon dog. ☐ ☐

9.
The furthest visible heavenly body that can be seen with the naked eye is the galaxy Andromeda. ☐ ☐

10.
A Radar signal directed at the moon from Earth goes out and returns in only thirty-one seconds. ☐ ☐

T F

11.
The first living creature to be launched into space was a monkey. ☐ ☐

12.
Earth is a part of the 'Milky Way' galaxy. ☐ ☐

13.
In Serbo-Croat, the language spoken in Yugoslavia, the word Dalek means 'Far or distant thing'. ☐ ☐

14.
The first successful manned space flight was made by Lt. Col. Frank Borman of the U.S. Air Force. ☐ ☐

15.
It takes 27.3 days for the moon to complete a full revolution around the Earth. ☐ ☐

16.
The crew of Apollo 11 brought back almost half a ton of rock and dust samples from the surface of the moon. ☐ ☐

17.
The temperature at the core of the Sun is near 13 million degrees centigrade. ☐ ☐

18.
The coldest known planet is Neptune. ☐ ☐

19.
Halley's Comet can be seen from Earth every seventy-six years. ☐ ☐

20.
The light of the Crab Nebula in Taurus takes 6000 years to reach the Earth. ☐ ☐

Check your answers on page 60

ASSASSINATION SQUAD

Charles Stewart looked at himself in the mirror. The reflection he saw pleased him. The ADF uniform fitted perfectly.

He turned, stepped over the body of the man he had killed to get the uniform and started to search the desk. He whistled softly as he rifled through the drawers, picking out the items that he thought might come in useful. When he was finished, he took a last look round the apartment, then crossed to the door. He listened for a moment, opened it, then walked boldly out into the corridor. Confidently, even casually, he strolled towards the main exit.

He strode out of the hotel into the cool air of the Martian night and down the ramp to where his transporter was parked. Minutes later he was lost in the lines of heavy cross town traffic.

The panic was on. The normally quiet ADF headquarters building was alive with action. A state of maximum security had been ordered. No one was allowed to enter or leave without a triple check. Everyone was being subjected to an identity scan. The scanners ran voice checks, skin patterns and phisiographs, feeding the information back to the computer. If there was an impostor in the building, the computer would locate him.

Joel Shaw tried to keep calm, but his voice showed the edge of anger. "Just how bad is it?"

Ross, the head of ADF Intelligence, flushed with embarrassment. "Just about as bad as it could be," he said. "Every document relating to the strength of our forces around the galaxy has been photographed.

"The documents also detailed our defence systems, our weapons displacements, our strengths and our weaknesses. In fact, everything. If the Daleks got hold of that information they could mount an attack that would almost wipe us out."

"That's a chance we can't take," Shaw said. He turned to Reb, who stood silently beside him. "Alert all units. I want every bit of equipment moved to new locations. Set up new bases. Change everything. If anybody acts on those documents I want them to find nothing. There is not to be a man or machine left in any of the existing bases."

Reb said, "That could take weeks, Joel. Months even."

"It has to be done now!" Shaw snapped.

"Alright. Now how could it have happened? How could anybody get into your department and photograph all our top secrets?"

Ross shook his head wearily. He had been trying to answer the same question for the last two hours. "I don't know. Only Crayford, my second in command, and myself, are allowed into the vaults. There is a twenty-four hour guard outside. I've checked with them. Cray-

ford went in when he came on duty last night. He stayed in for exactly twenty-two minutes. I was in there myself twice this morning. Nobody else has been inside."

"Have you run a security check on Crayford?"

Ross looked surprised. "Crayford?" he echoed. "You don't suspect him, do you? He's been with the ADF ever since it was formed. You chose him yourself. He's your friend, isn't he?"

Before Shaw could answer, a tall, gaunt looking man pushed past the aide and into the office.

"Inspector Rayn Avella," he announced in a deep voice. "And don't tell me you're busy because I happen to have a few things that are keeping me on the run too."

"What can I do for you?" Shaw asked.

"You might help me solve a murder," Avella said. "One of your men. His body was found in his hotel apartment this morning. He'd been stabbed to death. The room had been searched but there was money and jewellery left, so the motive wasn't straightforward robbery."

"Who was he?"

"Man by the name of Ian Crayford," Avella said.

The forensic investigators and photographers had finished their work. On the floor, a chalk outline marked the place where Crayford's body had lain.

Avella said, "Alright. Let's run over the facts again. The medical experts tell us that Crayford was murdered early last night. The killer, or killers, took his uniform, special passes and identification cards. Sometime last night, a man posing as Crayford got into your security vault, photographed top secret information and then just vanished. That's about all we know, isn't it?"

Shaw nodded. "So, on the face of it, it would seem likely that the murderer and the impostor were one and the same man. But that doesn't make any sense either. The guards at the vault swore that the man they let in was Crayford. They couldn't be mistaken about it. They know him well. They see him every day. Even with the uniform and identity cards, a complete stranger couldn't pass himself off as Crayford. He'd be spotted immediately."

The solution hit them both at exactly the same moment. Avella stood up quickly. "Of course!" he said. "Why didn't we see it sooner?"

Shaw spoke both their thoughts. "The man who got into the vault must have been the identical double of Crayford. That's the only way it would work! He had to look exactly like Crayford to get away with it!"

Avella was moving towards the door.

"We'll feed a complete description of Crayford into the criminal records computer. Height, weight, colour of eyes, everything. At least now we know exactly what our murderer looks like."

Exactly at the appointed time Charles Stewart saw the light flash. Long, short, long the signal came. Stewart replied. Short, long, short. He picked up the photographs and climbed out of the transporter.

He walked forward slowly, stumblingly, straining against the darkness. He knew they were watching him. He felt their eyes following his every move.

A voice came out of the night. "Halt."

Stewart stood rigidly still. There was silence for a moment, then a slight whirring sound. A shape loomed out of the blackness ahead of him. There was no mistaking it. It was a Dalek. It halted in front of him. Stewart knew that somewhere in the darkness there were three more of them, staying out of sight, but watching him.

"I've got what you wanted," Stewart said, trying not to let the fear show in his voice.

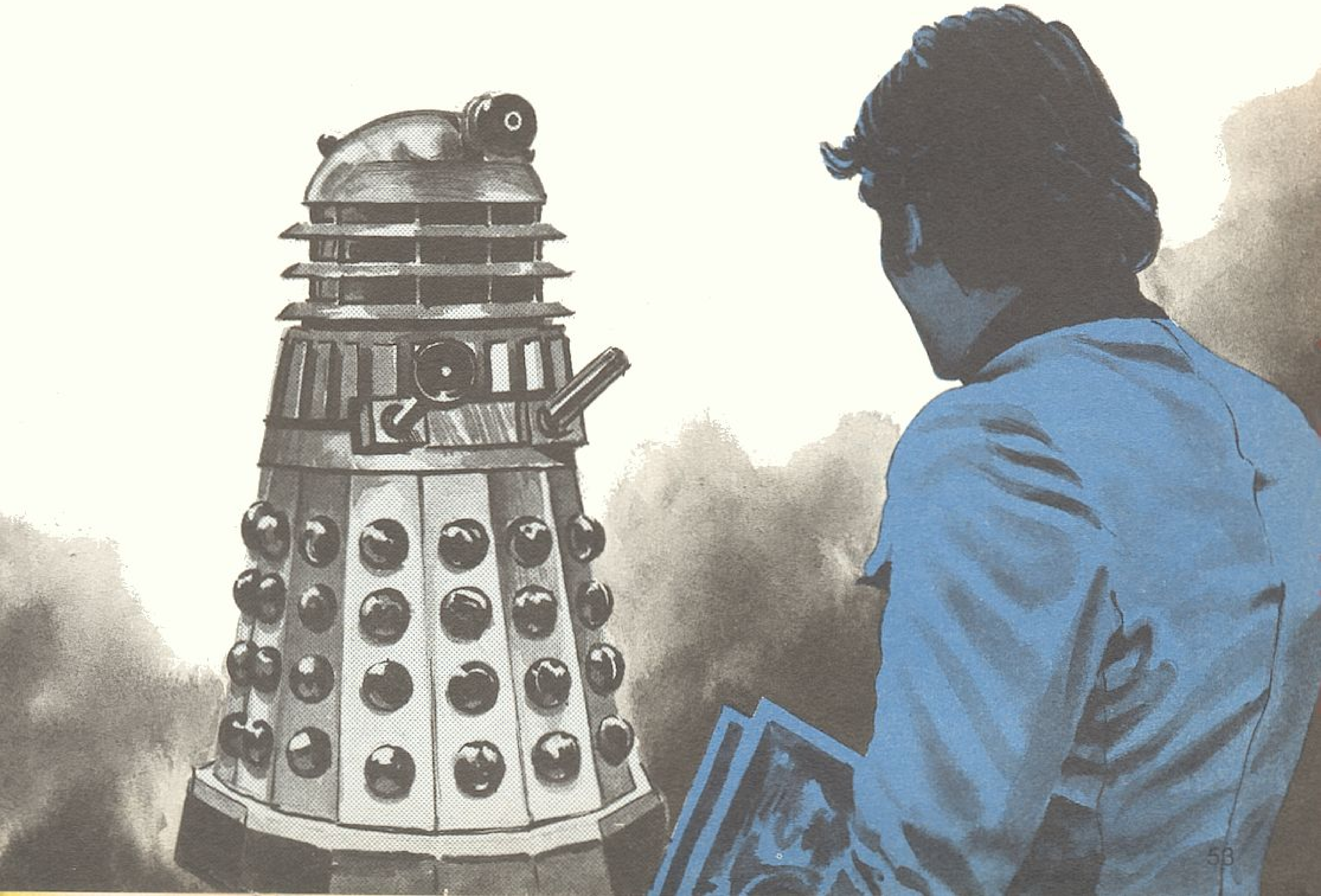
"Place - them - on - the - ground," the Dalek grated. Stewart did as he was told.

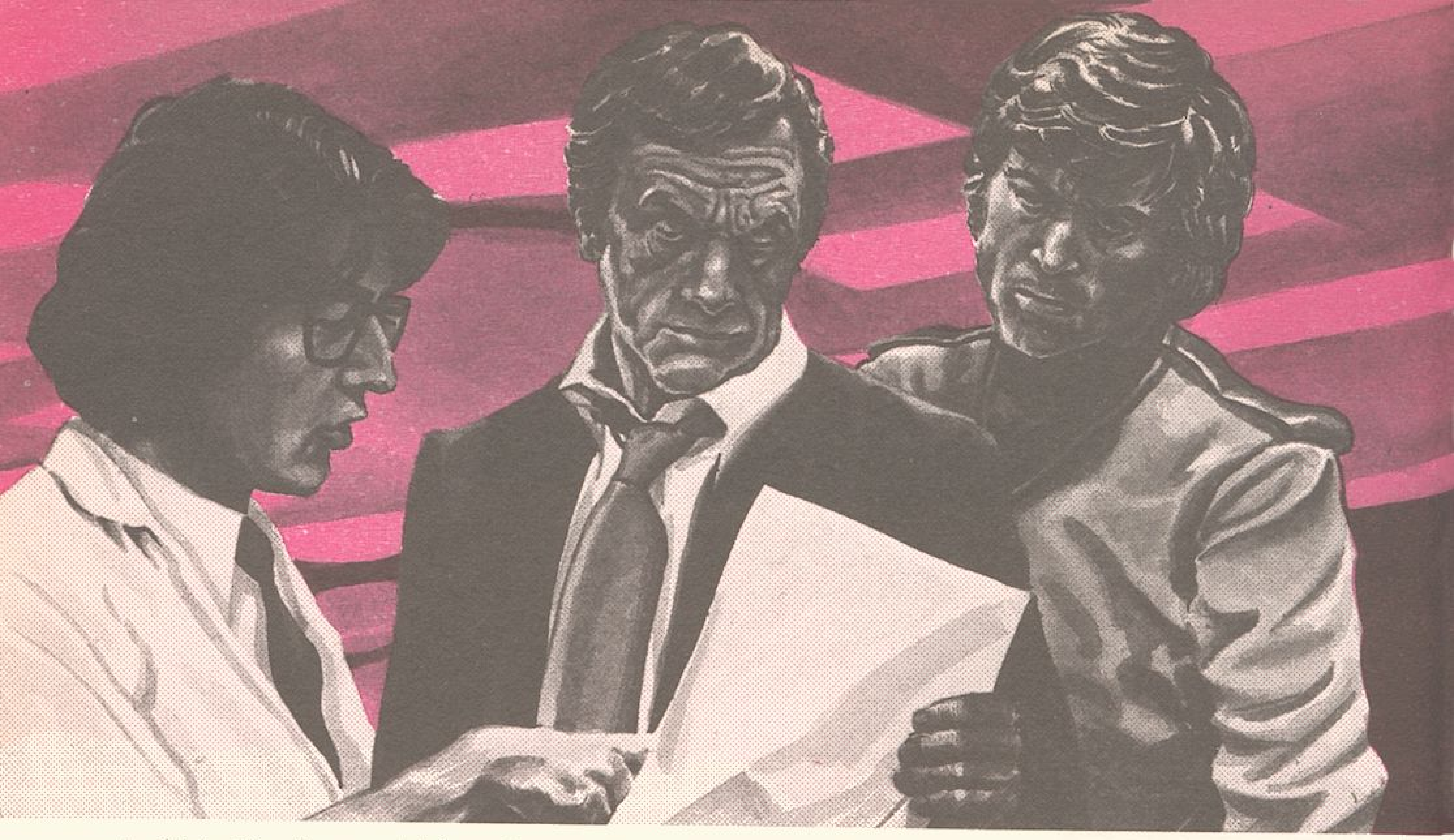
"You - have - done - your - work - well. You - will - now - carry - out - one - further - mission - for - us."

Stewart felt the panic start to build up in him. "Now wait a minute," he said quickly. "We had an agreement. Just the one job, that was all. You promised you'd pay me as soon as I delivered the secrets. Now I've carried out my side of the bargain. I've earned my payment."

The hard mechanical voice snapped at him. "You - will - be - silent! You - will - find - the - money - you - were - promised - in - your - transporter. If - you - obey - our - instructions - and - carry - out - this - next - mission - you - will - receive - twice - as - much - money - again."

Stewart opened his mouth to protest before the full meaning of what the Dalek said came home to him. Double as much money again. It was a fortune. A vast, incredible fortune. He would be able to live in absolute luxury for the





rest of his life. He would be able to maintain homes on other planets. Have his own private space-craft. There would be nothing that he could not afford.

"What do you want me to do?" he said eagerly.

The criminal computer contained the names and photographs of every known criminal in the galaxy. It went into operation and in half an hour delivered over one hundred files on men who had similar physical characteristics to Crayford. Similar, but as Shaw and Avella agreed, not similar enough.

The two men walked out of the computer room feeling very depressed. A young scientist from the forensic department was waiting for them. "We've completed our checks on everything that was found in Mr. Crayford's hotel apartment," he said. He handed the report to Avella. "Nothing there to help you, I'm afraid. The killer didn't leave a print, a single hair. Not even a speck of dust. No clues at all."

Avella sighed. "It's going to be one of those cases. Thanks for your help anyway."

The young man smiled and said, "Sorry." He began to move away, then hesitated and turned back. "There is just one thing." He looked at Shaw. "Do you know if Mr. Crayford had any scars or wounds? Marks that he might have found embarrassing? On his face or body?"

Shaw shook his head. "I don't know for certain. I don't think so."

"We found a tiny smear of some stuff called Dermagraft on the washbasin in the bathroom. It's a sort of plastic material that looks exactly like human skin. It's used in hospitals for patching up people who've suffered facial injuries or who have heavy scar tissue. It's also used as a sort of make-up. It covers up any little cut. Handy stuff, but it's not on sale to the general public. I just wondered why Crayford would have had it."

Shaw and Avella stood outside the Civil Enforcement building, shivering slightly in the cool dawn air. It had been a long day and an even longer night and they were both tired.

"You ought to go home and get a couple of hours sleep," Avella said.

Shaw shook his head. "There's too much to do. If our secrets have got into Dalek hands, they'll be making attacks pretty soon. However fast I move my men and materials, there are bound to be some delays. It's going to cost a lot of lives."

The two men shook hands. Avella watched Shaw hurry across to his transporter.

The underground transporter park in the basement of the ADF building was only half full. Shaw drew in and halted in his reserved space.

"Major Shaw!" He turned at the sound of his name. Ross, the head of Intelligence was standing in the shadows beside a transporter.

Shaw crossed to him.

Ross, a normally neat and meticulous man, looked as though he had dressed in a hurry. His uniform was untidy, his hair ruffled. When he spoke there was an urgent tenseness in his voice. "I think I'm on to something. I've got a lead."

Shaw felt his pulse quicken. "Let's get up to my office."

"No!" Ross looked around him as though he was afraid of being overheard. "I don't want to take any chances. My contact is a very nervous man. For the moment it's better if only you and I know about him."

"Alright," Shaw said.

"We'll use my transporter," Ross said.

The two men settled into the machine. The almost silent hover motors lifted the vehicle and propelled it gently forward.

Shaw nodded understandingly. "Tell me about it."

"I spent most of the day and all of last night talking to my contacts. Informers, agents, undercover men, small time criminals. Nobody knew a thing about the break-in to our vaults. Then, when I was just about ready to give up I got a call from a man I know. He's officially a junior diplomat at the Venusian Embassy, but in fact he works for their counter intelligence. He'd heard a whisper that there was a package of top secret ADF plans for sale. He decided to follow it up. He pretended that his government might be an interested buyer. Then he let it be known that he wanted definite evidence that the seller really had the plans. A couple of hours later, this was delivered to him."

Ross reached inside his uniform and handed Shaw a piece of folded paper. Shaw opened it and stared. It was a photograph of one of the ADF documents.

Shaw considered for a moment then said, "Yes. Absolutely. There is no possible way that photograph isn't part of the batch that was taken by Crayford's murderer."

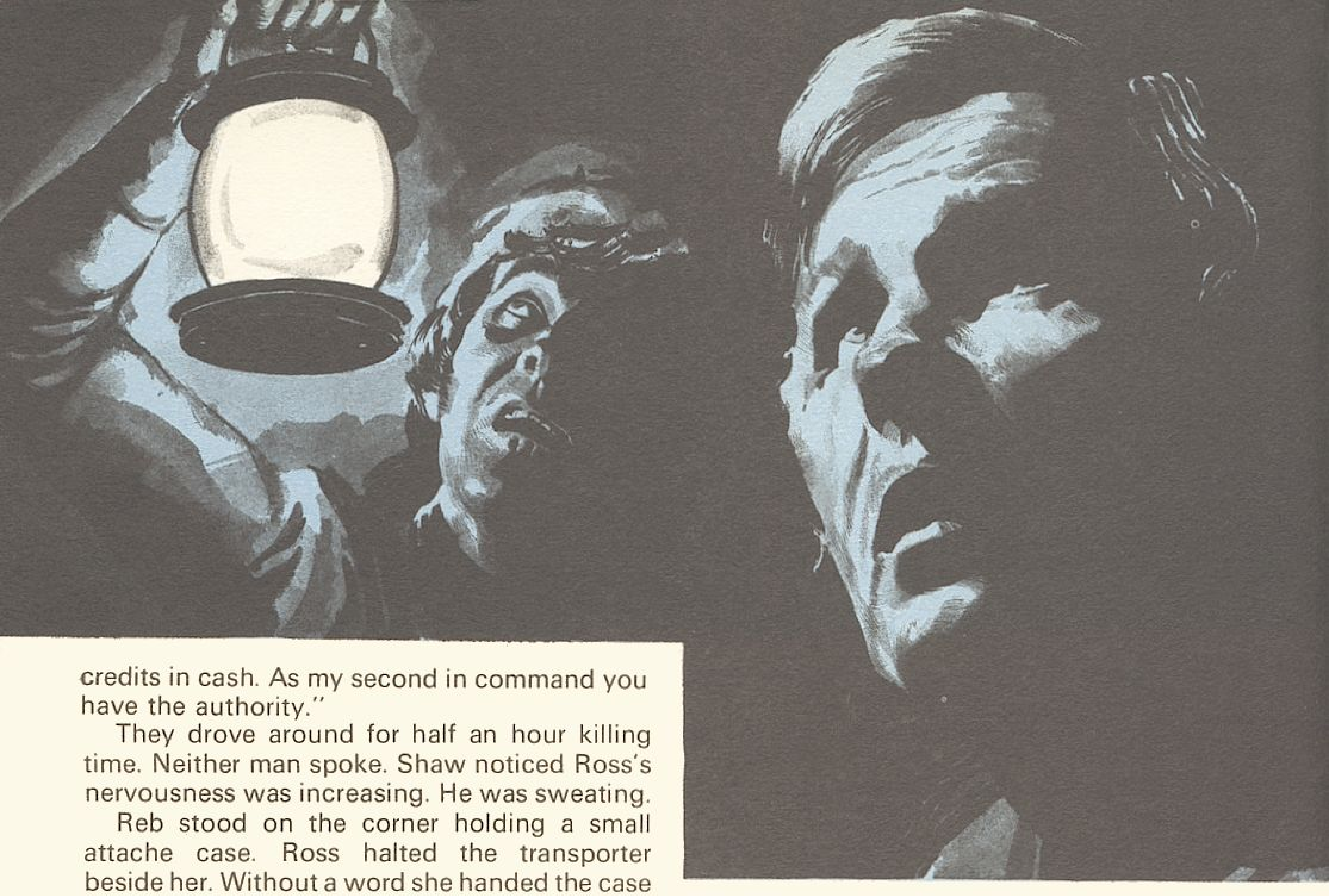
"Exactly what I thought. Now the only question is, do we make a deal?" Again Ross reached into his pocket. This time he handed Shaw a closely written note. "This came with the photograph."

Shaw read it aloud. "The rest of the photographs and negatives can be purchased for the price of one million credits. The money, in cash, must be brought to the point shown on the map below. You will wait there until you are contacted and given instructions. You will be watched at all times. At the least sign that you are being followed, or that you are making contact with the authorities, all contact will be broken off and you will not hear from me again."

Shaw looked at the roughly drawn sketch map. It showed a place in the wild country far outside the city. It was obvious that the seller, whoever he was, was taking no chances.

"We could lose ten million if the information got into Dalek hands," Shaw said slowly. "I'd say it was cheap at the price." He picked up the hover-phone and punched some numbers. There was a brief delay then he heard Reb's voice.

"It's Joel. Switch in your scrambler." There was a click and a slight whining noise. Knowing that no-one could listen in to their conversation, Shaw continued. "Reb, listen to what I say and don't ask any questions. Go to the paymaster's office and draw one million



credits in cash. As my second in command you have the authority."

They drove around for half an hour killing time. Neither man spoke. Shaw noticed Ross's nervousness was increasing. He was sweating.

Reb stood on the corner holding a small attache case. Ross halted the transporter beside her. Without a word she handed the case to Shaw, then, they were instantly on the move again.

The rugged landscape seemed to shimmer in the burning light of the hot afternoon. The two men standing beside the transporter appeared dwarfed by the great rocks that stood like sentinels near the trail. Shaw stared around. He could see for almost twenty miles in every direction.

They waited for more than three hours in the blazing heat. In all that time they had seen and heard nothing. It was like being on a dead planet.

Ross kicked at a piece of stone. He stretched, then idly wandered over to one of the huge rocks and moved into the slight shade it afforded. He glanced at something on the ground, then stooped and picked it up. He seemed suddenly animated and alert. "I've found something!"

It was a tiny radio receiver. The tuning dial had been fastened into a fixed position on a very short range frequency. "Clever," Shaw said. "This is how they're going to give us our instructions. Switch it on."

There was a crackle of static. The voice came a few minutes later. It was unrecognisable. Distant, and blurred by interference. They had to strain to make out the words. "Your every move is being watched through powerful glasses," it said. "Do exactly as you are told and you will receive instructions on how to continue. If you understand, give a signal by raising your arm."

Shaw nodded to Ross to give the signal. He lifted his right arm.

There was a pause, then the voice started again. "Go to the transporter and rip out the hoverphone."

"That's as good a way as any to make certain we can't contact any help. I'll do it." Shaw moved to the vehicle and tore the phone from its mounting.

After that the voice ordered them back into the transporter and told them in which direction to drive. At each new order from the radio they turned and twisted, going over a route so intricate that it could never be followed.

It was almost dark when the voice finally ordered them to stop. They were in a deep ravine. At one end was the dark, jagged mouth of a cave. The voice ordered them to go inside the cave and wait. Then the radio went dead.

Shaw took a lantern from the back of the transporter, and the two men went into the cave.

Ross stayed near the entrance to the cave. "I'll keep guard. Let me have your gun, will you? I don't have mine with me."

Shaw fumbled with the weapon, then passed it, butt first, to Ross. He took it in his right hand and worked the safety catch.

"It's a bit like that operation we were on together when we had that trouble on Mercury," Shaw said yawning.

Ross nodded. "If you drop off, I'll wake you the moment anything starts to happen."

Shaw let his eyes close. He yawned again. Ross watched him closely.

Inspector Avella stared down at the body. "How did he die, Doctor?" he asked softly.

"Stab wound. It's my guess the blow was struck from behind. I'd say he was climbing out of a transporter. Then the killer dragged him back here out of sight. You can see a slight trail of blood on the floor."

"Any idea what time it happened?"

"More than twelve hours ago I should think. Certainly not less."

There was a stir in the circle of silent onlookers as Reb Shavron pushed her way through to move up beside Avella.

Gently, Avella said, "I understand that with Shaw away you are second in command. Will you make formal identification of the body?"

Reb looked down again. "Where's his uniform?" she asked blankly.

"I imagine it was taken by the killer," Avella said.

The doctor lifted the corpse and turned it so that the face showed. Reb gasped.

"It's Ross! He was head of Intelligence. When did it happen?"

"An engineer found him about half an hour ago. The body had been hidden behind these fuel containers."

Reb said, "It seems impossible that he's dead. He was with Shaw when I met them this morning."

"What time was that?" Avella asked quickly.

"Twelve noon exactly."

Avella felt a knot of fear in his stomach. He said, "The man you saw with Shaw wasn't Ross."

"Of course it was. I've known Ross for a long time. I see him every day. I couldn't make a mistake about a thing like that. It was Ross."

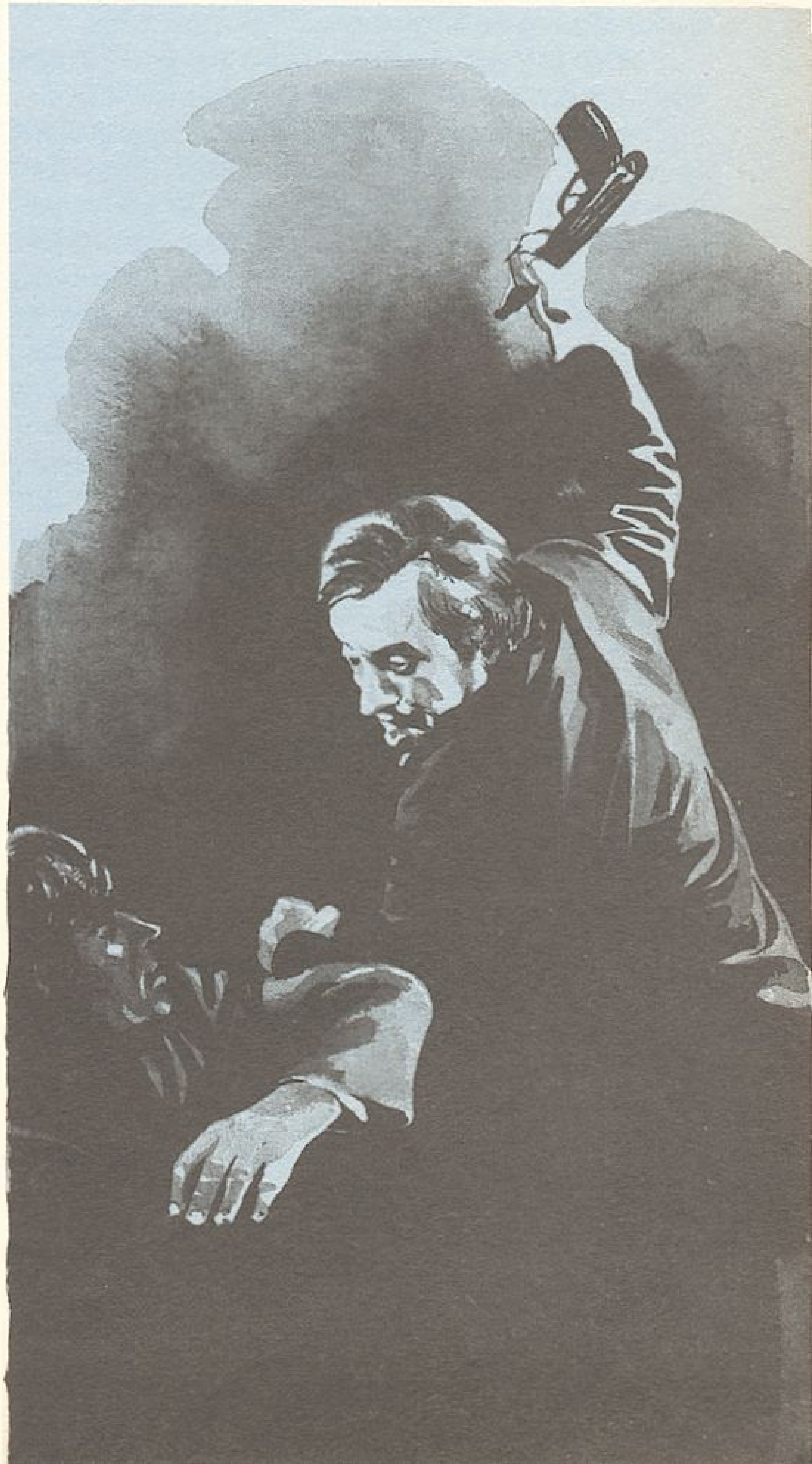
"Ross was killed early this morning. The doctor's confirmed it."

Reb stared, her mouth gaping. Very slowly she said, "Then who was the man I saw? Who was with Shaw?"

"The murderer," Avella said hoarsely. "The man who killed both Crayford and Ross. Shaw is with the murderer and he doesn't suspect a thing. What's worse, we don't know where they are, and we can't help."

Shaw's head had lolled on to one side. His eyes were closed and his breathing was shallow and regular, like a man in a deep sleep.

Moving without a sound, Ross edged towards him. When he was close enough he raised the gun, aiming to bring it crashing down on Shaw's head. As the downward swing began, Shaw moved with the speed of a cobra, twisting himself to one side. Ross fell off balance but quickly recovered himself.



Before Shaw could get to his feet Ross levelled the gun at him.

"Stay where you are!" he spat. Shaw held his position. He made a half-hearted gesture of raising his hands. "I wondered when you'd make your move," he said quietly.

"You had me fooled for quite a while. The face. The voice. Every detail is perfect. But it's obvious now you didn't have enough time to make a detailed study of the real Ross. If you had, you'd have noticed one peculiarity. Ross was left handed. You're not. I spotted it first when you made that signal out in the country. Then, when I gave you the gun, you took it with your right hand. It clinched matters when I said this situation reminded me of the time we were on Mercury together. Ross and I have never been on Mercury."

"You're smarter than I gave you credit for. But it doesn't matter now."

"Who are you really?" Shaw asked. "I mean you've got nothing to lose now."

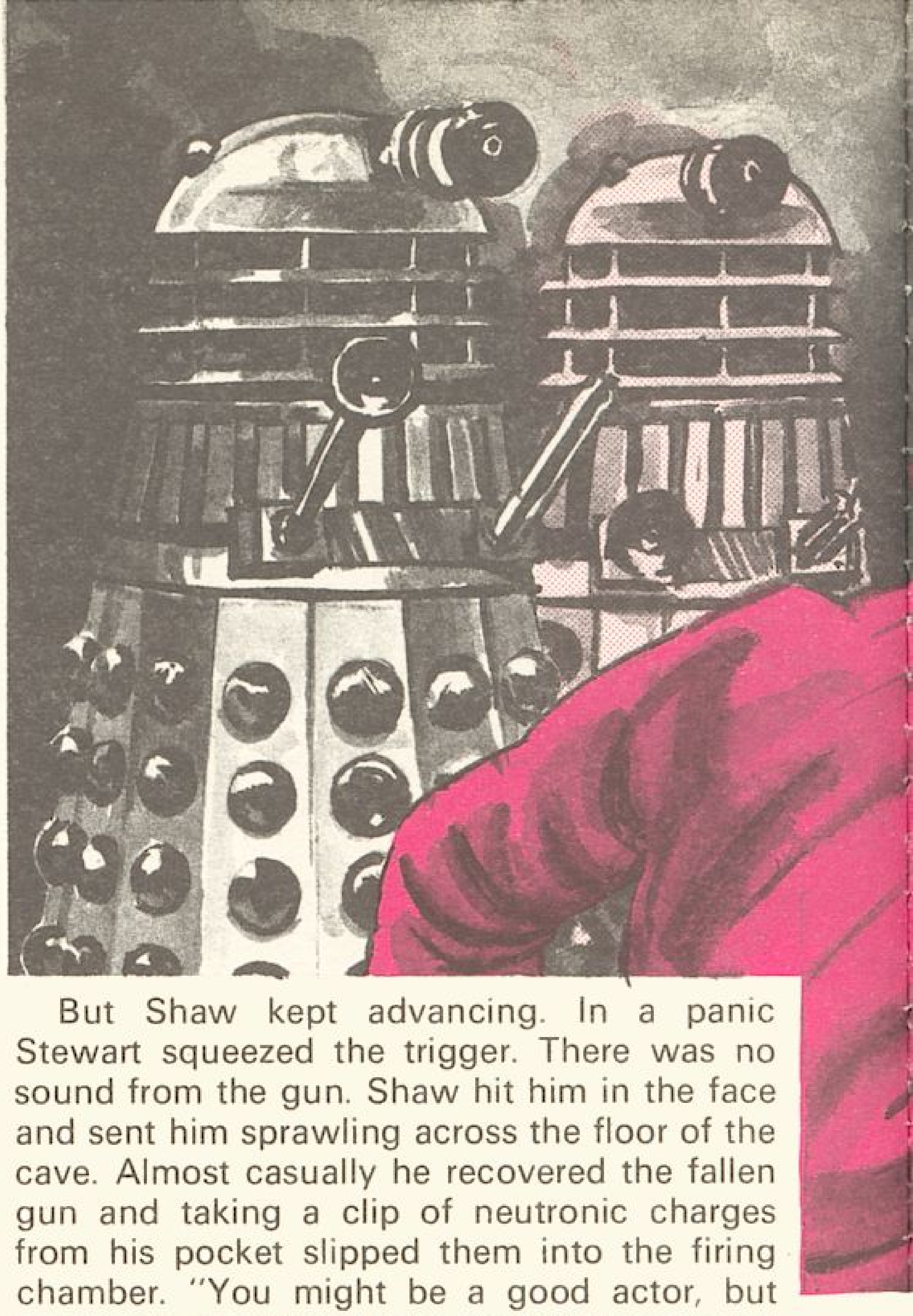
The man thought for a moment then he smiled. "You're right. You can't get away. And anyway I think somebody ought to know just how good a job I've done. After all, killing two men is not something you can talk about very freely. My name is Charles Stewart. I'm an actor. Or at least, I was. I specialised in doing impersonations of celebrities. But I didn't just sound like the people. I really looked like them. I use some stuff called Dermagraft. You can build it up on the face to make a perfect and undetectable mask. I got to be very, very good at it. I could mould a new face in seconds."

Shaw nodded. "Well, you certainly convinced the guards that you were Crayford. That was a brilliant way to break into our vaults. And, as I say, for a long time you had me convinced you were Ross. Incidentally, why don't you take that mask off now? Let me see what you really look like."

"You can't take it off. It becomes a part of the face. You have to use a special solvent to remove it." He took a small metal box from his pocket. "I always carry some of the Dermagraft and solvent with me. You never know when you need to change faces. But if you think you're going to catch me off guard while I clean it off, you're crazy."

"Just a thought," Shaw said. He took a pace forward. "And now I think I'll take the gun."

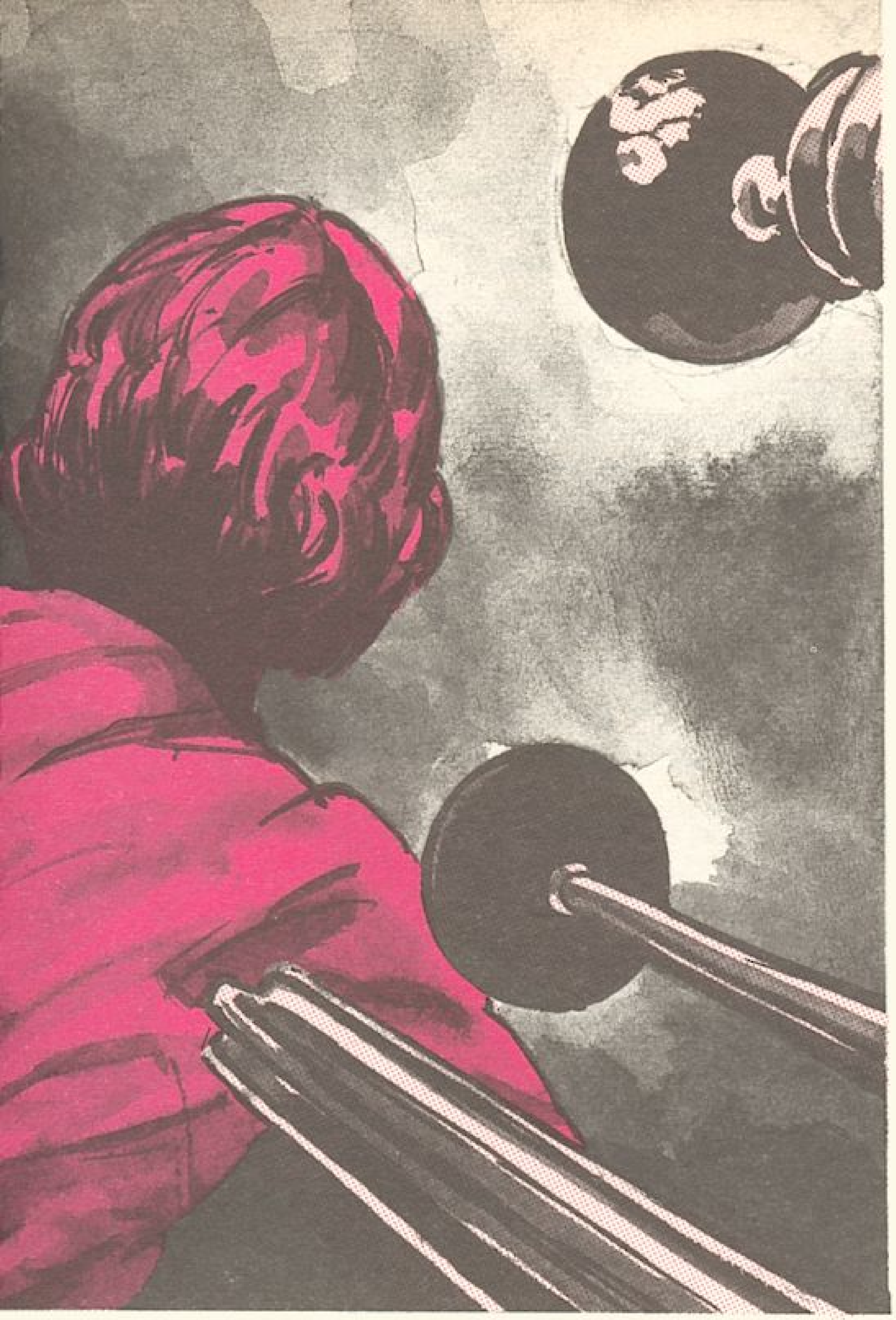
Stewart looked suddenly frightened. He drew back and pointed the weapon at Shaw's stomach.



But Shaw kept advancing. In a panic Stewart squeezed the trigger. There was no sound from the gun. Shaw hit him in the face and sent him sprawling across the floor of the cave. Almost casually he recovered the fallen gun and taking a clip of neutronic charges from his pocket slipped them into the firing chamber. "You might be a good actor, but you're a bad soldier. Did you think I was going to hand an impostor a loaded weapon?"

Shaw moved and stood over the cringing man. "Now you're going to tell me some more things. And tell me fast. You're not smart enough to have thought up this plan on your own. Who are you working for?"

"Alright. Alright. I'll tell you. It's the Daleks. I'm working for the Daleks. About a year ago I was approached by a man. How he became involved with the Daleks I don't know. He never told me. Anyway, he said if I was willing to do a few things for them, it would be worth my while. I was hard up at the time so I agreed. He gave me some money and told me to wait for orders. Nothing happened, but every once in a while I'd get more money. Then, about a month ago, I got orders to come out here to the country. Four Daleks had landed secretly and were hiding out here. They had worked out how I was to get into your vaults. If I pulled it off they promised me a fortune. But when I delivered the pictures they wanted me to do something else. They wanted you! They wanted to get you back to Skaro alive! They'll be coming to get you soon."



Now it was all clear, Shaw could have kicked himself. He'd allowed himself to be led into a perfect trap. Lured out of the city, with no-one knowing his whereabouts. The consolation, if there was any, was in knowing that he had been the victim of a brilliant plan. The stolen documents were only the bait to get him out of the city. The Daleks had guessed, and rightly, that he would have gone anywhere to recover them.

He thought he heard a sound outside the cave. He glanced toward the entrance. In that brief, unguarded moment, Stewart made his move. With strength born of desperation, he hurled himself at Shaw's gun. They struggled violently. With his free arm Shaw chopped down a blow on Stewart's wrist. The grip broken, Shaw hit the man with two short punches and Stewart fell to the floor unconscious. As he hit the ground the metal box containing the Dermagraft and solvent slipped from his pocket.

Then Shaw had an idea. He knelt beside the man and tied his hands.

Inspector Avella sat beside Reb who was piloting the small interceptor rocket. They were high above the surface of Mars in a fixed hover position. The rocket's navigation and cabin lights were switched off, and in the blackness of the night it was virtually invisible. "How much longer are you going to wait?" Avella asked. She shook her head. "I don't know. But I can't make a move until I'm sure. I can't take a chance."

Stewart groaned and he started to come round. He tried to move his hands and found they were tied behind his back. He opened his eyes to see Shaw standing in the shadows near the mouth of the cave. Stewart stumbled to his feet.

Shaw said, "The Daleks are about a quarter of a mile off. Coming this way. You'd better go and meet them."

"You're letting me go?" Stewart asked in amazement.

The ADF leader shrugged. "There's no point in keeping you here. There's no way out of the end of the ravine. The Daleks have got me cornered. Tell them to come up and get me."

Stewart didn't need telling twice. He almost ran past Shaw and out into the darkness. Stumbling, falling in his haste, he hurried down the slope. With relief he saw the Daleks ahead of him.

The leading Dalek snapped the word "Halt!" Stewart stopped. He started to speak, but, before he could get more than a word out, the Dalek said, "You-will-remain-silent." Stewart was too afraid of these monsters to challenge their authority. Three of them formed a half circle around him. The remaining Dalek started up the slope toward the cave. "You-will-move-forward," the leading Dalek ordered Stewart. With the Daleks close around him, he moved down, and through some thick brush. Hidden behind it was the small Dalek space craft. The boarding ramp was lowered. "Move-inside," the Dalek said. For a moment, Stewart was confused. Then it became clear. They were going to pay him his money inside. Reassured he walked up the ramp and into the ship.

Shaw stayed in the shadows, watching the Dalek approach. It halted a few yards from the cave mouth. "Are-you-there?" it croaked.

"I'm here," answered Shaw muffling his voice.

"You-have-served-us-well. You-will-berewarded-as-promised. We-may-have-need-of-you-again." With that, the Dalek turned and started away. Shaw breathed a sigh of relief.

Stewart couldn't understand it. The Daleks were preparing the ship for take off. The fourth one had returned and the ramp was being closed. Stewart started to say, "Now wait a minute, what's going . . ." but before he could finish the leading Dalek snapped at him, "You-have-been-told-to-remain-silent. You-will-obey."

Stewart moved back a little to keep out of the way. As he did he caught sight of his reflection in the gleaming, mirror-like metal that formed the control pannel. He stared in horror. The face that looked back at him was Joel Shaw's. He had a sudden and terrible realisation of what had happened. Whilst he was unconscious, Shaw had used the Dermagraft and modelled his own face on Stewart. Now the Daleks thought he WAS Shaw. They were kidnapping the wrong man. Stewart started to shout, his words a meaningless babble. The Dalek leader swung its powerful metal arm and knocked Stewart unconscious to the ground. He lay unmoving, hidden behind Shaw's face.

"Blast-off," the Dalek ordered. The powerful motors spat out their gusts of flame.

High above, Reb saw the flare of the rockets.

ANSWERS

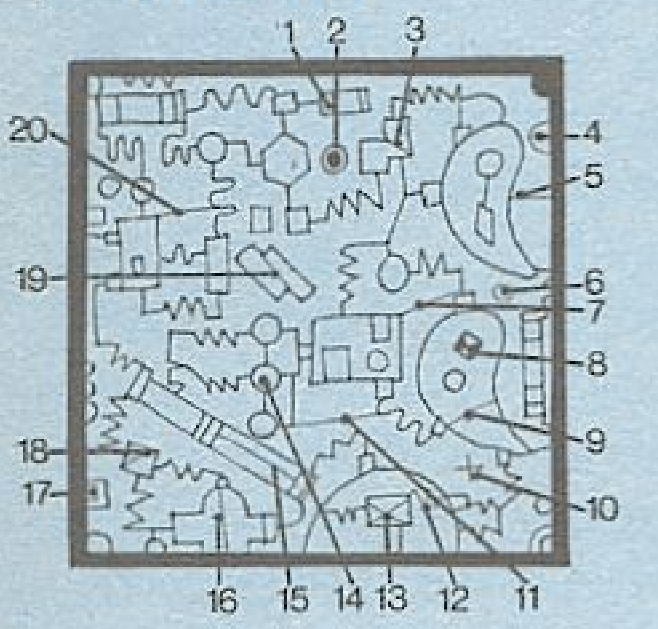
MENTAL JIGSAW

A	E	B
F	C	D

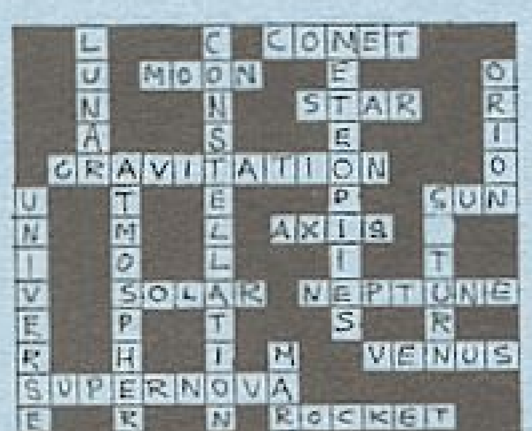
THE JUDGEMENT OF GOZAN—

Joel Shaw said "I will die by slow torture." If the Gozan Leader judged the statement to be true, he would be forced to give Shaw the painless drug. That would make the statement false. For a false statement, Shaw would have to be tortured to death, but that would make the statement true. With no way out of the situation, the Gozan's code of honour forced them to allow Shaw to go free.

SABOTAGE



YOU DON'T HAVE A CLUE



DALEK COMPUTER PRINT-OUT

Shaw realised that the zeros (0) were the important figures. With a pencil, shade in the 0s and you will be able to read the message.

ANTI-DALEK FORCE APTITUDE TESTS.

TEST ONE:

The oldest ship is Delta. Then Cirius, Omega and Seeker.

TEST TWO:

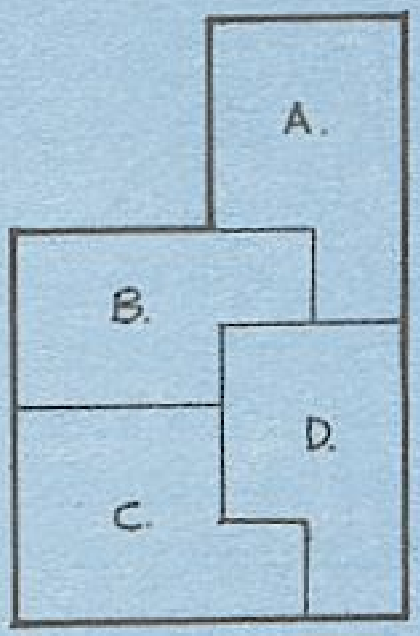
Turn the paper so that it is face down and arrange it so that the *'E'* (if you could see it) is in the top right hand corner, and the *'A'* in the bottom left hand corner. Now fold the paper in half so that the letters *'G' 'D' 'F' 'E'* are showing (but upside down). Fold the bottom half up. You now have two letters showing, *'A'* and *'H'*. Letters *'D'* and *'E'* are now facing one another inside the fold. Hold them together and tuck them between *'F'* and *'C'*. Finally, fold *'A'* and *'B'* to the rear of the packet. Now if you check you will find all the letters are in sequence.

TEST THREE:

Shaw need only pick up three flares to ensure that he has two of the same colour.

TEST FOUR:

The diagram shows how four of the plates were used to fill the space. If you found it difficult to fit in the fifth piece, read the test again. Nowhere does it say all five pieces must be used.

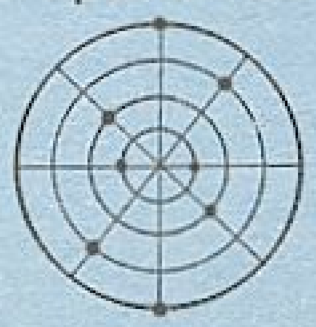


TEST FIVE:

Going ashore the sailor would climb eleven rungs. Remember, the ship would be rising with the tide, so the same number of rungs on its ladder would remain above the water.

TEST SIX:

The eight guards were positioned as shown below.



WHERE IN THE WORLD . . .?

If the pilot is able to go in any direction from Argo without going off route, he could only have been going to the point on the globe that is exactly opposite Argo. New Earth is the opposite point, so no matter in which direction the pilot headed as long as he flew in a straight line, he is bound to reach New Earth. Hence he can fly over any city on the planet.

She switched on the night vision cameras. She instantly recognised the ship as a Dalek machine. "Hold on," she said to Avella. "I'm going in to attack."

The little interceptor rocket plunged like a hawk. With deadly accuracy Reb pressed the firing button. The Dalek ship had no chance. Every one of the neutronic charges hit their target. In an instant the Dalek ship was transformed into a fireball, plunging back to the surface and breaking up as it fell.

They picked up some of the charred remains of the photographed secrets that had wafted out of the wreckage. The fire had wiped out virtually all trace of the ship, the Daleks, and of the other passenger.

With Avella and Reb, Shaw walked to where she had landed the interceptor. "Well, at least our secrets are safe again," Shaw said wearily. "They cost the lives of some good men." He looked at Reb. "There's one thing I don't understand. How did you know where to find me?"

Reb grinned and pointed to the attache case that contained the money. "I hid a bleeper in the case. I've been tracking your position every minute of the day. I figured that if there was a case full of money, then you were sure to be somewhere near it."

TRUE OR FALSE

1. FALSE.
Both Mercury and Venus are nearer the Sun than Earth.

2. FALSE.
Seventeenth century astronomers believed that the dark smooth areas on the Moon were seas. In fact, the Moon has no atmosphere and therefore no surface water or rain.

3. TRUE.
It has a diameter of almost 89,000 miles.

4. TRUE.
By definition, a star is a 'self luminous gaseous body in space'.

5. TRUE.
The planet with the longest day is Venus. It lasts 243 days.

6. TRUE.
In the thirteenth century the Chinese used rockets to repel the invading Mongols.

7. FALSE.
The launch area is Cape Canaveral. It was later re-named Cape Kennedy but has since resumed its original name.

8. FALSE.
Pluto was named after a pagan god.

9. TRUE.
Its distance from Earth is some 2,200,000 light years.

10. FALSE.
It takes only 2.6 seconds. Radar directed at Mars would take several minutes to make the round trip.

11. FALSE.
It was a Russian dog named Laika.

12. TRUE.
Our galaxy contains over 100,000 million stars.

13. TRUE.
The word Dalek has been known in Serbo Croat far longer than in the English language.

14. FALSE.
The first space flight was made by the Russian Major Gagarin in 1961.

15. TRUE.
It also takes the same time for the Moon to spin once on its own axis.

16. FALSE.
They brought back only 50 lbs of rocks and moon dust.

17. TRUE.
A pinhead of matter from the core of the Sun would give off enough heat to burn a man to a cinder at a range of 100 million miles.

18. TRUE.
Its temperature is minus 230 degrees Centigrade.

19. TRUE.
The comet was named after Britain's Astronomer Royal, Edmond Halley.

20. TRUE.
The Crab Nebula is the result of a massive star exploding. Such an explosion is called a supernova.

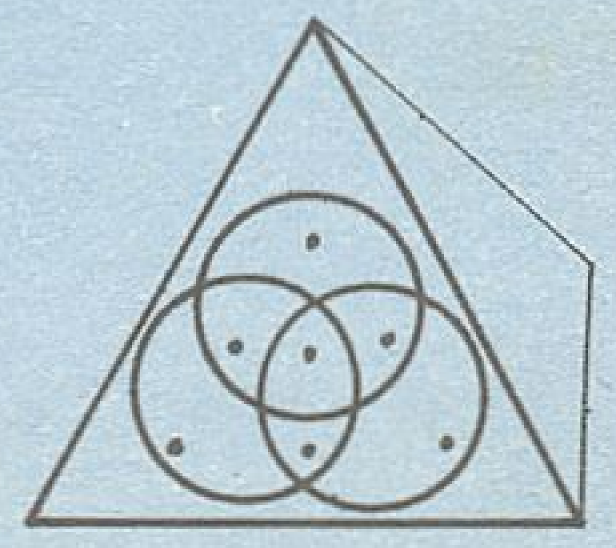
TIMEPASSERS

DUCK:
The only duck that remained was the one he had killed. The others had been frightened away by the sound of the shot.

SMOKESCREEN:
He has twenty-five cigarette ends. Using five to make one new cigarette, it is obvious that he can make five full cigarettes. Then he has five more ends left, so he can make a sixth cigarette.

SIMPLE?:
In accordance with the rules, remove the three lower matches by sliding them away and keeping them in the same position. Now take the two top matches and put them back where they belong. You will be surprised at how many people will be baffled by this simple(?) trick.

HOOPLA:



A further selection of tricks and puzzles devised by ADF members to help fill the tedious hours of inactivity when on extended space flights.

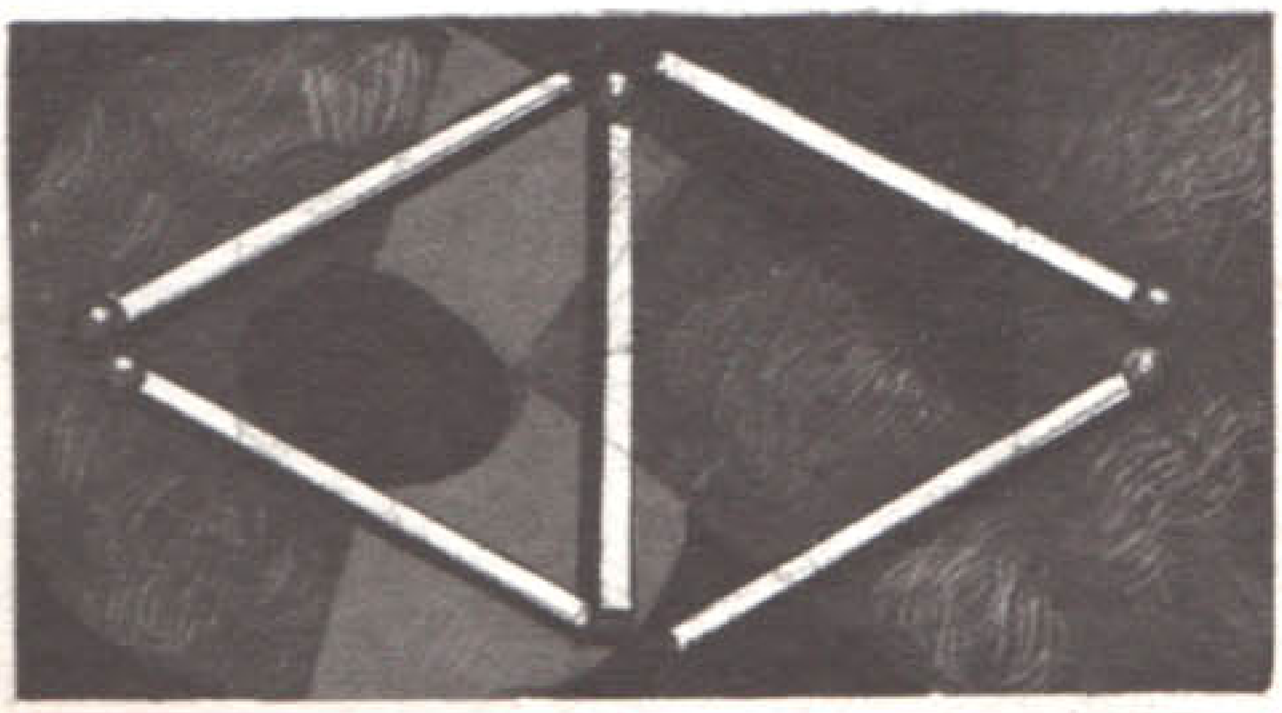
Timepassers

DUCK

There are two teal and two mallard ducks on the pond. The hunter has a single barrel shot gun which he can reload in four and a half seconds. He fires and kills one mallard. How many ducks remain by the time he has reloaded?

SMOKESCREEN

Kel Moran is on duty in an ADF observation post. He has carefully rationed himself on cigarettes, allowing himself only one per day. He began with 25 cigarettes and has just smoked the last one expecting the relief ship to arrive. However a radio message tells him the ship has been delayed by six days. Kel has plenty of cigarette papers and works out that he can make one cigarette from the tobacco left in five butt ends. How many cigarettes can he make?

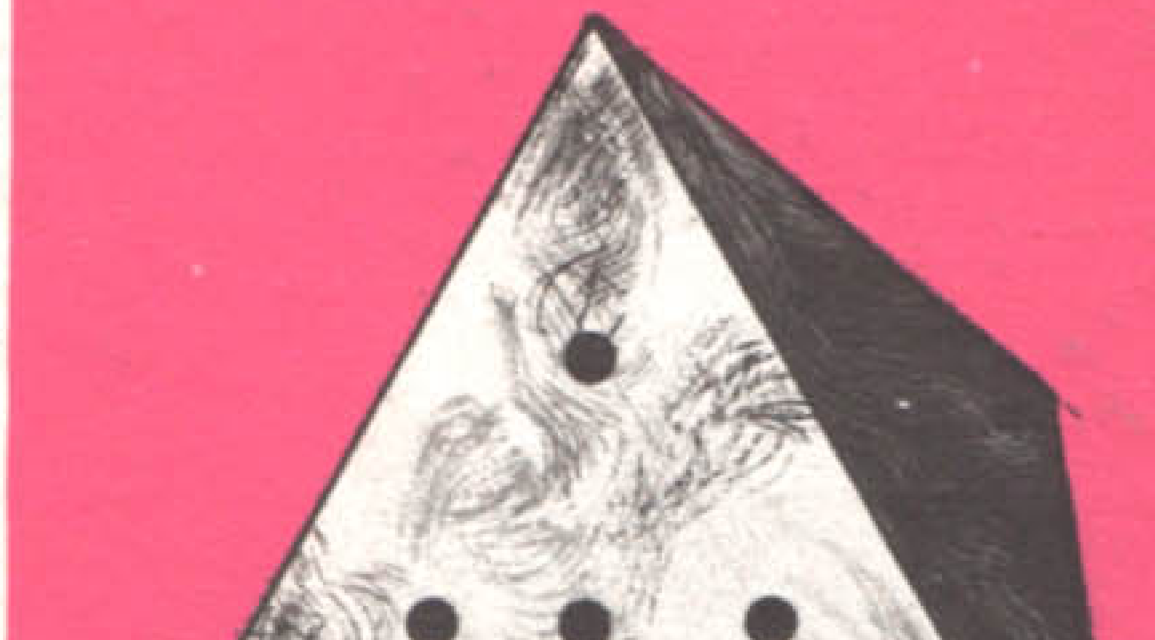


SIMPLE?

Put five matches in the shown pattern. Now, remove any three matches, then put two back and still keep the same design.

HOOPLA

Draw three circles of equal size inside the triangle and make sure that each circle encloses four dots.



Check your answers on page 60

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TERRY NATION'S

DALEK

annual 1978